The Christian Union

The goal of yesterday is but the starting-place of to-day.

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LYMAN ABBOTT, HAMILTON W. MABIE, } EDITORS.

THE OUTLOOK.

IT is not to Mr. Lamar's credit that almost his last act was the summary dismissal of Mr. Lebarnes, long the law clerk of the General Land Office. Mr. Lebarnes has been known for his vigorous resistance to the schemes of the land-grabbers. He has been for years in the office, and the testimony to his efficiency and the remarkable fullness of his acquaintance with our complicated land laws is uniform and comes from men of all parties. He has been of special value in giving information to those members of Congress who have been most active in the endeavor to preserve the public domain for the public. His removal was followed by an earnest protest to the President, in which Republican and Democratic Congressmen united. No reasons for the removal have been assigned. We are loth to speak of public suspicions which rest on no public facts, but it is legitimate in this connection to say that Mr. Vilas, who becomes Secretary of the Interior in place of Mr. Lamar, enters upon his office under very serious suspicion of personal interest in, if not complicity with, the men who have been active in securing public land by methods which are little removed from audacious robbery. And the removal of Mr. Lebarnes just on the eve of Mr. Lamar's retiring and Mr. Vilas's entering upon the office cannot but be looked upon, under the circumstances, as an act which requires for the good name both of Mr. Lamar and Mr. Vilas some public explanation. In our judgment, the President owes it to himself and to his administration to see to it that either such an explanation is forthcoming or that Mr. Lebarnes is reinstated in the office which he has filled so acceptably and in which he should be "loved for the enemies he has made."

It is clear that the Republican party is by no means entirely agreed on the question how the problem of reducing the accumulated surplus in the Treasury shall be solved. In the Union League Club of New York the Committee on Political Reform presented last week a report upon this subject urging that it was wise to abolish the Internal Revenue Department of the United States altogether; that is to say, to abolish all National taxes on whisky and tobacco, leaving taxation of the liquor traffic to the various States, and urging higher taxes and the application of the money therefrom to defray the expense of pauperism and crime. The report elicited a vigorous discussion, and finally it was laid on the table, to be called up at any time by the Committee on thirty days' notice to the Club. The reports in the daily papers of the discussion are very meager, and do not indicate any division of opinion on the question of protection to American industry. But it is very clear that the Republican party is, as a party, by no means agreed on paying for protection the price which will be involved in the entire abolition of the Internal Revenue Department. We presented last week the best argument that can be made for the abolition of the whisky tax, in the strong paper by Mrs. Foster. We do not think, however, it requires any further answer than a simple statement of the fact that the abolition of this tax would reduce the cost of whisky from two dollars to twenty cents a gallon. We think it will be difficult to persuade any unprejudiced reader that such reduction would have no tendency to increase consumption.

A deputation of merchants from the Schuylkill region have waited upon Mr. Corbin and asked him to submit the question at issue between the Reading Company and the striking miners to arbitration. This Mr. Corbin refuses to do. He declares, in the first place, that the striking miners will not abandon their strike unless he concedes the demand of the striking railroad men, and discharges the new men who have been employed and takes on the old men who have gone out. This he very justly declares he will not under any circumstances do. If he says truly that they require this, we hope he will stand to his decision, let it cost the company what it may. It is but just to the strikers to add that his assertion is denied by some among them who ought to know what is their purpose in this respect. Mr. Corbin also says that there is nothing to arbitrate between the Reading Company and the miners; that if they will return to what he calls their "allegiance," he will then consider any complaint they have to make. So far as this point is concerned, an interested party in a quarrel rarely thinks there is anything to arbitrate. The fisherman of Gloucester cannot be persuaded that there is any question between Canada and the United States to be arbitrated. It was with great difficulty that England was persuaded that the United States had any claim against her growing out of the devastations perpetrated by the rebel cruisers, which ought to be arbitrated. It is very rarely that the lawyer finds any client willing to concede that the question at issue between himself and his opponent is a question which ought to be submitted to a disinterested party. Mr. Corbin is not the one to determine whether there is anything to be arbitrated or not. The fact is that serious inconvenience is being suffered, and positive disaster is imminent, because Mr. Corbin, representing millions of capital, and two or three men, representing thousands of laborers, cannot agree. The mills must lie idle, and the poor must pay double prices for their fuel, till these men fight their battle out. The law compels any individual to submit his claims to arbitration, whether he thinks there is anything to arbitrate or not; he is not allowed to settle it by "wager of battle." Public opinion is rapidly coming to compel nations to submit their contentions to arbitration. And the day has fully come when legislative enactment should put an end to such a fight as that now threatening not only the Schuylkill region, but all regions which it supplies with coal. A legislature which creates corporations and gives to them all their power should deny them the power to refuse to submit to an impartial tribunal any question as to wages, hours of labor, or conditions of employment which may arise between them and its employees. In our judgment, the legislature should also incorporate the labor unions, which, if organized as capital is, would, like capital, be amenable to law. We concede that the application of law to these new conditions is one involved in great difficulty, but it is certainly one which calls for the best thought of the best legal minds of the country. And the general ignorance on the subject confessed to the New York "Herald" reporter by the majority of Congressmen whom the "Herald" interviewed last week indicates that most of the men who ought to be statesmen have studied the question very little.

There is a good deal of speculation in Europe in regard to the size of the army which Russia has collected in Poland. Some reports place it as high as 400,000 men, but this is undoubtedly an exaggeration. No government would concentrate such a body of troops unless war were certain and immediate. It is probable that the Russian army on the frontier of Galicia numbers about 200,000 men—amply large enough to excite the apprehensions of Austria. That these apprehensions are acute is shown by the fact that all officers attached to Austrian regiments in Galicia have been ordered to join their regiments at once. A singular feature of the situation is the tranquillity of France in the face of these enormous preparations. Paris seems to be entirely out of the field of uncertainty and excitement. As a matter of fact, France would have small interest in such a conflict as seems imminent until affairs were in such a shape that she could take advantage of Germany. In that event a sudden awakening of interest might be looked for.

The situation in Germany is, in some respects, an extremely painful one. The German Court has been for a long time past the arena of the bitterest political intrigues, and Bismarck has had no small task on his hands in keeping the policy of the government under his own control. His position may be changed at any moment by the death of the Emperor or of the Crown Prince. The Emperor is evidently failing, the Crown Prince is too much out of health at the best to perform the active work of ruling the country in the event of the death of his father, and

Prince William is still an uncertain quantity. The Crown Prince has been urged to consent to the appointment of a regent, and has very naturally declined to take this action. If a regent should be appointed, the choice will probably fall on Prince William, whose administration would undoubtedly be marked by very great changes. His mother, the Crown Princess, is, unquestionably, one of the ablest women in Europe, but the feeling against her at the German Court has always been strong, and has even assumed the most unscrupulous and contemptible forms. It would be of the utmost importance to her and to Germany that the Crown Prince should outlive his father long enough to become the actual Emperor of Germany, even if his reign were limited to a few months.

It looks very much as if Italy had undertaken a very difficult piece of work in Abyssinia, and Russia is undoubtedly hoping that her resources will be so drawn upon that in the event of a war she could be of small assistance to Austria and Germany. The English offer to mediate between the Italian Government and Abyssinia has been rejected by the Abyssinians, and the King declares his immovable resolution to expel the Italians from Massawa. He is now sending a force of men, numbering probably 25 000, to attack the Italian position. A similar spirit is manifested by the Italians, who are not only determined to hold their own, but to avenge the slaughter of the gallant 400 who recently fell at the hands of the Abyssinians. A heavy reinforcement brings up the number of Italian troops in that country to about 12,000. The Italians disclaim any purpose of conquering the Abyssinians, but in the event of success they will undoubtedly impose conditions upon the country which will give them practical control of its trade. Abyssinia is not an easy country to conquer, as the English found out.

The sugar-bounty base in Continental Europe has apparently received a death-blow. The present cheapness of sugar in our own country is in a certain measure due to the fact that the raising of beet-root and the making of sugar from it have for a long while been the favorite industries with all the European powers except England. This beet-root sugar industry, curiously enough, owes its origin to foreign warfare, and is perhaps the only economic blessing which ever proceeded from the abnormal price thus created. During the Napoleonic wars, when almost every port in Europe was, nominally at least, under blockade, the experiment of making sugar out of beet-root was made and proved successful. The process of manufacturing was rapidly cheapened, and the industry quickly extended until it was able to wield a vast legislative influence. This influence was not always used with unselfish patriotism. The different powers vied with each other in stimulating the new industry to the utmost. Tariffs on imports were succeeded by bounties on exports. The bounty system was generally introduced somewhat on this wise: Most of the States, for fiscal reasons, imposed a tax upon beet-root. This of course made it necessary for the sugar refiners to pay an increased price for their raw material. They could raise their home prices, but not their foreign prices. They accordingly asked that the taxes paid on the sugar exported should be refunded to them. As it was difficult to tell just how much in taxes had been paid, the estimate was always made liberal. Gradually, as new discoveries in sugar-making were made, it became possible to more than double the amount of sugar which could be extracted from the same amount of beet-root. In this way the rebate system became a bounty system. In Austria matters have come to such a pass that more is actually paid away in bounties upon the export of sugar than is raised by the entire sugar tax. One effect of these bounties is to make manufacturers sell much more cheaply to foreign countries than to their own. Yet no country dared single-handed to do away with the system, for its sugar refiners who exported could no longer compete with those in other nations who were supported by bounties. A conference was therefore summoned, and has resulted in the unanimous agreement that the sugar bounty system must be done away with. The only difficulty now in the way is that this agreement must be ratified by the legislation of each separate power. But the sentiment against the bounties is so strong that it is believed that the ratification can be obtained.

The Scottish land question, as Mr. Chamberlain has steadfastly insisted, is quite as important as the Irish land question, and the wrongs of the Scottish "crofters" are very much more flagrant than those of the victims of rack rent in Ireland. These Scottish wrongs date back a long way. Karl Marx, in his attempt to show that the larger part of private property had its origin in robbery and not in industry, naturally took the great estates in the Scottish Highlands as his best example. The land originally belonged to the clan, and the title of the chief was merely that of trustee. When the Highlands had been civilized and the chiefs had become noblemen, an act of Parliament was passed by which this title was changed from that of trustee to that of owner. From many of the estates the clansmen were evicted, and their holdings turned into sheep-walks. Those who were allowed to remain had to submit to whatever rent the owners or their agents saw fit to impose. Last year the first reform measure was taken. A commission was appointed to decide judicially what sum the Highland crofters ought to pay as fair rent. Their first report has just been made. Though the work is but fairly begun, the commissioners have already decided eighteen hundred cases, affecting twenty-two estates. In all except one reductions of rent more or less sweeping have been ordered, and in all except three large arrears of rents have been "expunged from the slates" of the landlords. The average reduction of rents is thirty-one per cent., and the average cancellation of arrears is fifty-four per cent. In one instance the commission found that the extortion had been so intolerable that they reduced the rental one-half and the arrears eighty-two per cent., leaving the tenants practically free from the obligations which their necessities had driven them to accept. One of the most notable instances of reduction was upon the estates of a rich lady who prided herself upon her philanthropy, and had in fact spent large sums of money among her tenants in benefaction. She was so confident that her course had always been a generous one that she appealed to the commission to judge between herself and her tenants. The upshot was that the commission ordered an abatement of twenty-eight per cent. in her rentals, and a deduction of sixty-eight per cent. from the nominal sum of arrears. The decision meant justice before charity. These wholesale reductions, of course, are very injurious to the interests of many innocent investors, greatly reducing the value of their property. But the principle upon which the commission proceeds is nevertheless a just one: the State cannot acknowledge that any class has a vested right in the perpetuation of a wrong.

Mr. Goschen, the former Liberal, whose regard for vested rights has now transformed him into a Tory, has just made his inaugural address as President of the Royal Statistical Society. He takes up the most interesting subject in the whole field of statistics, that of the diffusion of wealth. Mr. Goschen, being a Tory, is able to find many evidences of this "diffusion." He sees nothing whatever to justify the assertion of the Liberals and Radicals that the wealth of society tends toward concentration. He compares the income tax statistics of 1886 with those of 1877, and finds an increase of 19¼ per cent. in the number of assessments for incomes under £1,000, and a decrease of nearly 2¼ per cent. in the number of assessments for incomes above £1,000. Turning to the joint stock companies, Mr. Goschen finds that among twelve of them which he selected at random the amount of capital has increased but 25 per cent. in the last ten years, while the number of the stockholders has increased 72 per cent. He finds a few other facts, less striking than these, which seem to point in the same direction. From them Mr. Goschen very naturally draws the conclusion that the increased wealth of society is being more and more widely distributed, and that there is going on a process of "automatic socialism" which promises increased comfort to the many and increased stability to the social order. Before accepting, however, these very comforting conclusions, it is well for us to remember that Mr. Goschen is a Tory, and that in statistical discussions everything depends upon who selects the statistics. Professor Roscher's examination of the income tax returns in Great Britain convinces him that the large fortunes in that country are increasing most rapidly, both in number and size. As Professor Roscher is himself a Conservative, his evidence on this point is more to be trusted than Mr. Goschen's. The most deceptive statistics are often perfectly accurate as far as they go. It is possible that during the present industrial depression many merchants who formerly returned an income of more than £5,000 are now returning less, while the clerks and small tradesmen whose earnings have increased beyond £100 have not been able to conceal the increase. The tendency of clerks and tradesmen to invest in stock companies, instead of starting individual enterprises, is a phenomenon which proves nothing regarding the distribution of property. It does indicate, however, that the day of individual enterprise where each man makes or mars his own fortune is over. In April, 1877, says Mr. Goschen, the capital of the joint-stock companies in Great Britain was £307,000,000. In April, 1887, it is £591,000,000. This is a fact worthy of more attention than those which Mr. Goschen has used to prove that society is doing well enough and would best "let well enough alone."

Professor Felix Adler has brought out a very old doctrine in a very new form in his sermon last Sunday morning. He thus protested against the growing faith of the nineteenth century that the Christian religion is a universal religion. We quote a paragraph:

"It is time to profit by experience. If the greatest masters of religious thought should come on earth and give their revelations to men, in one or two hundred years they would be dragged down and degraded and narrowed and distorted, leveled to the grade of the ignorant. Let us henceforth separate. Let us keep religion for the religious, and let us not make religion a common property. Let us guard religious truths and try to enhance them and preserve them from the contact of those who are not fit to approach them."

We do not wish to do either Mr. Adler or Calvinism injustice when we say that it appears to us that Felix Adler has turned Calviniatic and adopted the doctrine of election—only he bases it, not upon Scripture text or *a priori* reasoning, but on "experience." There is this in common between the Rationalist and the Calvinist: both agree that religion is for an elect few. We quote this latest apostle of a fading faith for the purpose of saying with emphasis that we dissent as radically from Felix Adler's conclusion of experience as we do rom the Calvinist's conclusion from Scripture. We shall not enter on the argument in a paragraph, but we desire emphatically to affirm our faith that the religion of Jesus Christ is adapted to men of every character, quality, and degree—to the grade of the ignorant as well as of the educated, of the outcast as well as of the refined; that it is intended and adapted to be in the highest and best sense a common property, the heritage of humanity. And we think it worth noting that in this matter, as in so many others, extremes meet, and hyper-Calvinism and extreme Rationalism agree in holding that great masses of men are not only ignorant and imbruted, but must always remain so; while Christian faith finds ground of hope for every man in its devout faith in the Father of humanity.

If the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost is at all correctly reported in Monday morning's New York "Herald," it is difficult to understand how he could have remained so long in an orthodox church, unless his is a case of very sudden conversion. In such a time as this, when all faiths are undergoing re-examination, and many minds are in a state of more or less doubt respecting what have been regarded as fundamental doctrines of orthodox theology, a large catholicity is demanded, and a large latitude for difference, not only in methods of statement, but of theological opinion respecting even the more central doctrines; and we can readily understand how a man who preached what may be called liberal orthodoxy last Sunday should pass out of the orthodox pulpit to preach in a strain still further removed from that current in most orthodox pulpits; but we do not readily understand how, having been a pastor of a Trinitarian Congregational church on one Sabbath, he can within two weeks thereafter characterize the Trinitarian doctrine as "three times one are three, and yet three times one are one." This is an easy way of raising a laugh against a doctrine which has its root in the love and the spiritual experience of unnumbered Christians. It would be pardonable in one who had never had a glimpse of that experience out of which the doctrine of the Trinity has grown. But it is not easy to understand it in one who until lately was supposed to be in full sympathy with that experience We do not insist upon the dogma of the Trinity, which is a philosophical deduction from, and not an expressed declaration of, Scripture. But it stands as a representative for loving reverence for the Father manifest in nature,

the Son revealed in Jesus, and the Holy Ghost indwelling in the human consciousness, and it is truly entitled to be treated of with respect by all who have respect for the deepest experience of humanity.

Our Boston correspondent states in another column the facts respecting the contributions to the American Board from the churches in Boston. The facts as he tells them may be assumed to indicate the spirit in which the pastors of our churches are acting. Even those who were of the opinion that contributions to the American Board might be intermitted without impairing the efficiency of the work abroad have not thought it right or wise to press their views on their congregations, either directly or indirectly, while we judge the prevalent sentiment even among those least satisfied with the policy of the Board and its action at Springfield is that the Board should be supported as heretofore, and that those who are dissatisfied should patiently wait the time when a more catholic spirit shall find its way into the councils of the venerable body. No doubt this view has been greatly strengthened and the contributions materially enlarged by the conciliatory tone of Dr. Storrs's letter of acceptance, and by the indications that the majority do not intend to insist upon the acceptance of Dr. Alden's dogma of the decisive nature of this life's probation for all men as a condition of missionary appointment hereafter, but to receive and appoint those who agree with Miss Judson in leaving the question of the final fate of the heathen wholly unsolved and giving themselves with single hearted consecration to the work of preaching the Gospel here and now. If this policy had been constantly maintained from the first there would never have been difficulty in the Board.

General News.—The Senate on Monday confirmed the nomination of Mr. Lamar to the Supreme Court bench by a vote of 32 to 28. Senators Stewart, Stanford, and Riddleberger voted with the Democrats. The nominations of Mr. Vilas and Mr. Dickinson were also confirmed.——The storm and extreme cold in the Northwest have been more severe than at any time for ten years or more. In Dakota and Minnesota nearly two hundred persons were lost in the storms and perished from cold, and there are reported many pitiful cases of exposure and suffering.——The committee appointed by the New York Legislature to consider the subject of capital punishment have made a report favoring the use of electricity.——The Knights of Labor are preparing petitions to Congress for a Government telegraph system.——Emperor William continues to be in feeble health.——London and Liverpool had extremely heavy fogs last week. Business and commerce were almost brought to a standstill.——Slight earthquake shocks have again been felt in South Carolina.——The situation in the great strike in Pennsylvania remains practically unchanged, both sides being firm.——The English and French printers in Quebec, Canada, have always had different schedules both of hours and wages, the English, of course, getting better pay for fewer hours of work. The printers of the two nationalities having recently united in a single assembly of the Knights of Labor, a strike was ordered for a uniform schedule on the terms granted by the English offices. The French printing houses resisted, and, through the undisguished support of Cardinal Taschereau and the Catholic clergy, have been victorious.

JUSTICE AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE commencement of allotment of lands in severalty to Indians upon some seven large reservations brings with it new liberties and new necessities. The right to exclusive possession of a farm brings with it the necessity of protection in peaceful possession, and the need of roads and of a right to sell crops and buy seed and tools. It is impossible that the process of turning Indians into farmer-citizens can go very far without the existence of justices of the peace and highway officers, and the recognition of freedom of contract. The sway of an Indian Agent serves to eke out the want of the authority of law for a little time; but as the number of citizen Indians increases, the difficulty of living without a responsible and regulated government will soon become an impossibility. An Indian cannot be expected to become much civilized if left on an unfenced farm a hundred miles away from any authority that can lawfully help him punish a horse-thief.

Fortunately, the need of some homely courts of justice has already been anticipated on many of the reservations. The annual reports of the Indian Agents for several years have abounded in statements of the need for Indian courts of justice. On some twenty or thirty reservations Agents have already established police courts with Indian judges and police officers, with excellent effect. But these courts have no authority of law. They are only the deputies of the Agent. And as the Indian becomes a citizen the authority of the Agent over him becomes a vanishing quantity. The law must operate for and against him as it does concerning other citizens. This is the inevitable necessity of citizenship for the Indian. He certainly cannot be expected to be a decent citizen without the same aids to regulated life which white men find indispensable. To give the allotted Indian a chance to vindicate the wisdom of the Dawes bill, Congress must in some form provide for bringing common justice within his reach.

A committee appointed at Lake Mohonk has been for some time in consultation on this subject, and the result is a tentative agreement on certain principles which are likely, we hope at an early date, to be presented to Congress for adoption. These involve the appointment of special commissioners and special justices of the peace by the United States District Courts, to be subject to these courts and to have certain defined jurisdiction over suits, both criminal and civil, in which Indians are concerned. The proposed law makes, in addition, special provision for the protection of the Indian against injustice by the United States Government or its Agents. The present system holds the Indian Agent to a very strict accountability to the United States, but he is under practically no accountability to the Indians. The Agent accounts most scrupulously to the Government, and on behalf of the Government he holds the contractor for supplies to a rigid fulfillment of his contract. Hitherto he has been agent of the Government only, but now as allotments are accepted and Indians become citizens he becomes practically agent also for the citizen Indians who are entitled to share in the distribution. For the protection of both parties, therefore, some regulations of this accountability are necessary.

For this purpose it is proposed to adopt a principle which has been already incorporated in the United States laws to regulate the relation of importing merchants to the Customs Collectors, securing the rights of the former while protecting the latter. If a collector seizes goods in the belief that they are liable for duties, and it appears that he was wrong, the fact that he was an officer of the Government does not protect him from an action by the owner of the goods for damages. The owner's rights are protected by allowing him to recover damages against the officer. But the officer's rights are protected by requiring the court to certify whether the officer had probable cause for seizing the goods; and if so, the damages are to be paid by the Government. In a somewhat similar manner, it is proposed that actions may be begun by, or on behalf of, any Indian against the Agent, but, upon certificate of the court that the Agent had reasonable cause for his course, the judgment, if one be rendered against him, shall be paid by the Government.

Another point of much importance is the practical unfitness of many of the Indian citizens to enter at once on the management of their own affairs so fully as to protect themselves in court. White citizens, if not of sufficient age or intelligence to understand and pursue their own rights, are protected by the courts, by means of the appointment of a next friend, in each case, who is responsible to investigate and advise on the claim before suing or defending, and who may be held liable for costs if necessary. It is suggested, as a measure of economy and advantage, to appoint a standing Next Friend for the tribes, within a given district, empowered to perform these duties for all within his district.

Doubtless further modifications will be made in the measure preferred before it is finally ready for submission to Congress. But the essential principles involved—special courts, accountability of the Indian Agent to the Indian, and some officer or officers, appointed by and amenable to the courts, to protect his rights in the transition period—appear to us to be fundamentally right; and we are inclined to think that the Committee have worked out a plan which all friends of justice and equal rights can agree to push forward with unanimity and vigor.

"PUBLIC ROBBERY IS PRIVATE THEFT MULTIPLIED."

EVIDENCES multiply which seem to indicate an awakening of the national conscience on the subject of stolen books. Mr. Lowell, whose moral instincts are rarely at fault, has done the country and the copyright question a great service in resolutely holding the discussion to moral standards and in persistently refusing to discuss the subordinate question of policy. In his view, and in the view of all right-thinking men, there can be no question of cheapness so long as there is a question of honesty. The real difficulty with public sentiment in this country is not, as Mr. Arnold has suggested, a lack of moral delicacy on the part of the people at large, but a lack of a thorough understanding of the moral bearings of book-stealing. What is needed is a broad and clear presentation of the matter from the moral standpoint; when that is done we venture to predict that the copyright question will be settled, and settled at once; that it has already been done in large measure many hitherto despairing friends of the copyright movement are beginning to believe. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, of this city, has set a good example in making the copyright question the subject of a ringing sermon from a pulpit which has already gained a distinctive character for independence, thoughtfulness, and moral earnestness. Dr. Van Dyke's text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people," makes his own position clear at the start. We are glad to know that the sermon will shortly be published in book form. It ought to be issued as a tract and distributed broadcast over the whole country. Dr. Van Dyke makes plain the truth that corporate righteousness and corporate sin are not legal fictions, but realities; that the Bible has little to say about political economy, but much about righteousness; that God judges nations and deals with them along the inexorable lines of right and wrong. The advance of civilization is registered, not by material prosperity, but by moral conditions. The fact that a large number of persons are engaged in an action does not change its moral quality. Public robbery is only private theft multiplied. What is wanted in the copyright question is not an "olive branch," but a straight rule by which to measure our honesty. That we are already suffering the righteous punishment of our sin Dr. Van Dyke thinks is clear enough from the corruption of national thought through the inflow of immoral foreign books, for which nothing has been paid.

We are glad to note that those publishers who have sinned most grieviously, and who have flooded the country with cheap and nasty books of all sorts, are beginning to discover that honesty is the best policy, and that dishonesty is always shortsighted, even from the business standpoint. The gentlemen whose true function it is, or ought to be, to act as the agent of the American writer in introducing his books to the American reader have done what they could to make the American writer impossible. They have created a condition of things under which most Americans have found it impossible to write books and live at the same time. It is a remarkable indication of the vitality of the literary spirit in this country that, in spite of untoward and discouraging circumstances, so much good literature has been produced; and it will remain to the American of the future one of the puzzles and mysteries of the century that a generation which fostered and protected all sorts of material industries, not only refused to protect the highest of all industries, but forced it to compete with stolen products. The business interests of the country demand, in any large business view, that American literature should have a chance to get itself into this world under favorable conditions, and American publishers will find their largest profit in the sale of American books. It is an encouraging fact that many who have hitherto been blind to this perfectly obvious and primary principle of business economy have begun to see, and are now wheeling into line with those who are striving to make an American literature possible.

The question of cheap books is an important one in a country where everybody reads; but the matter of cheapness is subordinate to the matter of honesty. It has been well said that if a set of buccaneers, who were doing a thriving business of piracy in the

Eastern seas, should open a store on Broadway, and offer stolen silks for sale at nominal prices, it would be safe to predict that the element of cheapness would not for a moment confuse the public mind on the moral question involved; the silk importers would not need to appeal to the protection of the law against such competition. But the theft of a foreign book is precisely the same as the theft of a foreign silk, and to force American writers to compete against property that has been stolen, and therefore costs nothing but the expense of bringing it before the public, is precisely the same in principle as to force the silk importers to compete with the buccaneer. It is assumed by those who are opposing copyright that its adoption would greatly advance the price of foreign books, and thus deprive a multitude of readers of the cheap books which they are now purchasing. If this were true, it would be beside the mark; it is better to be honest and ignorant than to be well read and dishonest. But no such result would follow. The publishers are business men the world over, and the essential characteristic of a business man is that he adapts his goods to his market. The English publisher would not attempt to force on this country, under entirely opposite conditions from those that obtain in England, the same scale of prices for books; he would be only too glad of the opportunity of making a book which would sell in the American market. This is precisely what some of the best English publishing houses have already done. The Macmillans and the Routledges understand their business, and issue books for the American markets which are quite as low in price as books ought to be. Our own publishers are beginning to issue, side by side with library editions, very low-priced editions of popular works in tasteful forms, and they have discovered that the low-priced edition helps the high-priced edition. The great reading public in this country will not suffer from the application of the simple principles of honesty to the matter of book-making and book-selling. Professor Huxley, in his strong satirical vein, has put the position of the opponents of copyright in a nutshell when he says: "Our souls require moral and intellectual elevation; we are accustomed to get these elevators cheaply, and we mean to go on getting them cheaply. We shall be happy to consider any arrangement for rewarding the makers of the elevators consistent with that declaration, but they had better recall that we are masters of the situation, and that we shall appropriate our spiritual nourishment without payment if we cannot get it at our own price." One thing is certain; we cannot afford any longer to legalize national theft and to divide the profits of the crime.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT and subscriber of The Christian Union, who says that he appreciates heartily and agrees substantially with the positions of The Christian Union on other subjects, finds himself aggrieved because, as he thinks, we ignore what he calls "The Southern Question." We think he is mistaken. We do not ignore the Southern question, but we do not believe that it can be solved by politics, certainly not by National politics.

We are as determined as any of our subscribers to secure, permanently and effectually, the equal rights of all men, black and white and red, in every section of the United States; but this cannot be done by National interference emanating from Washington. There was a time when military protection was necessary in some sections of the South; there was a time when National intervention for public education was desirable. Both epochs have passed; we must now rely for the protection of the negro against every form of wrong, not upon the strong arm of the Government, nor upon its full purse, but upon moral and educational influence wrought in the local community and made dependent upon the local community. The solution of the Southern problem now is to be looked for, not in the corporal's guard, but in the schoolhouse and in the church. And the schoolhouse and church must be planted in the Southern States, either by the Southern people themselves or by the Christian benevolence of the more prosperous people of the North. They certainly cannot be planted there as results of a Presidential election and by Presidential intervention.

If any of our subscribers are inclined to think that we ignore the Southern question, if they will look back over the files of The Christian Union, they will see that we have not only given it prominence, but have been consistent in the attitude which we have maintained upon the subject. So long as there was any possibility of bringing such intervention about, we urged National appropriations for public education in the Southern States. We were among the first journals of the country to urge the Republican party to go into an active campaign for the purpose of educating public opinion and building up a Republican party. We have given prominence to all the various missionary movements emanating from the North for the establishment of churches, schools, normal schools, and theological seminaries in the South. We have given our hearty sympathy and support to those who, by the aid of the Peabody Fund and the Slater Fund, are pushing forward public education in the Southern States. We have insisted upon the equal education of all races, whether in the Southern or Northern States, and have been equally quick to commend the educational campaign of such a man as Governor Thompson, in South Carolina, and to condemn the narrowness which has expelled colored children from the public schools in Ohio and Kansas.

The Southern question has no longer a place in National politics. The injustice and fraud that are sometimes wrought in the South are sporadic; the methods are not different from those which are pursued in some localities in the North. The trouble is to be counteracted in the North and South alike, not by military intervention, not by political power, but by an awakened conscience and a diffused intelligence. When the negro, by process of education, is a man, it will be impossible to keep him in any form of servitude. No egg-shell can keep imprisoned the bird that has been hatched and is ready to come forth. If he is not a man, no external protection can preserve his freedom, and if it could, the freedom would hardly be worth the preserving. For freedom is only a means to manhood.

We may add that this view of the Southern question is that which is taken by most of the Republicans in the South, including the more intelligent and thoughtful leaders among the negroes. We believe it to be the view of the men most thoroughly familiar with the South in all its aspects, such as General Armstrong, Dr. Haygood, and Dr. Curry. And it certainly was the view of some of the most trusted leaders in the Republican party of the North, including President Grant, President Hayes, President Garfield, and President Arthur.

NO ADMITTANCE.

A BILL has been introduced into Congress for the admission of Utah as a State. The argument for it is, of course, very simple. Utah has the necessary population; she has passed a constitution forever prohibiting polygamy; thus she has all the conditions for Statehood, and the only objection has been removed.

But this argument is not even specious. The United States is a great partnership; every new State is admitted to co-equal privileges and prerogatives in this partnership. She has equal representation with New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa, in the Senate of the United States. She has a share in the House of Representatives proportioned not to the quality but to the quantity of her population. In a closely contested Presidential election she may elect the President. Owing to the anomalous nature of our Electoral College, her vote may overbalance the vote of Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, or of the old Bay State, or of the Empire State. It is not a matter of course to admit into this great partnership any Territory that knocks at the door for admission and presents a census showing a certain population per square mile. We have a right to demand that any people asking a share in the control of this great empire shall show qualities which fit them for such joint control.

Now, the people of the Territory of Utah do not possess such qualities. A vast majority of them are almost wholly un-Americanized foreigners. They have been brought to our shores, not by the attractiveness of our free institutions, but by the summons of a superstitious faith and a fanatical egotism. They have been whisked across the continent to the land of the Saints. They know nothing of our history and little of our institutions. The American flag has no meaning for them. They know the United States only as a power which has recently prosecuted a number of their leaders for polygamy, imprisoning some and driving others into exile. They have no spirit of attachment to the United States and no true loyalty to it. On the contrary, their loyalty is to a wholly un-American ecclesiastical dynasty—to an *imperium in imperio*—a body which has shown no affection for the American Nation, no spirit of allegiance to it; a hierarchy which has always been independent of the National supremacy and often antagonistic to it. Quite apart from any question of polygamy, this is not the kind of community that we want to welcome to a participation in our National Government.

But the adoption of a State Constitution forever prohibiting polygamy gives us no guarantee that polygamy will not still flourish in Utah. Constitutions do not enforce themselves—they require legislation. Statutes do not enforce themselves—they require public opinion. Public opinion is manufactured by the schoolhouse, the press, and the church. The school system of Utah is under the control of the Mormon Church; the press of Utah—that portion of it which appeals to Mormon readers—is under the control of the Mormon Church; and polygamy is one of the fundamental tenets of the Mormon Church. It cannot be eradicated from Mormon theology without laying Mormon theology in ruins. It cannot be abandoned by the Mormon hierarchy without destroying the prestige of that hierarchy and the faith of the people in it. When the Mormon Church has declared that polygamy is a sin against God and man, when the Mormon press thunders against it, and when the Mormon school teaches the purity of the family, a family based on one wife married to one husband, it will be time enough for us to consider the question whether a Mormon population is a population which we desire to invite to joint participation with us in the control of this great Western Empire. Until then, whoever in the American Congress votes, log-rolls, or bargains to admit Utah as a State, may count on the indignation of all men and women who have at heart the purity of the home, and who have any measure of acquaintance with the facts respecting Utah and its past history.

CAN GOD ANSWER PRAYER?

IT has often been objected to the Christian believer's faith in answer to prayer that modern science has demonstrated the regular and immutable reign of law, and that it is inconceivable and wholly inconsistent with experience to think that God will from time to time interfere with and set aside the laws which he has made, at the request of an individual. The objection has often been answered by theologians, and the answer is elaborated with great philosophical power, eloquent diction, and wealth of illustration in Bushnell's greatest work, "Nature and the Supernatural." But this answer will come to skeptical men with greater weight when it comes from one who considers the question from a purely scientific point of view, as Mr. Huxley does in the January "Popular Science Monthly." He says:

"The supposition that there is any inconsistency between the acceptance of the constancy of natural order and a belief in the efficiency of prayer is the more unaccountable as it is obviously contradicted by analogies furnished by every-day experience. The belief in the efficiency of prayer depends upon the assumption that there is somebody, somewhere, who is strong enough to deal with the earth and its contents, as men deal with the things and events which they are strong enough to modify or control; and who is capable of being moved by appeals such as men make to one another. This belief does not even involve theism; for our earth is an insignificant particle of the solar system, while the solar system is hardly worth speaking of in relation to the All; and for anything that can be proved to the contrary, there may be beings endowed with full power over our system, yet practically as insignificant as ourselves in relation to the universe. . . . Certainly, I do not lack faith in the constancy of natural order. But I am not less convinced that if I were to ask the Bishop of Manchester to do me a kindness which lay within his power, he would do it. And I am unable to see that his action on my request involves any violation of the order of Nature. On the contrary, as I have not the honor to know the Bishop personally, my action would be based upon my faith in that 'law of Nature,' or generalization from experience, which tells me that, as a rule, the men who occupy the bishop's position are kindly and courteous. How is the case altered if my request is preferred to some imaginary superior being, or to the Most High Being, who, by the supposition, is able to arrest disease, or to make the sun stand still in the heavens, just as easily as I can stop my watch, or make it indicate any hour that pleases me?"

The real objection, continues Mr. Huxley, is the inadequacy of the evidence to prove any given case of answer to prayer. Thus Mr. Huxley makes the question whether prayer is answered or not to depend, not upon any abstract reasoning, but wholly upon evidence. We believe that the Christian world will be entirely willing to leave this question where

Mr. Huxley puts it. We shall not here enter into an argument; it must suffice to say that there are thousands of readers of The Christian Union who are as certain that they have held converse with God, and have received wisdom, guidance, strength, and comfort in answer to their requests, as they are that they have ever received such gifts from earthly friends. Nay, we go further; we believe that, taking the experience of mankind the world over, Protestant and Roman Catholic and Pagan experiences, including the testimony of Paul and Socrates, of Luther and of Thomas à Kempis, there are, on the whole, more people who will bear testimony to the friendliness and responsiveness of God than to the friendliness and responsiveness of man. In brief, practical atheism, which denies either that there is a God, or that he cares for or maintains any relations with his children, is, on the whole, a more rare human experience than cynicism, which denies that man has any disinterested sympathy with or any self-denying love for his fellow-man. If the testimony of men is to be taken on this subject, the testimony is continuous, uniform, unbroken, and almost unanimous in support of the fact that God does hear and answer prayer; and Mr. Huxley is authority for the statement that this testimony is not the least impugned by the modern scientific doctrine of the uniformity of natural law.

SHALL WE BOX?

EVERY good quickly degenerates into evil. There is nothing so noble that somewhere some foolish or bad men do not find means to corrupt it. Bread for food feeds gluttony; wine which God ordained to make glad the heart of man breeds drunkenness; social conversation, which was meant for rest and recreation, becomes a tax, a weariness, a bore; boxing turns to pugilism, and pugilism to every form of foul play.

Shall we box? Can we get the good of it and avoid the evil? Is there good enough in it to recompense the evil? Doubted! Does it develop manliness? Let the fact answer that a majority of pugilistic contests are declared drawn, by reason of foul play. Does it develop courage? Colonel Higginson replies that he would rather take ten men from the gymnasium of the Boston Christian Union than twenty professional pugilists, if he were recruiting for the army. Is it superior to all other athletic exercises in the training of the body? If so, we might adopt it notwithstanding its cost and notwithstanding certain dangerous tendencies, for the best of things have in them dangerous tendencies. To ascertain whether boxing is the best of athletic exercises we wrote to Professor Sargent, of Harvard University. Expert testimony only can answer this question, and there is no better expert in the country on the subject of physical training than Professor Sargent. Here is his answer:

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., January 13, 1888.

My Dear Dr. Abbott:

You ask for my opinion of boxing as compared with other physical exercises. I wish I could give it to you in full, but the subject will not admit of exhaustive treatment in a single writing. The gymnasium was designed and fostered as a grand training school for the harmonious cultivation of the physical man. To it we look to counteract the bad effects of a one-sided development. The value of one athletic exercise over another from a physician's standpoint is alone determined by the needs of the individual, and an exercise that we can best rely upon to produce certain specific results is boxing.

To a man of sedentary occupation whose brain and nervous system are not severely taxed, or to one who is by nature slow, heavy, and sluggish, without firmness and with little energy and force of character, boxing, by improving the functional capacity of heart and lungs and stimulating the nervous system, will afford the means of gaining some of the vim, vigor, and determination that is demanded by the spirit of the age. To a man with no over-development of combativeness, who maintains his self-control at all hazards, boxing will give confidence, courage, and a respectable sense of his own manliness. The physical and moral effect on a young man of making excellence in any one sport or exercise his chief aim is hurtful, and tends to destroy the balance of physical development.

If the boxer is active upon his feet, the muscles of the lower extremities will be greatly improved; but the muscles of the arms, chest, and back will not be as much affected by this exercise as by some others. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and chest weights afford a much better means of attaining a good muscular development of the body above the waist, and if the apparatus is properly used the muscles of the lower extremities can be equally developed.

I regard public exhibitions of pugilistic contests and glove fights as thoroughly pernicious in their influence upon our youth and the public in general. They hold up to our young men a false incentive for the practice of boxing, and add little to the general interest in the subject from a practical standpoint. In lending an air of respectability to fistic contests with soft gloves we are simply whetting the public appetite for fistic contests with hard gloves, and later for prize-fights with bare knuckles. The result is a degradation of the public taste. In exhibitions where glove fights are introduced, other sports seem tame and uninteresting. Under the influence of this mania for excitement, boxing itself has undergone a process of degeneracy. Once the skillful attack and defense, the adroit maneuvering and clever strategy on both sides, were the points most commended. In a boxing match to-day the kind of work that receives the applause of the multitude is best expressed by the term "slugging."

When we consider that the vast crowds that witness these contests are drawn together through love of excitement, and that, knowingly or unknowingly, they are gratifying a brutal instinct, it becomes more or less revolting. In my opinion, pugilistic contests are detrimental to the best interest of general athletics, and are a threatening evil to public morals. Yours sincerely, D. A. SARGENT.

On the whole, we do not think that Professor Sargent's opinion will generally be thought to recommend an affirmative answer to the question, Shall we box?

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Boston Evangelical Alliance a week ago elected the Rev. G. E. Chadbourn, D.D. (Methodist), President, and nearly all present signed petitions favoring the Blair Educational bill. A resolution deprecating the use of Sunday newspapers by Christian men and merchants for purposes of advertising was referred to a special committee to report at a future meeting. The meeting gave several hours to the report of a committee, and discussions of the report, on the use of Boston Common for preaching. The contest over this question several years ago, the validity of the law which lodges with the Mayor power of granting permits, has been sustained by the Supreme Court. Yet there is much cheap talk as to the constitutionality of the ordinance, and desires expressed to test the opinion of the Massachusetts Court by appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The report was not pointed in its conclusions, suggesting three courses: accept the situation, and get permit when one wants to preach; agitate for the repeal of the law; get an opinion from the United States Court, the latter seeming to be the main trend, the claim being that the law interferes with free speech. The report was accepted, simply, which leaves the action vague. A resolution passed authorizing the committee to petition the authorities to repeal the law. Joseph Cook, in his address, almost indorsed the famous sentence of Dr. Burchard, when he declared, "It is coming to be a question in this country whether evangelical Christians are going to be ruled by Rum, Romanism, and Red Tape." None of these gentlemen are prohibited from preaching on the Common, for the Mayor says he will grant permits to all responsible persons; but they imagine the Gospel is not quite free when it stands on precisely the same footing with public speaking.

The numerous friends of Professor John S. Sewall and Mrs. Sewall, of Bangor Seminary, sympathize deeply with them in their sudden bereavement in the death by drowning of their only remaining child, Mr. Benson Sewall, a graduate of Bowdoin College and member of the present senior class in the Theological Seminary of which his father is the beloved President. Mr. Sewall, in company with a fellow-student, had started down the Penobscot River on a skating excursion, and they were joined at Brewer Village by the Rev. B. B. Merrill, pastor of the Congregational church. Mr Sewall and Mr. Merrill started off on a spurt for Hampden, leaving their associate in the rear. As they were swiftly gliding along the middle of the river opposite Lower Hampden Corner, in apparent safety, and sixty feet apart, the ice broke and both were left struggling for their lives in the current, and with nothing but broken pieces of ice to cling to. After powerful exertion Mr. Merrill rescued himself by crawling upon the unbroken ice, nearly exhausted. He saw Mr. Sewall floating in the water, and, as he had nothing by which to assist his fellow-sufferer, remarked, "I will go for help," a cooper's shop being not far away. "All right," responded Mr. Sewall. When Mr. Merrill returned in a short time with helpers and ropes and planks to render assistance, Mr. Sewall had disappeared beneath the ice, and his body has not been recovered. At a memorial service in the Central Church in Bangor on Sunday, January 8, Dr. Field preached an impressive discourse. After graduation from college in 1883, Mr. Sewall made two trips abroad, and used information he gathered in lecturing. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi college society, a young man greatly beloved, of pure character, and with flattering prospects of a bright future on earth. He was a member of the Central Church, and an earnest Christian worker. It was his custom while making his morning toilet to open his Bible and read and meditate. After his departure his Bible was found open, the mark pointing to the passage, "Rejoice in the Lord always." This was his last morning's meditation on earth—so near the fruition of the morning in the world where rejoicing has no interruption of night and no mixture of sorrow.

The "Congregationalist's" assertion that the ministers who acted with the minority at Springfield cannot carry their churches with them is misleading. These pastors in this vicinity have not attempted to influence their people to withhold contributions. Dr. McKenzie, after consulting with his deacons, postponed the annual collection some months, and then took it on Christmas Sunday, preaching a missionary sermon without a word of censure. The Rev. G. A. Gordon last Sunday preached a missionary sermon in the Old South and took the contribution. Dr. Duryea preached a missionary sermon and urged his people to give to the Board, on the ground that the cause should not suffer financially because they do not like the policy of the management. The pastors have not set themselves to dictate to their people in this matter. The results of the collections speak for themselves, being the regular annual contributions. Some givers have withheld, some have increased, and some have given affirming that they propose to contend within the Board for the right policy, and not to starve the missionaries. At the Old South the Committee of Laymen reported at the meeting last Friday, commenting thus:

"This church during all this period has done this work through the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The question whether it shall continue to give through the same source has not been asked by a single contributor until within two or three years, but this year the question has often been asked. Unfortunately the Board has taken upon itself (against the advice of its late President) to settle questions that should have been referred to the churches—causing a division of opinion not only among the corporate members, but also among the Prudential Committee and the Secretaries. Young men who have consecrated their lives to preaching the Gospel of Christ, and who would gladly have been accepted by the Home Missionary Society, have not been allowed to go as missionaries to a foreign field.

"Many hearts were made sad by the action of a majority of the corporate members in Springfield, and felt almost like saying, 'We can no longer work and have our gifts controlled by a close corporation. The churches that give the money must all be represented.'

"But the Old South the last forty years has given over $250,000 to the American Board, and it will receive $50,000 in addition from one of our members lately deceased. We therefore have an interest in the missions that this money has helped to establish; to use a commercial phrase, we have an interest in the plant. A stockholder in a corporation, if he did not like the management and could not sell out his interest, would not abandon that interest, but would try to change the management if possible. Then, again, we cannot withhold our gifts without working an injury to those who are now in the field and concerning themselves only with publishing the good tidings.

. . . . . .

"It may be said that if the usual contribution is made it will be an indorsement of the acts of the majority at the last annual meeting. We must expect this, judging from the comments made by some weekly journals on the contribution of some churches which did not sympathize with the doings in Springfield. We must, however, do our duty, remembering the injunction 'to do good and suffer for it, and take it patiently.'"

The question was left so that those who wished to aid foreign missions, but not though the Board, might designate other channels. The total of the collection was $7 500—$5 000 to the Board, $2 500 through other channels. A year ago the annual contribution was $8 100, all to the Board. Thus the Board, as compared with last year, loses $3,100. Dr. McKenzie's church gave $824 15—nearly double the gift of the previous year, which was exceptionally small, two donors this year adding an aggregate to their regular contributions of $250, while some withheld and others gave to other objects. The average contributions of 1886 and 1887 have fallen below the yearly average of the four preceding years. The collection at Dr. Duryea's church was over $1,400. How this compares with the previous year I do not know, but I know that some gave much less than heretofore. There may be additions to increase the aggregate. I also know that earnest effort was made by one contributor, who dislikes the Alden policy, to persuade others to give, keeping his own gift up to the previous year. I know that a recent large bequest (not from the Central Church) came from a man in sympathy with Alpheus Hardy. Statements that contributions are against the wishes of the pastors, or that the gifts indorse indirectly the Alden policy, are without foundation in fact.

Sunday evening Dr. Alexander McKenzie concluded the series of public meetings in the Globe Theater under the auspices of the Harvard students. The building

was completely filled except the upper gallery. Dr. McKenzie, from the text "I will arise and go to my father," presented in forcible and attractive address the idea of fatherhood and sonship, the father always desiring the return of his wandering child, the child only needing to say, "I will arise and go to my father"—exercise the will power that turns the steps homeward. The five services have risen to a high level and have been eminently successful in numbers and interest.

My attention has been called to the mistake The Christian Union has fallen into, in common with other papers, in the matter of Mr. Hilton's bequest of $50,000 "to Phillips Academy," Andover. The bequest was left to the Trustees of Phillips Academy (there being but one Board of Trustees for both departments), for the benefit of the theological department, the income to be used in the preparation of young men for the Christian ministry in the Seminary. OBSERVER.

THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

ITS YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE twentieth anniversary of the Woman's Board of Missions was held in its old stronghold, Boston, at the Mount Vernon Church, January 11 and 12. It has rounded out a score of years, and the perspective of its yesterdays was sketched with graphic touch by the Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. Brainard Pratt.

This Board was one of the pioneer organizations for sending women missionaries to their heathen sisters. Of the original executive officers there remain to-day three Directors, the Home Secretary, two Vice-Presidents, and the honored President, to whose administrative ability, untiring energy, and loyal devotion the society is largely indebted for its success. Its aims outlined at the beginning were co-operation with the American Board for the benefit of women and children in heathen lands; dissemination of missionary intelligence and increase of missionary spirit among women at home; and to train children to interest and participation in the work. "The little one hath become a mighty," for the home constituency now includes in its loving fellowship twenty-two branches, one conference association, more than 1 600 auxiliaries, representing about 1 900 churches and nearly 200,000 church members, and about 600 mission circles embracing nearly 100 000 children. The treasury, which supplies the life-blood of the work, is always one test of success, and shows a total receipt of $1 553.-709. The subscription list of the various periodicals stretches out to 32,000 names.

Seven missionaries were sent at first, and four of these faithful women are still in the service. Of the 171 missionaries going to foreign fields during the twenty years, twelve died in the harness, and fifty-seven severed their connection by reason of failing health or change of location. Beginning in China, Ceylon, Turkey, and Zululand, an opening was made in '69 in India and Persia, '72 in Japan, Spain, and Dakota, '73 in Mexico, '76 in Austria, '77 in Micronesia, '82 in West Central Africa, '86 in East Central Africa, and only a few of these have been transferred to other boards. Thus woman's faith and woman's work have "put a girdle round the earth." It is significant that before the days of the Woman's Board there were two or three male church members to one female, but now they are about equal. A large part of the work is educational, and $200,000 has wisely been expended in school buildings and homes, which have become the gates of heaven to the thousands of girls they shelter, for the miseries of heathendom press most heavily on the women and girls. The hope of missions centers in the children, for "whatever you want in a nation you must put into the schools." A growing feature of the work, which promises a rich return, is medical work by women in hospital and dispensary, already established in China, India, and Japan, so that sick souls are reached by relieving sick bodies.

Looking down the vista of twenty years, what the work has cost in money, effort, and tears is dimmed by the shining glory of what has been accomplished. "It has sent living lips to proclaim in many languages good news to the lost. It has sent hundreds of Bible women, with Christ's own words, through cities and hamlets, in homes and by the wayside; it has built homes and schools where thousands of the King's daughters have been made meet for their Father's palace; it has gathered little children and placed them in the arms of Jesus; it has made Christian mothers; it has told of eternal life; it has brightened the dark valley; it has lifted up Him who will draw all men to himself. So we lay our yesterdays, with all their shortcomings, at Christ's pierced feet; the mistakes all ours, the praise all his. So we go on to our untried to-morrows—

"'For the new years come and the old years go,
As swings Time's pendulum to and fro;
But the kingdom grows.'"

The to-day of the Board finds expression in a summary of the four sessions. The number of delegates was large. The clearest and coldest of winter weather favored the gathering, and the church was well filled but never crowded. Mrs. Bowker, the President, was in the chair she has so ably filled for twenty years, but it was sadly noticed that her voice failed to reach one-half the audience. There were the usual greetings from sister organizations—the Methodist, Baptist, Board of the Interior, and a letter from the Board of the Pacific. A message of sympathy was sent to the Treasurer, Miss Carruth, who is detained by a fatal illness, and her report was presented by her assistant. The total receipts from all sources were $123 229 45, that from the ordinary channels being a little larger than ever before, though special gifts have sometimes increased the total to a larger sum.

An interesting departure from the usual custom was the presence of ladies connected with many of the schools and colleges for women, who made addresses on the relations of education to missions. Miss Johnson of Bradford, gave an interesting account of that oldest institution which educated the first Mrs. Judson (Ann Haseltine) and Harriet Newell; Miss McKeen sent a letter which proves that the sacred fire on the altar of missions burns brightly at Abbot Academy, Andover, for its list of missionaries is a long one; Miss Edwards spoke for Mount Holyoke, which has supplied one-fifth of all the women now in mission fields; and Miss Stanton for Norton Seminary. Mrs. Kapp, who represented Smith College, impressed two thoughts; that if love and interest are secured, the pennies will follow, and that college girls are not selfish but respond quickly in helpfulness to others while so much is being done for them. Miss Knox, of Wellesley, elaborated the idea that college training develops the qualities necessary to equip a missionary: self-control, self-sacrifice, self-adaptation, power of systematic work, a breadth of experience by contact with a variety of minds, an intellectual self-reliance and an appreciation of the principles underlying the Christian religion. Miss Stanwood spoke feelingly and gracefully of the work done by the Ipswich Seminary, a name which, though stricken from the present roll of schools, is ever fragrant with the memory of Mary Lyon, Mrs. Grant Bannister, and Mrs. Cowles, where the President and many other Board workers were educated.

Nothing makes mission work seem so real and vital as the words of the missionaries as each gives a leaf out of her experience. Miss M. A. West, in charge of the coffee house, Mrs. Schneider, a city missionary, Mrs. Kate P. Williams, from the Home, all working in Constantinople, and Mrs. Susan A. Wheeler and Miss Sarah A. Closson, also from Turkey, were especially welcome. Anxiety is felt as to the future, for the Turkish Government is about to issue an edict forbidding its subjects to attend foreign schools and prohibiting foreign schools from teaching religion. This is specially directed against the mission schools. But a higher than the Sultan rules the kingdoms of the earth. Mrs. S. B. Capron, of Madura, made a marked impression by her strong personality and forceful words. The keynote of the sad heart of India she found in the Indian mother's lullaby: "I am alone on the seashore. The tide is rising, the storm is coming; I shall perish—I am alone on the shore." But the love and faith of the Hindu, when her heart is illumined, gleams in the proverb, "Leave a hundred things to eat, a thousand to bathe, a hundred thousand to give, a million to pray." Miss M. A. Holbrook, M.D., gave an account of her medical work in China, and Miss Emily S. Hartwell pleaded enthusiastically for our loving interest in the Chinese. She helped to brighten the exercises by dressing in native costume and enacting, with Mrs. Alice Harris Smith, a visit with a Chinese lady, assisted by a child also in costume.

In reviewing the work of the year Mrs. Pratt, the Secretary, summoned the helpers and helped of the Woman's Board from the four corners of the earth to keep the festival with us. It was a goodly company that in imagination joined us. Besides the missionaries and Bible readers, there came from the heart of Africa dark-skinned girls, changed from household cattle to beautiful Christian womanhood; from Austria, despite the hard times and poverty, the Bohemian Mount Holyoke Seminary student; from Spain, the only Protestant school found in that land of beauty and superstition; from Mexico, a band who have been persecuted and know what it costs to be a Christian; from Micronesia, eager hundreds, who cry appealingly, "Have you no more helpers for us?" from Foochow, almond-eyed Sunday-school pupils and medical students from hospital and dispensary; from Northern China, more happy Mongolian faces, and a model auxiliary that includes every female member of the church; from Japan, in soft, clinging garments, the pupils of the industrial schools, with their knitting, sewing, and cooking, and ten nurses from the new training school; from India, the Hindu girls in flocks from the primary school, many from the grammar, but few from the highest grade, for India's curse of early marriages has taken them away; from Ceylon, the Tamil women, with the cherished bead necklaces, and the brown faced seminary girls; from the snows of Eastern Turkey a large following of native workers; from Western Turkey a band that at first seems like a Wellesley delegation, but they are really Armenians, Bulgarians, Turks, Greeks, Jews, French, English, and Americans, all speaking English; indeed, the procession from that great missionary field, Turkey, seems endless. What means this host? Is the millennium nearer than you think, 'O ye of little faith'?

Two missionaries have gone to their reward during the past year—Mrs. Susan W. Tyler, after thirty-nine years of loving devotion in Africa, and Mother Howland—everybody's Mother Howland—leaving the Ceylon station sorely bereaved. It is significant that a paper recently came from Foochow, China, to the Board, written in May, and signed by all the missionaries, male and female, of all denominations, urging the imperative need of more women for the work in the provinces.

The general meetings were marked by no special enthusiasm, but the devotional meetings were characterized by a very tender spirit. The usual Wednesday evening public service of preaching was omitted, and the officers gave a reception at the Central Church, which was restricted to missionaries, delegates, and a few officers of the American Board.

The to-morrow of the Woman's Board promises to be like the yesterday and to-day—full of ample hopes, loving service, and grand results. With the omission of two names from the list of directors, the same officers were re-elected. There was no movement, no discussion, by the Board of a change of policy. The vote to change the time of the annual meeting to a less inclement month was so nearly a tie that it was decided to continue the present custom, meeting next January at Worcester. O. M E R.

THE BURNHAM INDUSTRIAL FARM.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

IT is almost a year since I first wrote to the readers of The Christian Union about the Burnham Industrial Farm, its plans and its hopes. And they have been informed as to its trials. They had a right to know about everything connected with the Farm, for to my first appeal there was at once a hearty response, and hundreds of letters have come since, many of them inclosing handsome gifts for the work. There are thirty-one boys there now, and it is the purpose of the trustees to increase the number to forty or fifty within a few weeks. If only a small part of those who apply were taken, the Farm would soon be more than crowded. There is great need—pressing need—the need that lies between ruin and rescue—that the Farm be at once developed to its utmost capacity. I was at the Farm for Christmas, and saw there thirty hearty boys living a good, pure, wholesome life, who only a few months ago were all in such surroundings as were perilous to their development into useful citizens. This is all changed now; their lives are changed so that the whole tendency is towards things that make for righteousness. One of the first needs was for an infirmary, as scarlet fever broke out before the apple trees were fairly out of bloom. The appeal was made for that in The Christian Union, and now the foundation is laid, and there is money to go on with the building to about half its completion. But we don't expect to stop until it is done and ready for occupancy, and then we hope it will be a long time before it is occupied. Our barns were burned, and all our hay, but the cattle were saved, and already there has been a beginning for the rebuilding of the barns. The trustees—wise and able men—are taking up the Farm's work and need, with vigor and great hope that an institution so generously and wisely conceived by its founders will not be left to stop short of its utmost usefulness. But the little hospital must be finished at once—not a moment is to be lost. There may be sick boys at any time, and there should be a place where every facility can be found for treating them wisely and gently. Even the best that we can do—and that the most thoughtful matron can do, and the most careful treatment can do, and the most cheerful surroundings can do—will not supply the tender care such as a bright home and a tender mother could give. But a great deal can be done; and I have no doubt that, as the readers of The Christian Union have begun the hospital, they will finish it, as their tribute to God, in saving and helping the sick children that he loved. In behalf of the trustees, and of the boys they are trying to save, let me thank the editors and readers of The Christian Union for their help—help that has come with a double blessing because it has come so promptly. I am, gratefully yours,

WILLIAM M. F. ROUND.

135 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

ATHENS IN NEW YORK.

By William C. Wilkinson.

HOW many even of the most cultivated among the readers of The Christian Union know that that ancient "city of the soul," Athens, keeps, and for thirty years past has kept, stationed in the metropolis of the New World a kind of garrison of intellectual occupation, in the form of a Greek Club composed of scholars, and ripe and good ones, whose serious recreation it is to meet Friday evenings and read together the immortals of Greek literature? Such is the fact; and Friday evening, the thirtieth of December, this club celebrated, with suitable observance and refection, "light and choice, of Attick taste," the thirtieth anniversary of its formation. The writer of these words, as having been once an active member, and as accounted still a member *in ture*, was present by invitation to share the feast. The invited guests, not of the Club, who sat down at the table included Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, ex Governor D. H. Chamberlain, Professor (and Colonel) Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, Virginia, Dr. (now Professor) Marvin R. Vincent, Professor Seymour, head of the Greek department in Yale University, Professor Cooper, holding a like position in Rutgers College. Ex-President Woolsey, Professor Goodwin, Dr. W. S Tyler, Professor Harkness, sent letters of regret So did Dr. Kendrick, of the University of Rochester.

If I say that Professor Henry Drisler, the American editor of the great Greek Lexicon, occupied at one end a seat which Dr. Howard Crosby, sitting, an equal power, at the other end, called the head of the table—if I say this, and then that Dr. T. W. Chambers sat at Dr. Drisler's side, while Dr. Charlton T. Lewis, the versatile and all-accomplished editor of the great Latin Lexicon, sat midway of the length of the board—it may easily be guessed how much learning was present and with what balance its weight was distributed. Every symposiast, wherever seated, could feel that he was himself occupying a distinguished place, was sitting, in fact, very near to Macgregor, that unconquered movable head of the table.

It was a genuine little republic of letters, or of scholarship—one equal temper of Hellenic hearts; as it should have been, for such has been the Greek Club throughout its history. As Dr. Drisler said, acting informally in the capacity of chairman, when it had been duly eaten and drunken and of an equal feast failed the desire in naught—as Dr. Drisler then genially said, the Greek Club had no president, no rules, no secretary, no treasurer, no treasury. They were just a mutually equal fellowship of gentlemen and scholars, meeting on the common ground of delight in the Greek language and Greek letters. For my own part, I can testify that, whether or not it was in some part due to the influence of the studies to which those Friday evenings were given, I have never witnessed a finer and sweeter urbanity prevail throughout any meetings of men with one another than was the law—unwritten, indeed, but so inviolate!—of all the occasions on which, in this club, I saw Greek join Greek for the reading of Greek authors—a wide selection, ranging from sober and very pedestrian Strabo to the wild license of Aristophanes and the eagle soaring of Pindar. I pleased myself with a sort of fitness found in calling this spirit by the name of Attic urbanity; but seriously I thought it was something higher—I thought it was Christian; and Dr. Howard Crosby, if he will pardon my thus publicly saying it, seemed to me a source of the spirit that I mean, in being its mirror, its pure and spotless exemplar.

After Dr. Drisler, as by seniority a kind of symposiarch for the evening, had read the letters of regret, he said that there had been no arrangements made for toasts, or sentiments, or speeches. He would ask Dr. Crosby to say something, and then, with the Athenian assembly herald's proclamation of opportunity for whomsoever would to speak, surrender the occasion to the company.

Dr. Crosby responded, simply and gracefully and modestly, by reading some *memorabilia* of the history of the Club, and he was about taking his seat when a call arose for a poem. (Dr. Crosby, on the twenty-fifth anniversary, five years before, had been poet of the occasion.) The call suggested to Dr. Crosby to say that the Club had a poet present as guest; whereupon acclamation summoned Mr. Stedman to his feet. He made a charming speech, in the true spirit of the Attic occasion. In the course of it he disclaimed for himself the quality of scholarship in Greek; but Dr Drisler very happily, not denying to him in form his disclaimer, rejoined that at least there was a gentleman of the same name in the city whose studies of Theocritus paralleled with Tennyson were well known to entitle him to the rank of Greek scholar. How true was this delicate praise of Mr. Stedman's Greek scholarship, beyond what the general literary public can be supposed to suspect, the present writer had the opportunity of learning that same evening after the symposium was done. He was privately shown the pages in manuscript of a study by Mr. Stedman of Theocritus in the original text which exhibited the poet and the critic in the character of a critical scholar and editor. When Mr. Stedman reaches the limit of age—far be it!—beyond which he must cease to write poetry of his own, then—and not till then!—may we see in print the final version in meter of Theocritus from his hand!

It was very graceful—and it was a grace that he could afford—when Mr. Stedman in his turn called out a Yale classmate of his, by saying that in an English university town he once had found himself made little of until it chanced to come out that he knew a scholar who had done monumental work in the making of a recent Latin lexicon. English scholars were then ready with attentions to him, as soon as they learned that he enjoyed the personal friendship of Charlton T. Lewis.

Dr. Lewis responded in a felicitous strain, which he modulated very naturally to a gentle pathos in reminiscence of members of the Club who had gone on to the land of silence. The effect was like one of those pauses of conversation in the Platonion of Plato.

After Dr. Lewis came Colonel McCabe—or perhaps he was before; it does not much matter—who delighted the company with a poem in prose dithyrambics flowingly and glowingly chanted in praise of the Greek language and Greek literature. I said "delighted;" but I might have said "surprised and delighted," for this accomplished Southerner had made his fame, to most at the table that knew him, as a wit rather than as a scholar and an orator. He is a great favorite in English society, an honored and welcomed guest under the roof of Lord Tennyson, traits of whose personal bearing and character came out incidentally in the conversation which, as a fortunate opposite (or "antipod," I might say, under cover of Dr. Drisler's post-prandial authority), I myself had the privilege of sharing, in the quality of listener and asker of questions. What did Tennyson mean by his line,

"The bar of Michael Angelo"?

was a question asked by one, not the present writer. The question was answered under express information from the poet of the "In Memoriam." He meant that deep horizontal line of corrugation, technically by artists called the "bar," that appears in the pictures, crossing the brow of the great Italian. The verse was in fact a reminiscent allusion to Arthur Henry Hallam's own occasional playful claim of possessing that peculiar signature across his own forehead. How much added pathos, with this knowledge, steals into the lines—

"And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

To another question, whether in the "Palace of Art" Tennyson meant Goethe disguised with obvious differences from himself, Colonel McCabe could not reply, but he courteously accepted the charge to make it a future point of inquiry from the Laureate. Colonel McCabe inquired about Professor J. F. Genung, remarking that he saw his book, "A Study of 'In Memoriam,'" on Lord Tennyson's table. After learning that this author was Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College, he asked also, or some one did, the pronunciation of his name, which was given, on undoubted information, as "Je-*nung*"—last syllable accented.

The next speaker—conscript volunteer, like the rest (Dr. Overhiser, one of the earliest members of the Club, took the responsibility of first naming him)—after remarking upon the uniqueness of the phenomenon exhibited in the rise and persistence of the Greek Club—a thing, he believed, quite without parallel in any other studious interest whatever—hazarded himself, in that select presence of scholarship, to name to sensitive Greek ears an outlandish barbarian name. Where nothing should be spoken that could not be spoken *Attice*, he alluded, in frank barbarian, to the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," explaining that it had fallen to his fortune as "Counselor," so called, to this wide and numerous dispersion of readers, to enjoy the opportunity of exerting an influence in support of classical studies in English. That august circle of Greek scholars listened with indulgent curiosity while this speaker set forth how the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was to be regarded, not as a piece of charlatanry, a vulgar attempt to supersede and replace sound scholarship with substitute pretensions, but, on the contrary, as a loyal undertaking on behalf of popular culture, the purpose and effect of which were to heighten and not to disparage Greek learning and Latin in general esteem. The future, he thought, would show an increase in the number of students choosing Greek and Latin, as a result of the influence exerted by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

Governor Chamberlain was asked for to speak, but he had been obliged to withdraw early to take a train. Professor Cooper spoke admirably, in enlightened and loyal adhesion to Greek discipline. Dr. Vincent appropriately noted the service rendered by the Greek mind in showing that the utmost of human effort was vain, without divine revelation, in finding out God. Professor Seymour pointed out, with telling exemplification, how much chance there was for sciolism and pretense even among professional teachers of Greek. Mr. Prentice, a distinguished lawyer, gracefully continued the speaking. Dr. Chambers, called on, responded from his seat with deprecation in which the company respectfully indulged him, declining to made extended remarks; and Dr. Crosby, as was by prescription his custom in the Club, announced that the hour of half-past eleven had arrived, whereupon, by general consent, without formal motion, the symposium was over.

I have reserved one incident of the occasion with which to conclude this inadequate note of a unique anniversary. A modest member of the Club was challenged for a poem, which the symposiarch had somehow learned that this gentlemen had prepared as his contribution to the "Attic cheer" of the evening. Mr. James Herbert Morse then, after a tantalizingly humorous introduction of anecdote, somewhat in the manner of Mark Twain, read the following sonnet:

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."
Nay, brothers, Peace alone, with eye benign,
Fair Peace alone, with face and form divine,
Made haste to don her shining raiment. Nor
Had ever cause in us to weep therefor.
When to our call she came to meet the Nine
Who sang, or tripped it, down the stately line
Of ancient song, we sent no word to War.

Homer and Hesiod, Pindar and the three
High-sandaled heroes of the tragic choir,
And him whose laugh ran rippling like the sea—
The bright Ægean sea that loved his lyre—
For them Peace waved her wand, and bade them speak.
We sent no word to War, when Greek met Greek.

It was a just memorial of the spirit of the Club as the present writer always found it. No ripple of strife was suffered there to perturb the "quiet and still air of delightful studies."

IRISH AND AMERICAN IMAGERY.

By George Tallman.

AN Irish editorial writer for the London "Spectator" defends his race, and defends it well, against the charge that Irish "malaprops" and Irish "bulls" indicate any blameworthy intellectual eccentricity on the part of his countrymen. Generally, he maintains, the Irishman is perfectly conscious of the inaccuracy or logical absurdity of his remark, but revels in the incongruity whica the confusion occasions. The instances which he gives are taken from his own personal experience among the educated classes. "Thus,' he says, "we know a lady who never misses a chance of saying of a conspicuous object or person that it or he is 'the *sinecure* of every eye,' and we confess to having been guilty, on the first occasion that we heard her use it, of the conviction—since corrected—that she spoke in innocence, and not with malice prepense. Similarly, in the writer's own family, several Irish malaprops—of which one, 'as white as the driveling snow,' may serve as an example—have established themselves so firmly in common use that it requires a conscious effort to overcome the habit and use the right word." When the English laugh *at* the Irish for such phrases, instead of laughing *with* them, the intellectual deficiency manifested is entirely on their own part. They are making a mistake which comes from their own characteristic matter-of-factness. It is the type of a mistake which they have sometimes made in their criticisms of America, as when the English traveler in the early part of this century mentioned as an instance of monumental Yankee stupidity the case of a Vermont farmer who, when asked by him whether they had much thunder and lightning in the vicinity, replied, "Considerable, considering the sparsity of the population."

There are few of us who, when we stop to think of it, will not admit that most of the Irish malaprops that we have heard have been accompanied by a twinkle of the eye and a thorough enjoyment of the odd mixture of ideas which the malaprop created. The best genuine malaprops in America occur among the negroes. It is among them, and them alone, that you hear of one street "paralysing" another, or of prayers addressed to an 'all-wise but unscrupulous Providence." It is true that the writer knows one Irish servant who, in blissful unconsciousness of her mistake, always speaks of the "grenadine" sugar; but she is more than a trifle deaf, and cannot be taken as a fair example of her race.

But with reference to Irish bulls our own experience will not bear out the "Spectator's" suggestion that they are usually intentional. Some years ago, for instance, the family of the writer were one evening admiring a magnificent rainbow which completely arched the southeastern sky. The Irish servant passing by, one of the group asked her if she had seen larger and finer rainbows in Ireland. After looking a moment, Bridget replied, with the utmost gravity and patriotic self-complacency, "And perhaps, mum, and they weren't any bigger in Ireland, but sure and they had twisht as many colors.

A little later in the same year a friend was trying to

serve a summons upon one John Patrick. Going to the small tenement-house in which Mr. Patrick was supposed to reside, he asked an Irishman standing at the entrance if there was any one in the building bearing the name of the witness for whom he was searching. "John Patrick?" said the obliging Irishman, contemplatively. "John Patrick? There was Thomas—but then," he added, "his last name was not Patrick."

Perhaps the worst bull ever made by any of the writer's acquaintance was perpetrated by a very bright young lady who was only half Irish in her ancestry. Seeing her sister crocheting one day, she gave utterance to this exclamation: "Oh, dear! how glad I am that I don't like to crochet, for if I did, I would be crocheting all the time, and I can't—" Here she stopped with a laugh at herself. She was going to say "can't bear it," and thus equal the famous spinach argument.

Setting aside all newspaper stories manufactured at so much an inch, and taking merely our own experience, we cannot but think that Irish bulls are apt to be unintentional, and that the Irish mind likes to free itself from the restraint which the severe rules of logic impose.

The "Spectator" editorial which suggested the present article dwells at length upon the Irish love of exaggeration and the picturesque extravagance which characterizes Irish hyperboles. Among the incidents which it tells are the following:

"It was an Irish lady who once amused her auditors greatly by remarking in a rueful tone, in the course of a conversation on the size of feet—'My feet are fearfully big—regular *cubic feet*.' At the risk of spoiling a good anecdote, we are fain to record the following fragments of a description of the wonderful adventures of a horse dealer at Punchestown. He was craning over on to the course at the side of the big jump, when the barrier gave way, and before he could recover himself the whole field were on top of him. 'I declare to ye most solemnly,' continued the narrator, 'that *seventeen horses changed their feet in the small of his back*.' The sequel went on to tell how the very next day he was seen selling horses at a fair in another part of the county; 'but then he was a man of an iron constitution!'"

If the love of extravagant exaggeration is a distinctively Irish trait, then America has certainly been Celticized to an even greater extent than is commonly asserted by the advocates of restricted immigration. It has, in fact, become more Irish than Ireland itself. The "Spectator's" cubic foot story is so moderate in its overstatement that were it used in a Chicago letter to a St. Louis journal it could hardly hope for publication. Were we to make extracts from the newspaper humor which is floating about us it would not be difficult to present instances of hyperbole which would make the Irish stories in the Spectator seem like "Gradgrind" statements. Take, for instance, those which the "Omaha World" is from time to time publishing about the very hilly metropolis of Western Missouri:

"A serious accident happened last week in Kansas City. A gentleman residing on Terrace Street was seriously injured by falling off of his back yard on to his roof. It is hoped he may recover."

Here we have exaggeration so grotesque that it is only in certain moods that the average mind is able to enjoy it.

But, leaving aside the tales of professional humorists, a couple of stories told to a friend of the writer by a down-east Yankee who acted as guide for himself and cousin through the Maine woods will suffice to show that the American habit of exaggeration is not due to the Irish blood in our veins:

The conversation had been about incubators. My friend's cousin, a young scientist, had been telling about the different kinds that had been invented, and the remarkable successes which had been achieved. When he had finished his account, the guide, who had been listening attentively, continued the conversation as follows: "Those incubators that you ha' been tellin' about are pretty good, but they hain't nothin' to an incubator we used to have down at Gardiny (Gardiner). There was an old hen there who just wouldn't do anything but set. She'd set and set, if she couldn't get anything but a button or a walnut to set on. So one day we thought we'd fix her. So we got a nail keg and filled it chuck full of turkey eggs, and set her to settin' on the bunghole. And in just one week she had 'em all hatched out into the finest brood of turkeys in Gardiny." The same guide had another bunghole story, which was called forth by a tremendous rainstorm which came up one day while they were tramping. When my friend and his cousin were complaining of its severity, the guide, to cheer them, remarked: "Oh, this ain't nothin' to a storm we had once on the Mediterranean during my sailin' days. That day it rained so hard that you couldn't see two feet in front of you. Just to show you how hard it did rain, there was a barrel lying on the deck with both ends knocked out, and the rain came down so fast that more water poured through the bunghole of that barrel than could get out at both ends."

As regards exaggeration, the American imagination may certainly lay claim to greater boldness than the Irish. The character of our stories seems to correspond with the boundless stretch of our territories.

MISSION TO THE 500,000 BLIND OF CHINA.

By Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming.

SOME time ago you gave a brief summary of the very remarkable work by which the Rev. W. H. Murray hopes not only to bring light and life to the great multitude of blind in China, but also to transform a considerable number of his students into active missionary agents, as Scripture readers and singers of sacred song, such as invariably attract an attentive audience in China, as in most other countries. Mr. Murray's work has only just come to the surface sufficiently to claim public recognition. Hitherto the little acorn which he has planted has been quietly germinating in the heart of the Chinese capital, known only to a handful of poor blind men, and scarcely recognized even by the little group of foreign residents in that great city; and though there is every prospect that it will assuredly develop into a wide spreading tree of healing, it is as yet but a feeble sapling, whose growth, humanly speaking, depends on its now obtaining good soil and abundant watering from the Christian public.

We have already sketched the early career of the Scotch workingman to whom, as he himself believes, this wonderful method of instructing the blind has been so specially revealed. The first thing that struck him, on commencing his work as a colporteur in North China, was the extraordinary number of blind who mingled in every crowd, some going about alone, feeling their way with a long stick, others in gangs of perhaps a dozen, each guided by the man in front of him—a most literal illustration of the blind leading the blind. This very large proportion of blindness is due to several causes—such as leprosy, small-pox, neglected ophthalmia, and general dirt, to which in North China we must add the stifling dust and smoke caused by the lack of ordinary fuel, which leads the people, all through the long, parching summer, to cut every blade of dried-up grass, and the very turf, to heat their ovens; thus the houses are filled with a penetrating smoke which makes the eyes smart painfully.

Many of these blind men are simply most miserable beggars; others earn their living as fortune-tellers, going about with flutes to attract attention. They carry a board with movable pieces, something like draughts, each marked with a symbol, by means of which they pretend to foretell lucky days and answer other questions. Blindness seems to be the only form of human suffering for which the average Chinaman feels a certain pity. Few are so utterly debased as to rob a blind man; and the blind are generally addressed as Hsien-Sheng, "teacher," a term of honor; albeit the adult blind are, as a class, about the most disreputable members of the community—so bad that even a hopeful soul like their friend Mr. Murray is compelled to admit that the majority appear incorrigible, and that all his prospects rest on training young lads, and, so far as possible, isolating them from their seniors.

Yet the first thing which directed his attention to the present work was the fact that amongst the crowds who (with true Chinese reverence for all written characters) pressed forward to purchase the portions of Holy Scripture which he offered for sale at a very cheap rate, many blind men came desiring to purchase copies; and when he asked why they wanted a book which they could not see to read, they replied that they would keep it, and that sometimes friends who could read would let them hear it. Then he would tell them that in Europe the blind were taught to read, and even to write; but this they never could believe, and he seemed to them as one that mocked.

But the more he saw, the more grievous did it appear that absolutely nothing was done for these darkened lives by any Christian agency known in Pekin, and he began to plead their cause amongst the missionaries of various nations whom he could reach. These, however, very naturally replied, "We Christian missionaries, of all Protestant denominations put together, are in the proportion of one to one million of the population. How can we undertake any additional work? Perhaps in the next generation, if there are ten times as many missionaries and ten times the funds now available, something may be done for the blind of China."

Still, as he went about his daily task, mingling with ever-changing crowds, in scorching summer and freezing winter, this thought was never absent from his mind. Ere leaving Scotland he had mastered Bell's system of visible speech for the instruction of the deaf, and his first idea was to reduce all Chinese sounds to symbolic forms, and he went so far as to have those made in clay and baked, so that they could be handled. From these some pupils have learned to read; among others who have been thus taught is a deaf-mute. But this system was cumbersome and unsatisfactory—all the more so as it occurred to the teacher that, as the Chinese adore their own written hieroglyphic characters, they would probably render divine honors to these clay symbols. He had also studied Moon's system of embossed alphabetic symbols and Braille's system of embossed dots for the use of the blind, and ceaselessly revolved in his own mind whether it might be possible to adapt one or other of these to the bewildering intricacies of the Chinese language, with all its perplexing "tones," which, by an almost inappreciable difference of pronunciation, cause one word to convey a dozen different meanings. Of the difficulty of the task proposed, some idea may be formed from the fact that in order to read such a book as the Bible in Chinese ordinary type, the student, instead of mastering twenty-four letters of the alphabet, must learn to recognize at sight no less than four thousand distinct characters—a task which generally requires about six years of study.

Such was the perplexing problem with which this would-be benefactor of the blind wrestled, apparently without result, till one day, he tells us that, wearied with a long morning's work, he had lain down to rest awhile during the noonday heat, and, with closed eyes, lay as if asleep, when suddenly, as clearly as he now sees one of his stereotyped books, he saw outspread before him the whole system which he has since then so carefully worked out. In this vision (or revelation, as he believes it to have been, an opinion which I think few Christians will gainsay) he perceived that he must discard all attempts to produce any alphabetic system, but must make use of numerals by which to represent the 408 distinct syllables which he found to be sufficient to suggest all the sounds of the language. For these numerals he next substituted mnemonic letters—T or D for 1, N for 2, M for 3, etc., and further contrived that every Chinese word, no matter what its length, should be represented by only three symbols—units, tens, and hundreds—and for these he has arranged embossed dots grouped on Braille's system.

If all this sounds utterly incomprehensible to the reader, I can only console him by remarking that it is equally so to the present narrator, but daily experience now proves it to be so extraordinarily simple to the Chinese intelligence that any blind man or lad of average intelligence can now thoroughly acquire the arts of both reading and writing within two months, and a sharp lad can do this in six weeks. So marvelously does this system lend itself to the representation of sound that Mr. Murray's next care was to reduce all musical notes and terms in the study of harmony to the same, with the result that his blind students now write out musical scores from dictation with wonderful accuracy, and then, with great pleasure to themselves, learn to play the written tunes on the harmonium or organ; beginners being taught by having the embossed symbol pasted on to the notes. So, then, each student reads the written score with one hand, while with the other he finds out the notes. Then, having mastered the tune, the blind organist and choir sing their Christian lyrics in the chapel, which is open to all comers, and when a good congregation has assembled, one of the students, who is a very gifted scholar, addresses the people, and at the close of his exhortation recommends them to purchase a copy of the Holy Book that they may study it for themselves; and thus the blind students prove most useful assistant corporteurs.

But, further than this, Mr. Murray has taught his blind lads to do everything for themselves in the preparation of books for their own use, even to the stereotyping, which they do so rapidly and with such accuracy that he finds one of his Chinese lads can with ease prepare more work than three men in England will turn out in the same time, and will also do it more accurately and at a far cheaper rate. Of course, as long as such lads are students they gratefully work for their keep; and perhaps not the least remarkable feature of this enterprise has been that, until the present time, its expenses have been almost entirely borne by the humble inventor, who has lodged, fed, and clothed his indigent students out of his own slender salary as a colporteur (and even a frugal Chinaman cannot be respectably clothed and fed for less than £10 a year). Nor is this all. Being bound to devote all his hours of recognized work to bookselling, he has evolved every detail of the system, and taught his pupils, in hours stolen from rest or sleep.

But now it is high time that the work so well begun should be taken up by the public, and that the necessary funds may be forthcoming to insure its wide extension. It is hoped that Mr. Murray may be able to train many teachers gifted with sight, either Europeans or first-class Chinese converts, who may be employed by the various missions in all parts of the Empire. One such *sighted* head teacher in each district could there found a blind school and train Chinese Scripture readers, and thus the work may be ceaselessly extended till it overspreads the whole vast Empire like a network. A very strong point in favor of this mission is its bearing on the admission of Christian influence into the

dreary homes wherein about 150 000 000 Chinese women of all ages live their monotonous lives in strict seclusion. Some of these patriarchal households number from 80 to 100 women, very few of whom can read even their own dull books. To these, each blind woman who can be taught to read the Holy Scriptures will become not only a center of unbounded interest, but a living power. Her words will impress many, and thus the truth will make its way insensibly amongst the mothers who exercise such lifelong influence over their sons—an influence now bitterly antagonistic to Christianity on account of its enmity to that worship and propitiation of the dead (ancestral worship) which is the main principle of Chinese life. This is a big giant, but as weak things of the earth are so often chosen to confound the mighty, there is good reason to believe that these humble blind readers are destined to prove powerful agents in the fight.

Surely such a story as this may well incite some to prove their interest by some act of self-denial which may enable them to help so earnest a worker. As yet, all that has been raised by widely circulated appeals has been a sum sufficient to purchase the very humble school premises in Pekin which Mr. Murray has hitherto rented for the use of his blind students, and also to provide for the annual payment of £75 toward Mr. Murray's salary, that the Bible Society may set him free to devote half his time exclusively to preparing the Holy Scriptures and other books for the use of the blind, and otherwise developing his system. This was the primary necessity, but it leaves so small a margin for current expenses that the mission must still look to the public for all the needful funds for maintenance of indigent students and other desirable outlay. Practical evidence of sympathy in the form of donations in aid of this work will be gladly received by Mrs. T. Crosby Brown, care of Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co, 59 Wall Street, New York City.

NATURAL GAS.

By Frank M. Scofield

NATURAL GAS, as its name implies, is a product of nature, being a distillation of petroleum, which has its origin in the decomposition of animal and vegetable life. The first necessary condition for the presence of gas is the existence of a porous rock, sometimes called sand because of its extreme porosity, to serve as a reservoir. A number of wells have been drilled and gas found where the sand-rock was *not* found. In such cases the gas has been obtained from a crevice in the strata, which conveys the gas from the sand to the well. Gas has been known for centuries in the Province Tsien Lun Tsing, China, where wells were drilled some three thousand feet deep and the gas conveyed through bamboo pipes and consumed in clay burners.

In this country, in 1776, Washington owned a tract of land in Kanawha Valley, Virginia, on which was a burning gas spring; he deeded the land to the public forever, but his wishes were not carried out. Had they been, it was quite possible that we might be one hundred years advanced in the natural gas developments. The first really practical discovery of natural gas in this country was made in Fredonia, New York State, in 1821, where a well was sunk and sufficient gas obtained for thirty burners, the village inn being so illuminated when General Lafayette passed through there in 1824. No other well was drilled there till 1858, the next in 1871; since which time the town has used natural gas for both light and fuel, and the present monthly supply is about one hundred thousand cubic feet. The discovery of gas antedates that of oil some forty years, owing to the accidental drilling of the wells into a gas fissure instead of the reservoir of sand-rock, which contains both oil and gas.

The discovery of any new field of natural gas territory has heretofore been entirely by accident—as much so as the finding of new gold or silver fields; but experience has taught the driller where he may with some degree of certainty venture to drill a test well. About twenty-five years ago a man living in Findlay, Ohio, began digging a well for water. At a depth of forty or fifty feet he opened up a fissure in the rock which let in what they called fire damp, for want of a better name, and the laborer reached the surface none too soon to save his life. The well was abandoned and covered over with loose boards, and so remained for five years, avoided by all as a dangerous locality. The place was then purchased by a retired minister of an inquiring turn of mind, who thought, upon passing the well, he detected a smell of gas. He fitted a strong barrel in the mouth of the well, inserted a piece of gas-pipe, lighted a match, and so *he* discovered the gas field of Ohio, although his was only the preliminary work. He used the gas for light and fuel in his house for about fifteen years before it attracted the attention of a practical oil man, who investigated it, procured territory, drilled a test well, and was rewarded not only with a tremendous geser, but a very productive oil well; and so the oil fields of Ohio were discovered, whose limits have not as yet been ascertained.

A few years ago all finds of oil were made by experienced men at the expense of much time and money, while to-day the most of the new oil fields are the discoveries of those who are in search of gas, usually for manufacturing purposes.

Drilling for gas is attended with a considerable danger when the drill arrives at or near the point where the gas is expected. The drill, weighing thousands of pounds and dropping about a foot at each stroke, at last makes a plunge directly into some immense gas reservoir, and sometimes the immediate result will be to hurl the drilling tools hundreds of feet into the air, accompanied by rocks and dirt. At the very first sound of roaring gas below the drillers take to their heels, keeping at a safe distance till the rain of rock and tools is over. The gas sometimes becomes accidentally lighted through the carelessness of some employee, and if the well is a large gaser it presents a scene of awful grandeur; the roaring being distinguishable for miles, and the illumination making it possible to see to read at night at a distance of a mile or more.

One of the largest wells in the Pittsburg district was struck by lightning before they had succeeded in confining the gas. The owners offered thousands of dollars to any one who should be successful in extinguishing the fire, and many engineering experts worked for months before this was finally accomplished, during which time a neighboring town lived in hourly expectation of total destruction by fire. In one of the attempts to put out the fire the engineers secured an immense block of iron, a number of tons in weight, and, erecting a derrick as near as possible, they swung the great iron weight on to the top of the well, knowing that if they could but stop the flow of gas for ten seconds their object would be accomplished; such was the force of the gas that the block of iron was instantly hurled some distance. They finally accomplished their purpose by erecting a large iron tower of very great weight which they pushed over upon the well, and thus shut off the flow of gas.

The reader must pardon the frequent mention of oil in this article, as oil and natural gas are so intimately connected that it is impossible to treat of the latter without frequent mention of the former. Oil is very seldom found without more or less gas, while gas is frequently found without the immediate presence of oil, and may be many miles distant from it, having been forced by the immense pressure through the natural rock fissures.

So far, we have discovered gas in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, Alabama, Kansas, Dakota Territory, Michigan, New York, California, and Indiana. Very recently the finding of gas in two places in Chicago has been reported.

The most prolific field yet discovered is the Pittsburg (Pa.) district, where every well drilled is almost sure of a very large flow of gas, and so general has become its use in that city that in one year over five million tons of coal were displaced by natural gas, and Carnegie says, writing early in 1886, "Seventy million cubic feet of gas are going to waste every day within piping distance of Pittsburg." If we add to this all the waste of the Pennsylvania fields, I think it would be over three hundred million cubic feet per day; enough to supply the poor of New York with light and fuel for a lifetime. The waste, however, is becoming rapidly less, owing to the increased demand and more experience in its control.

Through the use of natural gas Pittsburg has entirely lost its right to the name of the "Smoky City," although her manufactories have increased immensely within one year, and others are daily seeking admittance to the gas privileges. The cheapness of the gas in comparison to that of coal is not by any means its only advantage. It makes a much purer glass, and it is very fortunate for the glass manufacturers that the most of them were already located in Pittsburg when gas was discovered.

Iron and steel plates are more cheaply made, and all iron products better made, by the steady, pure, and direct heat from gas. One of the very earliest uses to which natural gas was put was the manufacture of lampblack, and now the most of that article is made from gas. In a few instances, where the pressure is very great, the gas is introduced directly into the engine and made to take the place entirely of steam, which may not seem so strange when we know that the gas pressure is sometimes as high as 750 pounds to the square inch.

To one accustomed to pay for gas by the foot it is somewhat astonishing to see the prodigality of the consumers of natural gas, for they pay, not by the foot, but by the month—so much per burner or stove; the average price for a stove being about one dollar and a half per month, regardless of the amount of gas used; and so the consumers usually let it burn all day and all night, to save the cost and trouble of a match.

The most important question, and the one that did the most to retard the natural gas development, was whether the gas would keep up its flow or gradually diminish to such an extent as to virtually cut off the supply in time; and, indeed, that question has not yet been settled, and cannot be until geologists are able to determine whether gas is forming within the earth to-day or whether it is from past distillation and for ages stored within the earth. There are authorities on both sides, but we believe the best ones are yet undecided upon this point. Certain it is that large gas wells do continually decrease their supply, although I have yet to learn of an instance where the supply has completely failed. There are wells that have been furnishing gas in small quantities for over fifty years without much seeming diminution. To overcome this decline the gas companies get control of a large tract of land and drill a new well from time to time as occasion may require. The wells are sometimes put as close as one to every three acres.

Even though nature may not be adding to her supply of gas, still I think that the longest lived of us will not see a scarcity of supply, but, on the other hand, a very greatly increased area of territory; for wherever you find carboniferous rock there you *may* find gas; and, indeed, I should think it a much safer speculation than a margin transaction in Wall Street.

THE ALMANAC MAKERS OF TWO CENTURIES AGO.

By C. W. Cox.

THIS is the season of almanacs and diaries—the annual starting-point from which we all agree to look forward to the better things to come, having closed the records of the past, and not only turned over a new leaf, but opened a whole new set of books. It may not be amiss, however, to reverse the common practice for once, and, instead of considering what the prophets of to-day have to tell us of the year just begun, to glance backwards at what passed for foreknowledge with people of nearly two centuries ago.

I have lying before me a dozen English almanacs for the year 1693. Here is "Mercurius Anglicanus, or the English Mercury," by George Parker, a lover of the Cœlestial Sciences; "News from the Stars," by William Andrews, Student in Astrology; "The Chapman's and Traveller's Almanack;" "Merlinus Anglicus Junior, or the Starry Messenger," by Henry Coley, Student in the Mathematicks and the Cœlestial Science; "Ephemeris, or a Diary Astronomical, Astrological, and Meterological," by John Gadbury, Student in Physick and Astrology: "Merlinus Liberatus," by John Partridge, also Student in Physick and Astrology; "An Almanack of the Old and New Fashion, or Ephemeris both in Jest and Earnest," by Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt Island, a well-wilten to the Mathematicks; "The Protestant Almanack, wherein the Bloody Aspects, Fatal Oppositions, Diabolical Conjunctions, and Pernicious Revolutions of the Papacy against the Lord and his Annointed, are described," by Philoprotest, a well willer to the Mathematicks; "The London Almanack," by William Salmon, Professor of Physick, living at the Blew Ball by the Ditch-side near Holborn Bridge; "Apollo Anglicanus, or the English Apollo, assisting all persons in the right understanding of this year's revolution, as also of things past, present, and to come," by Richard Saunder, Student in the Physical and Mathematical Sciences; "Angelus Brittanicus," by John Tanner, Student in Physick and Astrology; and "Ephemeris Absoluta," by Daniel Woodward, Student in Physick and Astrology, living at the sign of the Globe in Arundel Buildings, by St. Clement's Church, in the Strand.

The authors of these pretentious publications were men of much self-esteem and of some note in their day. Most of them were astrologers, as we see by the titles they assumed, although astrology had already begun to decline in England. Superstition, however, still had a strong hold upon the vulgar majority, even if it had lost something of its power with the more intelligent few since the time when Charles I. gave the royal patronage to William Lilly.

Lilly was the author of "An Introduction to Christian Astrology," an imposing quarto of nearly a thousand pages, printed in 1647; and Coley was, in a sense, his *protégé* and successor. Coley's great work was "Clavis Astrologiæ Eliminata, or a Key to the Whole Art of Astrology, New Filed and Polished," the second (and most complete) edition of which was published in 1676. For this work Lilly wrote an address to the reader commending it as the realization of his own long-cherished desire for an expansion of the scheme of his Christian Astrology, and saying that Coley had "with no small pains and industry" saved him that labor. The "Clavis Astrologiæ" has for a frontispiece a well executed portrait of Coley, beneath which are placed the following somewhat flattering lines:

> "Wou'd you behold an honest Generous Face,
> Which a Judicious Modesty does Grace;
> Or would you Heaven's Mistique Language know,
> And all the Rarities that Art can showe,
> The First in Coley's Picture is Expreat,
> And his well Polisht KEY unlocks the rest."

Gadbury was the author of a large treatise on "The Doctrine of Nativities," published in 1658, which is one of the rare books still much sought after as a standard work on Judicial Astrology. Gadbury also was a friend of William Lilly, and in this volume speaks of him as his "truly honoured friend," whom he had consulted about its composition, and from whom he had received "many encouragements to perfect the thing."

Partridge is the man over whose shoulders Dean Swift, fifteen years later, gave the death-blow to astrology in England, by means of Isaac Bickerstaff's "Prediction for the Year 1708," in which and a subsequent paper he successfully maintained that by the rules of the astrological science Partridge must die and did die on a certain day, notwithstanding that gentleman's vigorous protest that he was still in the flesh. The astrologers of still later times seem to have regarded all announcements of Partridge's death as mere efforts at irony, for they continued to publish almanacs and other periodicals in his name down to comparatively recent years.

Salmon was a man of versatile attainments, and an author in very various branches of the pseudo-science of his day. He was, however, more of an alchemist and herbalist than an astrologer. He was the author of works on "the Arts of Drawing, Engraving, Etching, Limning, Painting, Washing, Varnishing, Gilding, Coloring, Dying, Beautifying, and Perfuming;" on Perspective; on Chiromancy; and on "Practical Physick, shewing the Method of Curing the most Usual Diseases happening to Humane Bodies," to which he appended a compilation of Hermetical Treatises done into English. He was also the translator, editor, and augmenter of the London Dispensatory—an extensive repository of the most curious remedies.

Indeed, strange medicines are characteristic of the times when these almanacs flourished. For example, in the London Almanack we find "An Antepileptick Oil" recommended, which is to be made from "shavings of a man's skull dying a violent death" and powdered amber; and another prescription is to be compounded of Elk's hoof, Man's skull in powder, with fillings of Ox-horn, Saffron, and Camphir. It makes one feel at home, however, to find a febrifuge, or, as the author calls it, an "Ague frighter," like the following: "Take the Peruvian Bark and make it into fine powder. Dose a half a drachm ad 1 drachm and a half, or 2 drachms, to be given after the fit is off." This is to be taken twice a day for fourteen or twenty days, and the author avers: "I scarcely ever knew it fail, nor the ague return again upon that basis."

Poor Robin evidently put forth his almanac with some idea of satirizing the production of his astrological competitors, for he abounds in burlesque predictions like the following: "Strange things are like to fall out this month; women shall keep their houses and grow good housewives." "Some shall against their wills ride up Holborn in a cart, guarded by the Beadle and other officers." "All things are like to be very plentiful this month, but Honesty, which will be exceeding scarce." "The last day of this month shall be either fair, rainy, windy, or else calm weather." There is some wisdom as well as wit in all this, as also in the following bit of advice, which is above the average of medical doctrine not only of the seventeenth but even perhaps of the nineteenth century: "Now is the time to take physick, but take none without great need, for a physician hath three faces—of a Man, when we see him and have no need of him; of an Angel, when we are sick and cannot be without him; and of a Devil, when at one and the self-same time our sickness and our purse ends together."

In 1693 the Protestants of England were in the midst of their jubilee. William and Mary were on the throne, the bloody assizes were a thing of the past, and retributive justice had overtaken Judge Jeffreys four years before. We can, therefore, excuse somewhat of the extravagance and reactionary bitterness of the Protestant Almanac, mingled with which we cannot but discover some saving salt of drollery. Each month is associated with some phase of Roman Catholic wickedness, and under the various captions the familiar traditions of saints and miracles are displayed with no favorable coloring, or the reputed errors and foibles of the clergy and the religious orders are exposed with no attempt at softening. Thus January is given over to Popish cruelty, February to Popish blasphemies, March to Popish miracles, April to Popish chastity, May to Popish hypocrisy, June to "Popish questions resolv'd," July to "Popish persecutors plagued of God," August to "wonderful wonders," September to "woful deaths of wicked popes," October to "woful deaths of Popish persecutors," November to "a notable story of St. Boniface," and December to "Popish stories" generally. Under February we are informed that

> "In every month we may descry
> Some marks of Romish Cruelty;
> In every month, did I it say?
> Nay in each month, even every day:
> Few days o'th year did miss we see,
> But by some Martyr's rubrickt be."

Under July occurs the following highly moral tale: "One John Martin, of Piedmont, continually boasted how he would root out all the Protestants; and in much gallantry cut off a minister's nose of Augroyne; but immediately after he was himself set upon by a wolf which bit off his nose, as he had abused the minister, whereupon he grew mad and died miserably.

> Those who delight in blood to wallow,
> Mischief doth on them quickly follow."

And for the month of August we are favored with this very instructive relation: "There were two Nuns that lived nigh the Monastery of St. Bennet, who were so tongue-talkative as if they had been students at the Colledge of Billings-gate all the days of their life, insomuch that they were a trouble and vexation to all that lived nigh them. St. Bennet being informed hereof, sent them word that if they would not rule their tongues better he would curse them. But notwithstanding his threatening, they would not leave off the delights of their Tongue-Combats: whereupon they were cursed, and soon after died. Now it came to pass that when the Deacon cryed at the end of the mass that all they who were cursed should go out of the church, that those two Nuns arose from their graves and went out of the church; which when St. Bennet knew, he presently assoiled them, and then they went into their graves again and never came out again to this day as ever I heard of.

> And thus the Story is declar'd in Print,
> Which if it be a Lye, the Devil's in't."

And now we must conclude that in two hundred years the world has made some improvement—even in almanacs.

THE AKHOOND OF SWAT.

A MUSLIM SAINT.

By Thomas Patrick Hughes, M R A S,
Author of the "Dictionary of Islam."

AS I was seated in the drawing-room of one of Boston's wealthy merchants I took up a little book of nursery rhymes, and, turning over its pages, came upon the following verses:

> "Who, or why, or which, or what,
> Is the Akhoond of Swat?
> Is he tall, or short, or dark, or fair?
> Does he sit on a stool, or a sofa, or chair,
> Or squat?
> The Akhoond of Swat!
> Does he wear a turban, or fez, or hat?
> Does he sleep on a mattress, a bed,
> Or a cot?
> The Akhoond of Swat!"

But how few children who have recited these strange and grotesque lines have for a moment realized that "The Akhoond" was a real historic personage! The Akhoond of Swat was not one of those "curious myths of the Middle Ages," but a living reality of the year 1876; a Muslim saint, whom I remember very well living in the odor of sanctity within a two days' journey of the British military station at Peshawar, on the Afghan frontier of India. He was a great miracle worker; and, moreover, there are thousands of people in existence at the present moment who believe in his miracles—simple-minded country folk who have never heard of Abraham Lincoln, or of Bismarck, or of the "Grand Old Man," but who regard the Akhoond of Swat as an embodiment of true greatness. Abdul Ghafur, the Akhoond of Swat, was a native of Sydu, a little village in the valley of Swat, which nestles in the hilly regions on the northwest frontier of British India. He was born of obscure parents in a shepherd's hut not far from his native village, and as soon as he was able to take care of himself he was sent by his father to tend cattle on his native hills. In his solitary wanderings he often felt "immortal longings," and at last determined to leave his rural occupation and study divinity and science. As a preparation for the student life he acquired the rudiments of reading and writing in a little village in the Peshawar Valley known as Gujargurri. Armed with those necessary acquirements, he then became what is known in the Muslim world as a *talib* or "seeker"—a seeker after divine wisdom. And, wandering still further into the valley, he entered a mosque at Todheyr, on the banks of the Cabul River, where he sat at the feet of a learned man who had a saintly reputation in those days. He was a Sufi mystic of the Kadiria order, and soon exerted such an occult influence over the mind of the young disciple that he yielded himself entirely to his master's will. The path was before him, and, following the leadings of his conscience, he became a traveler on the mystic way to God. The recollection of his shepherd home, with his mother's tender love, was banished from his mind, and, like Ignatius Loyola, of the sixteenth century, he gave up home, mother, and all for "the path" in which God seemed to lead him. There was at that time a solitary little island in the river Indus, on the very ford over which Alexander's army is said to have crossed centuries ago, but since washed away by the floods of that mighty river; and it was there that Abdul Ghafur determined to pursue his solitary religious life. There he built himself a hut of camel's-thorn, and lived on coarse grass, with the occasional luxury of a cup of buffalo's milk. Often exposed to the chilling blasts of a wintry night did the enthusiast continue his religious devotions, and in its silent hours the shores of the mighty rushing river would reverberate with the plaintive cry of the devotee—"Thou art the Guide! thou art the Truth! thou art the God!" This lonely island was called Bayka. The Afghans claim a Jewish origin, and hence the Hebrew Baca would seem suitably to express the hermitage of one who, having passed through "a valley of mulberry trees," had made this island a well of "weeping."

For twelve long years did this solitary spot resound with the melancholy cry of this self-estranged soul as he sought reconciliation with the "Father of Spirits." Sometimes he would sit cross-legged for hours and shout the word "*Allah!*" (God) first from his left knee, then from his right, then from the cone of his heart, then from the crown of his head, and lastly, throwing his voice heavenward, cry in agonizing supplication the words of the Koran: "O God, pour upon me the spirit of patience, and take me to thyself as one resigned to thy will!" Sometimes he would sit with his face Meccawards, and with closed eyes cry, "*La*," drawing the sound as from his navel up to his left shoulder; then "*Il-la-ha*," drawing the sound from his brain, and lastly "*Il lal la-hu*," repeated with double energy from his left side. Thus in this mysterious way would he invoke the aid of the Almighty by reciting in Arabic the Muslim creed, "There is no God but God." Sometimes he would recite over and over again, with the help of his rosary, the ninety-nine names of God. Sometimes he would sit in solemn silence and meditate upon a single verse of the Koran, such as, "Thou, O God, art nearer to me than my jugular vein," and thus contemplate the power, the omniscience and majesty of the Almighty.

But the yearly floods of the mighty Indus encroached upon the limited domains of this monarch of solitude, and forced him to leave his peaceful hermitage for a sinful, busy world, and for a year or more he wandered from village to village unknown and uncared for, until he found a resting-place in the pretty little hamlet of Salimkhan, at the foot of the Umbeyla Hills. Here he attached to himself a number of disciples, and gradually rose into notoriety on account of his severe austerities and his constant life of devotion.

It has been said by the author of "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief," Mr. Baring-Gould, that the result of an ascetic life is an accumulation of force, and that the withdrawal from the society of his fellowmen intensifies the individuality of the ascetic. It was undoubtedly so with the subject of our present sketch, for soon the poor despised dervish of Beyka was sought of princes. The Sikhs and Afghans were then at war, and that sagacious Afghan ruler, Dost Mohamed, thought it expedient to attach to his army a religious leader whose religious fervor would rally the hosts of Islam against the infidel Sikhs. The Afghan Ameer dubbed him "an *akhoond*," or teacher, and the learned Muslim divines, unable to stem the tide of popular favor, reluctantly admitted him to the rank of a *Kutba*. There is some discussion among Muslims as to which is the highest degree of sanctity, a "*Kutba*" or a "*Ghaus*." But as the *Ghaus* is, according to vulgar tradition, a devotee whose ardor of devotion is such that in the act of worship his head and limbs fall asunder, it is clear that the ascetic of Beyka had only attained to the order of Kutba, a spiritual condition said to "reflect the heart of the Prophet." Thus ennobled with the titles of "teacher" and "saint," Abdul Ghafur exchanged the rosary for the sword (or probably taking both), and with a motley group of students joined the standard of the Afghan Ameer. This was in the year 1846. But neither the fervor of his prayers nor the sanctity of his life could avert the defeat of the Afghans, for the army of the Ameer of Cabul fled before that of Ranjeet Singh, and left the Khyber pass and the whole of the Peshawar Valley still in possession of the infidel Sikhs. The Afghans defeated, the Akhoond retired with his disciples to the Swat Valley and settled in the village of Sydu, where the villagers erected for him a mosque and provided a substantial endowment. His growing reputation as a saint excited the jealousy of three eminent scholars and doctors of divinity who resided in those regions, and as each of these worthies was not only a man of reputation for sanctity, but also for eminent scholarship in Muslim law, the growing popularity of the great Akhoond was often threatened with extinction. These rivals were known in the local history of those times as the Mulla of Kotab, Gholam Jilani, and the Akhoond of Kasabai.

But a little skillful management on the part of the great Akhoond enabled him to use that most neutral of national institutions, the Indian Government, as an instrument for the suppression of unorthodox opinions,

The Mulla of Kotah was a pantheistic mystic, and Gholam Jilani of Peshawar an ill-tempered bigot, but the Akhoond charged them with Wahhabyism, which at once excited the attention of Government officials. The Wahhabies have always been considered inimical to Christian rule, and a special European official was appointed to suppress the movement. The Mulla of Kotah and Gholam Jilani were imprisoned, with three hundred of their followers, in the Peshawar jail, and when released were placed under the strict surveillance of the police, although they were as innocent of any intention "to war against the Queen" as the unsuspecting English official who thought he was suppressing a rebellion. It is not difficult to see how all this political strife tended to build up the spiritual authority of the great Akhoond, for the only way for people to escape suspicion was to declare themselves believers in the orthodox teaching of the Akhoond. The rival Akhoond of Kasabai, however, living, as he did, beyond British territory, could not be managed by diplomatic skill, so the Akhoond of Swat hired men to insure his quietus with the assassin's knife. It was night when the old man was leading the ranks in prayer, and as he prostrated himself on the earth and recited the words of the Muslim liturgy, "Praised be the holiness of my God!" a man behind him plunged a dagger into his back, and the priest fell senseless on the floor of the mosque, as the Akhoond's emissary escaped.

In 1876, when I resided at Peshawar, the Akhoond of Swat reigned supreme. He was the guide and director of the hearts of men. Crowds of people visited him from all parts of the world. His doings and sayings were chronicled in the Anglo Indian newspapers. His political movements were discussed in Government councils. Both Russia and England sought an interest in his good intentions, if not in his prayers.

He was then an old man, some eighty years of age or more; he had married, it is true, and village gossips related that his second wife was a young woman of great personal beauty, and he had two sons. His lands, moreover, numbered some hundreds of acres. But, like all such saints, he was an ascetic. The present Pope of Rome is voted a man of austere life, although he takes a couple of eggs for his breakfast, and a dish of soup and a chop for a midday meal. But Abdul Ghafur seldom partook of anything save an oaten cake, with frequent potations of tea, a luxury which had come into use since his ascetic life on the island of Beyka.

For thirty years or more this Akhoond of Swat was pre eminently a man of the age in a vast area of territory five times the size of the State of New York. His sayings and doings were themes of vital interest in thousands of homes where the great problems of life which agitate more educated minds had never gained entrance nor had ever excited a moment's interest. What did the wild tribes of Cabul Kunar and Bajour know of "Darwin's theory," or of the "depreciation of silver"? But there was not a man, woman, or child in those regions who did not feel they had a vital interest in the opinions of the Akhoond of Swat. There was not a village in which his mighty influence was not visibly felt, and not a mosque in which his opinions on theology and law were not seriously and sometimes angrily discussed. Many a beneficent village priest was removed from his mosque because the Akhoond declared him a heretic, and many an honest farmer came to unutterable grief for having dared to question the spiritual authority of this infallible guide; whilst Christian missionaries found it impossible to distribute their tracts and Bibles because the Akhoond had warned all faithful Muslims against infidel literature.

In 1863 the Akhoond's powerful aid was sought in the Umbeyla war against the English, and he remained with the fanatical army until the campaign was over, thus giving them the threefold benefit of his presence, his advice, and his prayers: a remarkable instance of the inconsistency of great minds, for he had been a most unyielding opponent to their religious views.

In 1869 Sher Ali, the Ameer of Cabul, sought his advice and prayers before he ventured to meet Earl Mayo, the British Viceroy, at Umbeyla, and at the commencement of the Afghan war in 1876 the movements of the Saint of Sydu were watched with as much interest by the British Government as those of the Ameer of Cabul himself.

Day after day, year after year, did this old man sit in his mosque, clad in a simple white garment, with a mere rag of a turban encircling his head, offering prayers for the faithful, uttering denunciations against infidelity and heresy, and deciding questions of law. Hundreds of people visited him daily, whom his disciples declared he fed with food from heaven. His influence was unbounded. Whilst Henry Ward Beecher was addressing vast audiences at Plymouth Church, and Canon Liddon fascinating crowds of eager listeners beneath the dome of St. Paul's, this simple Muslim devotee was educating thousands of minds week after week in the mystic path, and as by some magic spell bringing gigantic religious forces to bear against the progress of Christian truth.

Let us watch those crowds as they enter the mosque at Sydu to crave a few moments' interview with the great Akhoond. Abdul Kadir, of Kangra, presents himself, and asks for the great teacher's prayers in behalf of a lawsuit pending in the English courts. The Akhoond raises his sinewy hands, and prays for his success.

Ameer Khan, of the same village, and a defendant of the same suit, next approaches, and the Akhoond prays also for his success.

Hasan, a notorious Wahhabi teacher, has been excommunicated by the Akhoond for asserting that *God is in heaven*. He now retracts his opinions, and begs that his grievous heresy may be forgiven. The Akhoond is inexorable, and, giving vent to boundless rage, declares Hasan's case beyond all hope. Thousands of souls, he says, are still struggling in the fires of hell through Hasan's teaching, and he is beyond the pale of forgiveness.

Kamar Deen, a decrepit old man with chronic rheumatism of twelve years' standing, applies for a charm to remove the pain. The Akhoond takes a piece of dirty string, blows upon it and recites the name of Jesus, the great Healer, and ties it round the afflicted limb.

Shareef, a respectable village farmer, wants to know if he may send his son to an English school. "Most decidedly not," says the Akhoond, "for the language of the infidel is the breath of hell."

A native Muslim official of the British Government approaches in respectful attitude, and, lowly bending, offers a few silver coins. "Avaunt!" cries the great teacher. "How can I accept the tribute of tyranny and oppression!" And so the day passes, and evening sets in whilst the "caller to prayer" watches the declining sun ere he, with plaintive voice, recites: "God is great I testify there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his messenger. Come to prayer; come to salvation." And the aged Akhoond takes his stand in front of a vast concourse of worshipers, and recites the evening prayer.

Prayers over, the numerous guests are entertained with unstinted hospitality, whilst their conversation chiefly relates to the occult powers of the wonder-working Akhoond, his devoted disciples never losing an opportunity to extol the excellencies of their teacher, often at the sacrifice of truth.

So great became the actual power of this great man, even in British territory, that it often interfered with the administratton of justice. For instance, in the year 1872 a farmer in the village of Pubbi, on the "Queen's highway," was convicted of immorality. The courts of the Indian Government were ignored, and the case was submitted to the Akhoond. A *fatwah*, or written injunction, was issued bearing the great teacher's signet. The delinquent was seized, his face blackened, and, seated on a donkey, he was paraded around the village amidst the shoutings of the people and the beating of drums.

It was in this same year that the Akhoond succeeded in raising a doctrinal question worthy of the attention of a Presbyterian Synod or an Episcopal Convention. A certain tribe had for many centuries venerated a large black stone, on which their sainted ancestors used to sit and administer justice. In order to preserve it as an heirloom they had placed it in the *mithrab*, or niche of their mosque facing the sacred black stone at Mecca. It was in that direction that the tribe prostrated in prayer; and the question arose, Did they by intention pay adoration to the black stone on which their ancestors sat? or did they adore the distant black stone at Mecca? Was it reverence or adoration or worship, and were they guilty of idolatry? The question agitated the whole Muslim population. The English officials laughed at this "tempest in a teapot," forgetting that in their native land thousands of pounds were being yearly expended by the Church Association, among educated English people, on a similar question, and that the discussion of *Latria*, *Dulia*, and *Hyperdulia* was one of those theological niceties in which the minds of theologians had been exercised for centuries. But the great Akhoond had a soul above the legal quibble of a Lushington or a Phillimore, and as there was no "Church Association" to assist him in legal litigation, he instructed one of his disciples to destroy that "stone of stumbling;" and the zealous missionary, in the true spirit of an iconoclast, took an iron bar and broke the stone in pieces, and the great tribe of Kaka Kheyl stood aghast at the audacity of the man who could thus crush to atoms their venerated heirloom.

At one time there was a disposition on the part of his followers to attribute to him numerous miracles, and, although I have never met with an eye-witness of these wonders, it is likely that the reputation of at least two miracles said to have been wrought by the Akhoond will be transmitted to posterity.

They are as follows:

In consequence of the increased number of worshipers in the Akhoond's mosque at Sydu, instructions were given to a carpenter to enlarge its dimensions. A large beam was procured for the center of the roof, but when brought into the mosque and measured it was a yard too short. The Akhoond gave instructions for it to be placed on the ground for the night, but as he left the mosque he was seen by his ever-watchful disciples to blow on the beam and to recite some mysterious words. When the carpenter measured it in the morning he found it just two yards longer than required. The beam had elongated itself some three yards during the night, and when it was raised into position the admiring disciples beheld the very beam projecting a yard at each end beyond the walls of the mosque. These miraculous protrusions must have been cut off by some relic-hunter, for in 1876 they were not to be seen.

The other miracle, which I have heard from the lips of hundreds of people, is still more remarkable. A native of Turkey, having heard of the fame of the Great Akhoond, determined to visit so celebrated a saint and obtain his blessing. Before leaving his home the Turk made an agreement with his wife that in case he did not return within a period of three years she should consider him dead and herself divorced, such a condition being strictly according to Muslim law. After a tedious journey by land and sea, the devoted pilgrim passed through the Khyber Pass, and, crossing the Peshawar district, entered the valley of Swat, but by the time he reached the Akhoond's village the three years had nearly elapsed. To reach home in time to prevent his devoted spouse marrying another was an impossibility, and nothing could console the sorrow-stricken pilgrim, whose countenance was dejected and whose heart was breaking with indescribable anguish as he seated himself on the floor of the mosque in front of the Akhoond. The Akhoond read his secret thoughts, and reproved the pilgrim for want of submission to the inevitable decrees of fate. The pilgrim wept. The Akhoond grew angry, and, raising his staff, beat the unfortunate traveler most unmercifully, and did not desist until the poor Turk became unconscious. He was carried in this condition to the guest-house, but when he came to his senses he found himself once more in his home at Constantinople, just in time to prevent the second marriage of his disconsolate wife. I am obliged to confess that I have never met this Turk, but I have met hundreds, indeed thousands, of people who believe the miracle!

The influence which such an individual can exercise over the minds of men makes one realize to some extent the way in which such teachers as Gautama the Buddha, Nanak the Sikh, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mohammed gradually gained their positions as teachers of mankind; for, like the founder of Islam, the Akhoond of Swat commenced his career as a recluse and devotee, but when opportunity occurred he exchanged the life of an ascetic for that of an ambitious political and religious leader.

The East is essentially the land of religion, and the student of comparative religion is frequently startled by manifestations of occult belief which baffle and perplex the inquiring mind. I might mention that strange incident recorded by Colonel Wade, in whose presence Ranjeet, the ruler of the Punjab, buried a live fakir or dervish for three days; but I prefer recording an incident which came under my own observation.

About twelve years ago, at the military station of Nowshera, eighteen miles from Attok, on the river Indus, three officers, Captain A——, Lieutenant F——, and Dr. P——, decided to erect a bungalow on the banks of the Cabul River, not far from the staging bungalow, when a disciple of the celebrated Akhoond warned them that if they did so misfortune would certainly befall them, for he had received a vision to that effect. But the young men scorned the warnings of the sage. The bungalow was erected, and I have often been within the walls, and knew two of the three officers personally. For a time the warning seemed to have been a false vision, and the three young men often told the fakeer's story as an idle dream. But in course of a year or two Captain A—— was killed at polo at Peshawar, Lieutenant F—— was thrown from his horse when hawking and died in a few hours, and Dr. P—— was drowned in the Ganges, whilst a mighty flood rushed up the Cabul River from the Indus and completely destroyed the bungalow, and I have often stood on its ruins. Who the strange dreamer was I have never been able to ascertain, but, with that exception, I can answer for the correctness of the story. A strange coincidence; and life is full of such, and men and women will go on dreaming until the long night cometh and the day dawns. The Akhoond of Swat died about 1878, and thousands of pilgrims visit his grave at Sydu. His eldest son became the chief of Swat, and his second son is trying to surround himself with a halo of hereditary sanctity, but history can only tolerate one Akhoond of Swat, and it will be none other than the poor ascetic of Beyka, who, whilst he became a great living power in the wide Asiatic world, has earned no other reputation in the civilized life than to be enshrined in the grotesque verses of the rhyme:

"Who, or why, or what, is the Akhoond of Swat"

The Home.

THE INTEGRITY OF WORDS.

THAT many words change their meaning with time we all know; yet there are certain words whose meaning, it seems to us, cannot be changed without perversion. They have a character so simple, so distinct, that a change is but gross misinterpretation. At the present time there is a word that is interpreted antithetically to its original interpretation. We receive an invitation to an "informal" at home. One not versed in the ways of modern society would naturally suppose that this meant finding one's host and hostess at home in their usual attire and with their usual surroundings.

Ignorant of modern definitions, the invitation is accepted with the childlike belief that the invitation means just what it says—that the hostess will receive and entertain her guests in about the way in which she would receive and entertain the members of her own family; but this credulity receives a sad shock when one finds the host and hostess in full evening dress, surrounded with all the appurtenances of a formal reception. Chagrined and embarrassed because of one's attire being unsuited to such elaborate surroundings, an evening that might have been a benefit as well as a means of recreation is lost, for it is impossible to forget entirely the contrast that must be apparent between one's own attire and the elegance of one's companions, who are familiar with the new meanings of an honest word. To attend an "informal" lunch in a simple walking costume, and to be met by a hostess and companions in elaborate dinner toilets, requires an immense amount of self-possession to overcome the feeling of annoyance at the unnecessary deception in the use of the "informal." To feel annoyed by such an experience is weak but human, for afterthought shows us the undignified position of entertainers who issue "informal" invitations and yet whose entertainments give evidence of time, thought, and money to the fullest extent lavished upon them. Could anything be more ridiculous, when one stops to think, than "informal" invitation to an entertainment whose smallest detail one knows is out of all proportion to the daily life of the family issuing the invitation? The "Epoch" not long since contained the following:

"Very few women in New York understand the use of the word 'informally.' You are asked to tea informally, and on arriving find the street blocked with carriages, an awning up, the hall, stairways, and drawing-rooms packed, and about half a dozen women assisting the hostess to receive, in low-necked and short-sleeved gowns that would look well at the opera. You are asked to luncheon informally, and find that Pinard has about half the establishment as busy as beavers, waiting on about forty people, and you leave about in time for dinner, with your appetite spoiled for twenty-four hours. You are asked to dine very informally, and go in a second-season dress or third-rate dress coat. There is the awning again, lights enough to illumine the opera-house, half a dozen flunkies in the hall, as many more in the dining-room, all the silver in the house on the sideboard, and the table a mass of flowers, while the eighteen or twenty who are dining so very informally find that three or four hours are consumed in discussing a *menu* as long as your arm. It is a piece of snobbism that the hostess, in many cases, no doubt does not mean to be a party to; still, informally suggests 'pot luck' pure and simple, and no one can be such a first-class donkey as to believe that any one thinks the so called informal entertainment that has racked the hostess's brain for weeks beforehand is the ordinary mode of living of the house."

Women who could not be persuaded to tell a lie will, with an apparently clear conscience, send out invitations to "informal" entertainments which cost them the fullest amount of time and labor, and many times a far greater amount of money than they can honestly expend. A complaint was made not long since by a woman whose busy life kept her out of society because she had received an invitation from an acquaintance asking her to an "informal" "at home." With childlike confidence she interpreted the word as Webster interpreted it for her, and, without the least attempt at an elaborate toilet, entered her host's house to find flowers and attendance that should only have been the accompaniments of engraved cards.

Commenting on her feeling of annoyance to one versed in the new interpretation of this word, she was met by a light laugh of derision and the reply, "Oh, you precious goose! there is no such thing as informality in society to-day. Everybody spends his last dollar when entertaining, hoping to delude his friends into the belief that this style of living is an every-day affair to him. Don't be such a goose as to think people issue invitations to 'informal' affairs. Why, it is hardly done to the members of one's own family."

With the power to bring back the simple, cordial hospitality of former days, we yield weakly to the ill-bred lavishness of to-day, and so restrict our opportunities for giving and receiving the inspiration that comes from true hospitality.

'MY CULINARY CONVERSION."

By Mary E. Vandyne.

WE had all met again in Mrs. Lorton's hospitable parlor.

"Dear Aunt Abby," said May, "the other day, when you finished what you called your lecture on 'How to Economize,' and folded up your knitting with such a resolute air, I could not help fancying that, in spite of your determinion to stop talking, you were thinking to yourself, 'Oh! how many more things I could tell those girls, if I only had the time!'"

"What an observing young person you must be, May!"

"Well! I hope I am. How is one ever to learn anything in this world if not by using one's eyes and ears sharply? Now, you know, I am papa's housekeeper, or shall be until mamma returns from Europe with Isabel; and, as for Margie here, why, some day it will be very important for her—oh!—"

It certainly was the look that I gave May which cut her eloquence short at this point. I am Margie. But what is the use of anybody's alluding to my engagement to Jack, or talking about what we shall want to do after we are married, when I know perfectly well that it will be hundreds and thousands of years before any such thing can be, we are both so poor!

"Do you really want to set me to work talking again about my housekeeping experiences?" asked Aunt Abby, mildly.

"Yes, indeed, we do," was May's reply; and in this I could join her heartily, provided she left out all reference to my own affairs; for we really had suffered in the matter of housekeeping ever since mamma's departure, and papa and the boys were very much inclined to blame May and myself for the turbulent state of affairs in the small kingdom over which we were supposed to hold sway.

"Why is it, Aunt Abby, that I have such incessant trouble with servants?" asked May.

"What kind of trouble?"

"Why, nothing is done as it ought to be."

"Don't you expect too much?"

"I don't think I do. I try to be reasonable; yet when bread is underdone and doughy, coffee thick and muddy, butter soft and oily, and steak tough and leathery, all at one meal, I think I am entitled to make my appearance in the kitchen and 'haze round,' as my small brother Joe elegantly expresses it."

"What is the usual result of the 'hazing round'?"

"A torrent of impudence on the part of the cook, who 'won't stay to be badgered by no ignorant young miss who don't know how to behave herself when her ma's away,' and, after much tribulation—a new cook."

"Is the new one usually much of an improvement on the last?"

"No; on the contrary, she is generally worse; though I have not yet arrived at the experience of a young married friend, who, on expostulating with the divinity who ruled her kitchen for some misdemeanor, was confidentially informed—'You're a nasty little hussy, and no decent cook would live wid ye, onyhow.'"

"That was pretty severe. But about your friend: did she know anything of cookery or of housekeeping, or of the difficulties with which a cook has to contend in order to get up an appetizing, satisfactory meal?"

May and I both laughed. Louise Congdon was an accomplished pianiste, a lover of pictures, a student of *belles-lettres* and an enthusiastic follower of the leaders of the present ritualistic movement in the Protestant Episcopal Church. She could discourse eloquently of albs and stoles, of acolytes and cross-bearers, and distinguish between the mysteries of needlework that may properly ornament a cotta or a surplice; but cooking—oh! let us not think of it! elegant, elevated, æsthetic Louise!

Aunt Abby saw how amused we were, and asked the reason; whereupon May gave her one of her most graphic descriptions of our "cultured and aristocratic" friend. If there were a spice of malice in it, put it down to the report that Louise was understood to have said on one occasion that Miss May Courtney's rosy cheeks, which we think so charming, looked—"as if she had been *cooking*."

"How many cooks do you think I 'dismissed during my first year at housekeeping?" asked Aunt Abby.

"Not one," replied May, promptly. "You are far too patient and too sweet ever to have discharged a servant unless they were thieves and murderers proven. Even then you would have kept them and wrought a reformation. Your course in regard to incapable servants could never have been more severe than simply training them into good and efficient household friends. What does Mrs Lorton say of your wonderful establishment in that remote corner of the West?—that Aunt Abby's corps of domestics always reminds her of the retainers of some old English family, faithful and devoted for a lifetime, and claiming service as a heritage for their children or those connected with them."

"That is certainly a compliment,' laughed Aunt Abby; "but please don't transform my modest farm, with its barns and dairies, into a nobleman's estate. And please don't lose all the respect you have entertained for me when I tell you that during that memorable 'first year' I discharged only *twenty-seven* cooks."

"Oh! I can't believe it!"—from May.

"But I did," was the little woman's smiling answer. "An average of one culinary genius a fortnight to preside over my kitchen was my allowance. Can you imagine what a chaos my household must have been?"

"But when was it?—at the time you were telling us of, when your 'economizing' exhausted all the staple supplies, and you spent more in one month to provision the household again than you had in the previous three?"

"No; it followed that period. Then my mother had just died" (Aunt Abby paused to wipe away the tear that would steal down her cheek at the thought of that departed mother, even after an interval of more than thirty years), "and we had with us one good, faithful girl, who had been carefully trained, and who had in fact helped to bring us all up from the troublesome days of babyhood. She married shortly after mamma's death, not appreciating my ignorant sovereignty, perhaps; and papa, restricted as his means were, preferred denying himself many things rather than have my time so fully occupied that I could not go on with my music and drawing. Of course I felt very important as I took my place at the head of the household, with *two* handmaidens to come and go at my will."

"How do you look when you feel important, Aunt Abby?" laughed May, looking at the fair little woman with her gentle face and diminutive stature of less than five feet.

"I can't quite tell you how I looked, May; but I can remember perfectly how I felt—just, I fancy, as most young women do who find themselves the ruling power where formerly they have occupied only a subordinate position: very self-conscious, very puffed up with my own conceit, and quite sure that I would keep house in so perfect a manner that the most fastidious of critics could find naught to cavil at."

"Well! and what caused your pride to receive its first downfall?"

"It came, I think, the Sunday after I had installed my accomplished cook, Mary Ann, and my tidy and blooming waitress, Bridget, in their respective places. I had invited several friends to dine with us, and had ordered what I conceived to be a most appetizing meal. In the morning, Mary Ann had said to me: 'I don't never know, ma'am, how I am to cook all these things to once.' Instead of listening to her plaint to see what amount of justice there might be in it, I haughtily informed her that I desired the dishes I had ordered to be prepared, and that I should expect her to do it. Where could my common sense have been, I cannot help wondering now, that I did not see at once that no human ingenuity could force our poor little cooking-stove, with its oven of such trifling dimensions, to produce a dinner the *menu* of which comprised baked potatoes, baked macaroni, and stuffed tomatoes, together with a roast turkey, a joint of beef, a fresh apple pie, and a custard. Can you fancy it—all those roasts and bakes, and I too full of my own conceit to listen to the reasonable protest of my sorely abused maidservant! It is scarcely necessary to say that the results were horrible. Everything was done in a hurry to make way for something else. One dish was raw, another burnt, another cold. The rest combined either two of these attributes or comprised all three. It was only natural that when Mary Ann and I met in the hall that day after dinner, it was with the mutual idea of giving each other warning."

"But that was only one catastrophe, Aunt Abby. Of course you would not let it happen again."

"I did not; but it was unnecessary for me ever to repeat a blunder. There were too many new ones within my range. An impossibility of unlimited roast dishes on one day did not prevent me from ordering a hot tapioca pudding in conjunction with fried oysters and wheat cakes, and then scolding because the necessary uncovering of the fire for the purpose of frying wrought ruin to the frail concoction that required a hot oven for its welfare. Oh! I can't tell you the number of stupid things I did, nor can I describe the marvelous blindness to my own unreasonableness that I so persistently maintained. On one occasion I hustled all the bed linen and blankets into the wash on the very Monday when I had ordered the white curtains laundried. 'An' on'y wan pair o' hands to do it, Miss!' to which I haughtily replied, 'I require my servants to obey my orders.' To forget that terrible washing day and invite several of my friends to dine with me on a Monday was a common misdemeanor. To bring home several persons to a meal unexpectedly just at the close of some terrible cleaning, and then proclaim war in the kitchen because it was not promptly and satisfactorily served, lost me many a hopeful retainer. In fact, the long procession of what our Yankee friends call 'domestics'

which left my doors never to return, solely on account of my insisting on the performance of the impossible, fills me with shame to this day whenever I recall it."

"But, Aunt Abby, did you not know something of cooking and its pitfalls?" inquired Mrs. Lorton. "Surely, I have heard my husband say that your mother was a famous cook, and had insisted that her children should learn something of the art in their youth?"

"Why, my dear," replied Aunt Abby, "at that time I considered myself a veritable *cordon bleu;* and, indeed, there were many dishes that I could make and invest with a delicacy and flavor that had won me quite a reputation in our little circle. But do not let any maid or matron think that because she can go into the kitchen occasionally and 'stir up a cake,' make a 'batch of pies,' 'do up' so many quarts of jelly, or in an emergency fry a beefsteak or roast a chicken, she has really mastered the intricate art of cookery, or can prepare a series of meals, bringing each dish to the table at the proper time and at its best as regards appearance, flavor, and temperature."

"How was it that you came to discover how much of the trouble lay in yourself?"

"A most humiliating experience. Fancy having won such a reputation in the town where I lived that no servant would enter my employ. Not until I discovered myself 'boycotted' by the entire force of female house-servants in Brandon did I begin to suspect that I myself might not be quite a perfect mistress. Then it was that I entered the valley of humiliation, and went through an experience that resulted in what I have always called 'my culinary conversion.'"

"I have often heard papa say," interpolated May, "that if you really want to appreciate the difficulties connected with any undertaking, you must try to do it yourself."

"That remark might well be made an axiom, May. When I became cook myself, I discovered what cooks had to contend with. Oh! the internal changes and the external revolution that went on!—the first in my own mind, the second in the furniture and appointments of that center of the mechanical life of a household, the kitchen. What would you think of a manufacturer or worker of any kind who should say, 'Any dark corner will do for my business; light and air and proper tools are of no consequence'? Yet this is what householders and mistresses seem inclined to think. The kitchen is placed in a remote corner, sometimes underground; the stove or range will be cheap and imperfect in its arrangements; the water-pipes will be inconveniently placed; and as for the number and variety of the utensils required for the successful manipulation of food, these the head of the household will think expensive and needless, even while large investments are being made in carpets and curtains, gilding and bric à-brac, for the rest of the house."

Aunt Abby paused a moment to see if her audience looked interested in what she was saying. I think there can be no doubt but that they were, for she soon went on:

"My first discovery was that, while a single dish may be prepared with an ease that is like play, to prepare the three or four which must be got ready simultaneously for even the simplest meal is no slight task. The potatoes may burn while one bastes the roast, and the tea will seize the occasion to boil its flavor away while one is cutting the bread. If, as some thoughtless persons do, the mistress calls her maid from the kitchen during the last critical half-hour, what chance has the meal? I also found that neither by day nor by night had I light enough upon my cooking-stove to show me whether the meat was only satisfactorily browned or if the hue had deepened until the surface presented was burned. This is the case in many kitchens.

"Another difficulty that troubled me sorely was quantity. Desiring to conduct my household economically, I had first to settle the problem—'How much of a thing shall I cook?' Alas! I, who had scolded so loud when two beefsteaks were cooked and one left to be thrown away, found that, with all the vaunted intelligence that I proposed to bring to bear on culinary problems, I had no gauge to disclose just how many of the boys would appear at dinner, and who they would bring with them. Then, with the first question settled, what is the amount of water to be allowed to a certain amount of meat or vegetables, granting that the meal is to be served at a stated hour, and that I wish to have a certain amount remain in the dish and the rest boil away? Then how am I to make my calculations so accurately that meat, vegetables, coffee, and biscuits shall be done to a turn at the same moment and not arrive at perfection at intervals varying anywhere from fifteen minutes to a half-hour? And how involved do these questions become when we discover that some teas will 'draw' in half the time that others will; that a fowl of six months requires but half as much boiling as one of twelve, and that some eggs will harden in four minutes while others may be boiled ten and the yolks still remain quite soft! Talk about mental arithmetic! this is an exercise in it that may well test one's cerebral capacity.

"I can scarcely tell you, girls, half of what I learned that memorable summer of the ways of food and of the wants of cooks and kitchens. I believe my friends thought me crazy before it was over. I bought no light dresses and spent no money on household adornment. But in that kitchen there was a complete overturning and thorough renovation and reformation. I had a window cut in the wall that should throw light directly upon the fireplace; I had a gas-pipe laid that should supply illumination in the same quarter at night; I had the old stove removed, and the last and best patent range put in its place. Then I bought an entire regiment of new and fresh pots and pans, and every utensil that could aid in the preparation of food. Some of the latter I was glad to dispense with after a short trial, but many are exceedingly useful, being the inventions of some persons of talent who have carried their brains into the kitchen."

"And did all your trouble with servants end there, Aunt Abby?"

"No; but a great deal of it did. Servants in this country are very far from being what they are abroad, and nowhere in this world are they perfect. But the least a mistress can do is to make some effort to understand the difficulties with which they have to contend."

HOW I WOULD MANAGE MY CHILDREN.

By a Spinster.

NUMBER III.—NERVE VERSUS NERVES.

"Timidity is a disease very prevelent among our american women. It is thought by them to be an ornament to their charms."—[English As She Is Taught.

"The highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength."—[John Ruskin.

WHILE the boys of the day are almost rivals of the girls in the matter of nervous manifestations, especially where they lack the more robust training given by country life, it will be conceded that the charge of possessing too many nerves and too little nerve is more generally brought against the opposite side of the family; that the fair sex is the feeble sex, and that a man has a right to regard a woman too frequently as some one to be treated with a mixture of contempt and tenderness. I can, then, be considered as more specifically speaking of how I would manage my girls.

It is a delicate matter to deal with children of marked timidity and nervousness. To harshly compel the endurance of that which causes them fear or suffering because we see no cause for such an effect, or because we thus hope to harden them into courage, is as futile as it is unkind; and yet something should be done for them to produce a more robust mental and nervous state. They can be helped to realize and embody the idea that want of self-control is not "an ornament" to any one; that to be gentle, refined, calm, tender, is to be *womanly*, but to be nervous, excitable, unreasonable, lacking in presence of mind, is to be *womanish*. To begin with, children inherit a too highly wrought, unbalanced nervous system from their mothers. Then the contagion of fear and panic in times of confusion in their elders goes far to produce it in them. A demoralized, hysterical child needs to be controlled by the assertion over her of a stronger, quieter nature. Lastly, girls can be taught that it is not *safe* to have the habit of losing one's head in times of danger; that it is not *womanly* to forget helpfulness in blind, selfish fear; that it is not *interesting* to be silly.

Most of us have at some time of panic and danger felt the soothing, strengthening power of the presence of some one whose quiet control of herself and others weaker than she has brought some order out of chaos and averted some of the threatened ill. Often in times of sudden alarm a little presence of mind will show that the danger is only seeming. If it is real, there is surely call for something better than unreasoning panic.

To shriek hysterically over a child in danger or to wring one's hands helplessly over an injured friend may be showing love in a way, but I think most of us in time of trouble would prefer to receive it in a more practical if less ostentatious form. A lady once said to me, in reference to a friend seized with a sudden and alarming illness, "The family were kindness itself. They were ready to stand on their heads for her. The trouble was they did not know how to stand steadily on their heels."

Perhaps I am owning to more than the average share of bad disposition when I say that the woman who clutches the reins at any suggestion of danger tries my temper, and that a shrieking female fails to look lovely in my eyes.

Years ago a young lady dawned upon our circle and shone for several weeks with great splendor, entrancing our youthful hearts. One fatal day for her she went on a drive over a picturesque road which forded a broad but shallow brook. From the moment that the horse's front hoofs struck the water until the wheels rolled on to the gravel beyond that young women crouched on the floor of the carriage uttering one insane shriek after another, and emerged from the stream, for me at least, washed clean of all her rose-color.

I would deprecate that extreme caution in guarding children from the possibility of trifling hurts by which many irritate their adventurous children and increase the morbid apprehensiveness of the timid ones. On the contrary, I should stimulate the latter to a judicious degree of venturesomeness in their play, thus cultivating not only muscle but brain and nerves to a state of wholesomely fearless activity, knowing that in life many emergencies will arise from which their own courage must extricate them in the absence of that protection which I could no longer afford them. At such times the policy which has left them with no coolness, nor familiarity with occasions for its use, for the sake of a safety which was only skin-deep, will prove itself of poor economy.

A BANEFUL CUSTOM.

ONE of the common street sights that is peculiarly painful is that of seeing a young child lifted over the curb by one arm. The look of anxiety on the child's face at the moment of transit is painful, and is an evidence of the nervous strain to which the child is subjected by this treatment. "Babyhood" says on this subject:

"In a recent article in the New York 'Medical Journal Dr. Van Santvoord calls attention to a frequent dislocation of one of the bones of the forearm that is peculiar to childhood, and is most commonly observed in children of from two to three years. That a dislocation of any sort is frequent at this early age will surprise many; but when we learn that the one here referred to is usually produced by holding up a child by its arms, or by 'lifting it by the wrist over a gutter,' our wonder will cease, for the general nature of this practice has impressed itself upon the most casual observer. Just why it is that many who are fully alive to the delicacy and immaturity of Baby's organization in other respects cannot get over the feeling that his arms are merely handles by which he may be conveyed from place to place, is a mystery we will not attempt to fathom. That the tender ligaments should resent this violent traction upon forearm and wrist, and that displacement and some deformity should result, accords with common sense as well as anatomy. 'Pulling the arm through a tight sleeve' has also been known to produce this displacement—a very proper caution to all, but of especial pertinence to those, known to some of us, who pull Baby's coat or jacket on or off very much as if they were tearing the husk from an ear of corn. Dr. Van Santvoord thinks that this accident is a very common one, and that it is often present without attracting especial attention, since in most cases 'the dislocation is spontaneously reduced by the muscular movements of the child.' The displacement referred to has been noticed in adults under circumstances that make it probable that, beginning in infancy, it had gradually given rise to a more or less permanent joint injury."

Our Young Folks.

THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

THE opening of the New Year is a good time to begin new work. We have referred before in these columns to the "Ministering Children's League." There are few of our young folks who do not understand the meaning of this word "Ministering," and we remember that Christ said He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. The members of the Ministering Children's League each pledge themselves to do some kind act every day. This would be following in his footsteps who was a friend of the children. The motto of the Ministering Children's League, "No Day Without a Deed to Crown It," is a noble one for each of us to write on our banner of life. How much of the friction and annoyance of the little home circle would be avoided if only each of the little ones—yes, and the big ones—would try to give up a little of self for the others! We give the prayer which the members of the League are expected to use every day:

"Loving Father, make me, like the Holy Child Jesus, a ministering child, loving, kind, and useful to others. Teach me to feel for those who suffer, and may I be ready to do what I can to help all who are in need; for Jesus' sake. Amen."

There is much helpfulness in the thought that thousands of little children have joined this League, which was first organized in January of 1885. Branches have been organized in Mexico, India, the Sandwich Islands, and even on the western coast of Africa. What a great army of little soldiers! We will never know the acts of self-sacrifice, the deeds of love, that these members perform; but we must certainly feel the results in homes made more happy, in lonely lives made more glad, in

selfish lives made more loving. We see its results in mammas whose faces are not drawn in anxiety, who are not made unhappy by displays of temper; in fathers who go to business with brighter and more smiling faces because of the merry, happy faces in their homes, who make their homes blossom with gladness because of the children—the olive branches.

It is an excellent thing for children in Sunday-school class s to organize as branches of the League. During the past year some of the branches have taken up special objects for work. In one each child cultivated a flower, which was offered to the church at Easter, and then carried as an offering to the sick in a hospital Perhaps no work undertaken gives better results than that of one branch whose secretary sends us the following letter:

"We have undertaken no particular work, but we have had a meeting every week after Sunday-school (that being the only time I could call my own), and each of my little girls has done her best in her own way to be a good member. They have visited sick people, helped to lighten their mothers' burdens, amused their little brothers and sisters, often when tired and weary themselves, and have done the countless little acts of kindness which in the telling seem so little, and yet which mean so much."

Out in Minnesota there is a branch that has made a rule to be always kind to birds and squirrels. This was done because the boys in the town stoned these pretty little creatures. Out in California a branch of boys and girls working together made a rag carpet for the free kindergarten school. During Lent the little girls of this branch took turns in leading a blind woman to church, so that she was able to attend service every day during Lent, a pleasure she had never before enjoyed. At Yonkers there is a branch whose members have obtained the names of fifty little boys and girls in New York City who are too poor to purchase books or papers for themselves, so the members of the League send to them reading matter during the entire year. Many of them write to their unknown friends in the city, and these letters, it has been found, give not only pleasure but help the little tenement-house children. This same branch fitted up a number of sewing boxes for a mission school. The secretary of a branch in Texas, a little girl, writes the following:

"There are twenty members of the League, and we all like it very much indeed. We have sent two barrels of provisions—corn meal, bacon, coffee, and flour—to the Atascosa sufferers; six dresses, made by the girls, were sent to the home for orphans here; nine bundles of clothing were sent to the relief committee at the Menger. I made twenty-eight little needle cases and sold them, and added nearly five dollars to the fund."

The Central Secretary of the League, Miss M. T. Emmery, 43 Lafayette Place, New York City, makes the following suggestion as to the kind of articles that the children could make that would help make other lives more happy and give them an added beauty:

ARTICLES THAT OUR MINISTERING CHILDREN MAY MAKE FOR THE SICK AND POOR

Baby-clothes; aprons and dresses for little girls; children's underclothing and night-dresses; women's aprons; baby's hoods; knitted mittens, wristlets, and scarfs; bedroom slippers, knitted or crocheted.

Patchwork quilts; knitted blankets for cots and cradles; soft cushions for old people or invalids, stuffed with small bits of paper, or odds and ends of material cut into small pieces.

Screens, framework of wood, and covered with bright-colored silesia, with pictures pasted on; scrap-books and toys for sick children; old postal cards covered with pictures and texts.[1]

In the spring and summer-time, nosegays can be made up and taken to the sick.

OTHER GIFTS SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS BOXES.

Bibles, Prayer-Books, Hymnals; picture-books and story-books; reward cards and Christmas cards; slates and pencils; lead-pencils and pens.

Work-boxes or bags, fitted up; thimbles, sewing and knitting materials; neckties and hair ribbons; handkerchiefs, brushes and combs.

Toys of all kinds, dressed dolls, marble-bags filled, candy-bags and cornucopias, knives, transparent slates.

We hope our little readers will organize new branches of the League.

BESSIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFT, AND HOW SHE EARNED IT.

By S. S. B.

IT was a dreary Friday afternoon in November. Bessie Randolph stood by the parlor window seemingly watching the great drops as they splashed into the little pool already formed by the garden gate. But rain or sunshine made little difference to her; she was having what her eight-year old brother Ted called "one of Bessie's wide-awake naps;" and if you could have seen the big, wide-open brown eyes, or waited for an answer to your thrice-repeated question as many times as I have done, you would be inclined to think, with Teddie, that Bessie was awake and asleep at the same time. But I must go back a little, and tell you why her "thinking cap" was on. Miss Ellis, whom all the girls pronounced "perfectly lovely," usually devoted the last half-hour of school on Friday to giving little talks to her girls, which she tried to make very practical and helpful to them. To-day her "Friday sermon," as she sometimes playfully called these talks, had been about birthdays; she had told her scholars of the beautiful habit of a friend of hers, who always made her birthday a day of giving rather than of receiving, and urged them to begin each new year of their lives with thoughts and acts of love for others, and thus to make the first day of their new year a keynote of unselfishness for all the days to follow. This little suggestion had touched Bessie's heart, for her own birthday was near at hand. A week from that very day she would be thirteen. She realized that her thoughts had been all of the presents she expected from father and mother, aunts and grandmother. "I'm a selfish old thing," she said to herself; "but I am going to try to make some one happy on my birthday!" And even as she made the resolution her thoughts went to Cassie Anderson, who sat just behind her. Cassie was poor—all the girls knew that. She and an older sister lived with their Aunt Patty in a little tumble-down house. "Aunt Patty," as she was called by all the children, had fallen from a street-car years ago, and hurt her spine, and the doctors said she would never walk again. Cassie's sister was clerk in a fancy store, and earned all the money that the family had.

Bessie knew that Cassie's one great desire was to learn how to paint; she had been able to draw ever since her fingers could hold a pencil, and the school children asked no better fun than to gather around her at recess and watch the pictures grow under her hand Only the day before, Cassie had told Bessie, as they walked home from school together, that Mrs. Cullis, one of the best painting teachers in town, had offered to give her lessons without charge if she could get the water-color paints. How Cassie's eyes had brightened as she said, "You see, Bessie, if I could learn how to paint I know I could sell things, and then Rose would not have to work so hard, and Aunt Patty could have ever so many things that she needs!" But she added, with a sigh, "It is of no use to think about it, for I can never buy the paints; I asked the price of one of the smallest boxes the other day, the kind Mrs. Cullis said I would need, and it costs more money than I ever had to spend in my life."

All this talk came back to Bessie now, and she thought to herself: "Oh, if I could only give her a box of paints on my birthday, how lovely it would be!"

As soon as school was dismissed that afternoon, Bessie hurried out, and, without waiting for any of the girls, ran home as fast as her feet would carry her, and did not once stop until she had reached her mother's room. As soon as she could catch her breath, she said: "Oh, mamma! won't you please give me some money to buy a box of paints for Cassie Anderson?"

Mrs. Randolph put down her work and smilingly said: "Wait a moment, my dear, until you can get your breath, and then tell me what put this idea into your head."

So Bessie told her mother all about Cassie and what Miss Ellis had said, and ended by saying: "You see, mamma, if you'll only give me some money, I can make some one happy on my birthday, just as Miss Ellis's friend always does."

After a minute's silence Mrs. Anderson said: "But don't you think, Bessie, if I were to do as you want to have me, I would be the one who gave the happiness, and not you?" The bright little face grew sober, and, after a pause, Bessie said: "But what can I do, mamma? I haven't any money. I never *can* keep money; I'm sure I don't know where it all goes."

"Perhaps 'Candy Jane' could tell," suggested Mrs. Randolph, with a smile. "Candy Jane" kept a little store which was much patronized by Miss Ellis's girls Bessie laughed and said, "I shouldn't wonder."

"Well, dear, think it over, and we will talk of it again by and by," said Mrs. Randolph, taking up her sewing.

So Bessie had gone to the parlor window where we found her, and this was why her face was so thoughtful Presently she turned away with a mournful "O dear!" and a discouraged sigh.

"Bessie, where are you?" came a cry from the kitchen, and, almost as soon as the words reached her, Ted bounced into the room. "I say, Bess, it's just the day for molasses candy; don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed! Run and ask mamma, and I'll go and get on the right side of Norah."

Mrs. Randolph's permission was quickly gained, and five minutes later you might have seen Ted laboring to carry the molasses jug from the storeroom to the kitchen, while Bessie, sitting on the end of the kitchen table, read from the receipt book: "Two cups of Porto Rico molasses, two cups of sugar, two cups of water; boil, without stirring, twenty minutes; just before taking from the fire add a pinch of soda, which must be well stirred in; pour on buttered tins, and put aside until cool enough to pull."

The odor of the boiling molasses soon filled the house, and not many minutes after the children were gleefully pulling the shining mass of sweetness.

"I think our candy is better than Candy Jane's, any day," said Ted. "You can keep a candy store when you get to be an old woman, Bess, and I'll promise to come and see you pretty often."

Before the words were really out of his mouth, the astonished Ted found himself held fast in a very tight and somewhat sticky embrace, while cries of "You've hit it; you've hit it, you blessed boy!" rang through his ears.

"Let me go! let me go!" shouted Teddy, struggling to get away. "Hit what? I'd like to know."

You would have laughed as heartily as Bessie did could you have seen the sorry plight that Teddie was in when he finally freed himself; great patches of the soft candy were on each side of his face, another lump was clinging to his hair, and threads of the shiny stuff ornamented the front of his jacket; but funnier than all was the amazed expression on Teddie's face.

As soon as Bessie could stop laughing she told him what Miss Ellis had said, and repeated her talk with her mother, and ended by saying: "Don't you see, Ted, that this is just the way to earn some money? All the girls say that my candy is just elegant, and I'm sure they'd buy it, especially if I told them that the money was for a charitable object, as Miss Simpkins says when she comes 'round with the subscription paper. You could help sell it, and I think we'd have lots of fun."

Teddie seemed quite pleased with the idea, and said: "Let's finish this candy as soon as we can, and go and ask mamma."

Soon the candy was stiff and white enough to cut into sticks, and was put away to harden. Then Teddie, with Norah's help, was restored to a state of comparative cleanliness, and away the children scampered to their mother's room.

Mrs Randolph listened to their plan and made no objection, and Bessie and Ted went to bed that night full of anticipations for the morrow. Bessie awoke the next morning to find the sun shining as brightly as she could wish, and hurried down stairs to have a peep at the candy, which she found looking and tasting even better than usual.

An hour after breakfast Mrs. Randolph stood on the piazza watching the children as they started on their expedition. Each of them had a little tray covered with white paper. On the front of Bessie's tray was a paper on which was printed:

"Fresh Molasses Candy, only a penny a stick; money to be used for a worthy object."

I need hardly say that the wording was Bessie's, and that she considered the last two words quite grand and high-sounding. It would take too long to follow the children on their journeyings; they came home at noon with flushed and happy faces, and when Mrs. Randolph asked, "What success?" Bessie held up the empty tray and triumphantly jingled the money bag for answer.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, "we got a great deal more money than we thought we should. Mr. Grey gave us twenty-five cents for five sticks, and wouldn't take a cent back, and all the clerks in papa's store bought some."

When the children counted their money they found that they had ninety-four cents, which seemed a very large amount in their eyes. On Monday evening there was another candy-boiling in the kitchen; this time they made nut candy, cream candy, and caramels, for Bessie was quite famous for this branch of cookery. Perhaps you would like to know just how they were made, and as I am sure that Bessie would not have the slightest objection, I will copy her recipes for you:

NUT CANDY.

Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half a cup of milk, one-half a cup of butter; boil until it hardens in cold water; just before taking from the fire add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a cup (or more) of walnut meats. After it has hardened a little wet a knife in cold water and cut into squares.

CREAM CANDY.

Three cups of white sugar, one cup of vinegar (if strong, weakened by water); flavor with vanilla extract before taking from the stove. Boil without stirring until it hardens in cold water. Let it cool until hard enough to pull.

CARAMELS.

One pound and a half of dry brown sugar is mixed with half a pint of rich, sweet cream, and placed in a farina kettle over the fire; one-half a pound of good butter and a quarter of a pound of Baker's chocolate are melted and added to the cream and sugar; let all come to a boil, and note then the time, and for twenty-five minutes let it boil steadily. Add vanilla, and pour into buttered tins.

On Tuesday afternoon the children started out again with their trays, carrying a larger stock, and were even

[1] The leaves of Scripture calendars may be saved and the texts cut out to paste on the cards.

more successful than before, for in some way the story of what the Randolph children were doing had gotten abroad, and people were so ready to buy, and gave Bessie so many compliments for her candy, that she could hardly keep from jumping up and down with delight. As for Ted, he stood on his head, turned somersaults, and executed a great many other gymnastic performances for which boys of his age are remarkable.

The second day's earnings amounted to two dollars and six cents, and a third expedition brought in two dollars and forty-three cents. Ted's enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he began to have visions of a pony and other rather expensive luxuries, but when he mildly hinted at certain wants of his Bessie said, "No, Ted Randolph; our placard said 'worthy object.'" Ted murmured something about "firecrackers for the Fo'th o' July" being a worthy object, but Bessie said, "No, indeed; that would be doing just what papa and Uncle Tom were talking about the other day—'getting money under false pretenses,' I think they called it." Then, with a sudden thought, she said, "You have helped to earn the money, Ted, and you shall have part of it to give away." I cannot say whether this was wholly satisfactory, but, as Ted was overheard to ask his mother soon after whether she thought he could earn enough money to buy a bicycle to give away on his birthday, I have my suspicions that Bessie's birthday plans have inspired Ted to do likewise.

On the afternoon before her birthday, Bessie went with her mother to buy the much-thought-of gift, and succeeded in getting a very nice Winsor and Newton box, with paints and brushes.

She could hardly wait for breakfast to be over the next morning, and, although she found many packages beside her plate, and enjoyed most heartily her pretty gifts, her eagerness to take the precious package to Cassie was so great that she put them all aside to be examined more carefully after school, and, kissing her mother a hasty "good-by," she hurried toward the little brown house in which Cassie lived. Cassie was not a little surprised to receive a visit so early in the morning, and when Bessie, forgetting the little speech she had prepared the night before, said simply, "Cassie, it's my birthday, and I've had so much to make me happy I want you to be happy, too, and so I've brought you this little present," the surprised look on her face changed to one of joy; but before she could utter a word of thanks Bessie had bounded out of the house, and was on her way to school. When Cassie, who was late that morning, passed her desk she gave her *such* a look of love and gratitude that Bessie felt that there was not in all the town a happier girl than she. That night, when she went to bed, tired out with all the pleasure and excitement of the day, she stopped at the door of Teddie's room, and said, "Well, Ted Randolph, I shall always believe after this that what the Bible says about its being 'more blessed to give than to receive' is true, for I am sure I never in all my life spent such a happy birthday as this;" to which Ted rather sleepily replied, "I'd like to be the worthy object next time."

Just a few words more to tell you that this little seed of kindness planted by Bessie did spring up and bear fruit.

Cassie proved to be a very apt scholar, and showed such a decided talent that after a few lessons Mrs. Cullis succeeded in getting for her orders for dinner cards and other small hand painted articles, for which she was paid so well that she has been doing her share ever since in the support of the home; but, better than this, Bessie has indeed learned the sweetness of giving, and those who love her best see that day by day she is finding out that "Happy are they who make pleasures for others."

HOUSE-BUILDING AND HOUSE-KEEPING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D.

I.

NOT every boy expects to be an architect and build stately houses. Possibly not every girl who reads this paper expects to keep house. But I venture to say that every boy and girl wants to know something about a certain dwelling which they occupy.

This house is not built of brick and mortar or of wood and stone, although it contains many elements like these.

It has a name on the door. Sometimes this name is Mary, sometimes it is Edith or Fred.

Moreover, this house and its occupant are never separated, but always move about together. And when I add that there is no moving out of it, that we have a free lease of it during our lives, but that if we leave it we must leave the world at the same time, I know you have guessed that the house I am thinking of is—the human body.

Every room and story of this living house is so interesting that we scarcely know which part to describe first.

Shall we begin at the windows, or the door, or first describe its framework?

When we look at other houses we naturally notice, first of all, the materials of which they are made. So, in learning about our human house, it would be best, perhaps, to notice, first, what sort of materials were used to build it. And now I know you will be surprised when I tell you that more than one-half of this human house of ours is made of *water!* Yes, although we look so firm and solid that even a hard pinch leaves no dint in us, there is water in our bones, water in our flesh (or muscle), water in the blood that runs like a river through our bodies, water in our nerves and fat, water, in fact, in every corner of this living house of ours, and so much of it that it weighs two-thirds of our entire weight.

There is *salt* in our house. The learned chemists call it Sodium Chloride, but it is just like the salt you eat at the table. It is a very important stone in our house-building, although if the whole quantity present in the body were weighed it would probably not exceed one-quarter of a pound.

There is a large quantity of *lime*, too, in our living house. (Maybe you have heard it called by its Latin name, Calcium?) The variety of lime known as phosphate of lime will interest you most, because that is the form of lime found in our teeth, and it is that which makes our bones so hard and brittle. You remember—don't you?—how hard and white a nice wishbone from the Thanksgiving turkey is, when it is quite clean and dry, after you have bitten off all the meat from it, and it is ready to wish with. It is the lime-salts in it that render it so hard and brittle.

Iron, too, may be found in our house, although only in very small quantities; and some other substances of the same class as these I have mentioned, besides wonderful gases, such as oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. These all belong to what we call the inorganic world. You can find precisely similar substances in different kinds of rocks, earth, and water—in things that are not *alive*. But there are many substances in our house that can be found only in *living* things. One of these is *gelatine*. You all know what gelatine looks like, because you have seen mamma or the cook make beautiful lemon jelly and blanc-manges from little boxes of gelatine that you buy at the grocery. The gelatine in our house is kept in the bones and ligaments, and it helps to make the bones softer, less brittle, than they would be if they were made of lime and water only.

Albumen is another important aid to our house-building. Albumen is like the white of an egg, and boys who have eaten raw eggs on their summer vacations know exactly what egg albumen is like. Albumen, and some other substances very like it, may be found in the blood, in the muscles, and in several other parts of our human building.

Would it surprise you, too, to know that we carry *sugar* about with us in our house? There are two or three different kinds of sugar found within the body-walls; one is grape-sugar (the same kind of sugar that sweetens your favorite grapes), found in the liver and in the blood. Another kind is muscle-sugar, found in muscles (or flesh); also in the liver and elsewhere.

Then there is a substance very like *starch* (called glycogen) which is stored away in our bodies by the liver, just as plants have a fashion of storing away starch in their roots to supply them with food when they need it.

Fats, too, we find in our body-house, some with odd names such as stearine, palmatine, and so on.

You see, the human body is such a wonderful building that it requires many different materials to make it strong in the first place, and to keep its machinery in fine running order.

Of course you do not imagine that each of these different materials is stowed away in our bodies in a separate package, as if they were boxes of sugar and salt and gelatine on a grocer's shelf! No, indeed! All of these materials are so wonderfully combined in the living body, so mixed, as the children say, that they all join in building the muscles and bone and blood, and every other part of our living mansion.

There is one thing you must notice in our human house which is very different from ordinary house-building. When a fine stone dwelling is built, it will *keep itself* for a hundred and fifty years or more. But our bodies cannot do that. They would fall to pieces if, after we were born, they did not take every day these same materials of which we are originally made. Every day we must have a fresh supply of water and sugar and salt and albumen and oxygen, and so on, or else our house would go to ruin. Most of these materials, as you know, we get in our food, and that is one reason for eating the most healthful food possible. As children cannot be expected to know what kinds of food contain all of these necessary materials, it is very well—is it not?—that they have wise mammas and sisters and aunts who tell them what is best for them to eat, so that every day they may be building up and strengthening this wonderful dwelling.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

A POLICEMAN carried a very curious prisoner to the Thirtieth Street Station, at New York, not long since. It was an eagle, and was arrested while perched on the roof of the Rossmore Hotel. It measured three feet across the wings. It was taken to the station-house and put into a cell, which indignity it resented by driving its claw through the thumb of the Captain, who attempted to feed it. The next day the eagle was claimed by his owner and returned to him, none of the policemen objecting in the least to his departure.

At Ashmont, Mass., there is a dog that can give some of us lessons in benevolence and good manners:

"Whenever a customer enters his master's shop he advances with dignity and gravely puts up a paw to be shaken. Sometimes a stranger will not understand this unique method of welcome, and then the dog will look grieved and again manifest his willingness to shake hands. A singular incident is reported as showing that his kindness is extended to dogs as well as to his master's friends and customers. Not long ago it was noticed that he disappeared regularly for a short time after dinner. His master, curious to know the cause, followed him one day, and found that he went to a place which was covered with bones picked clean. Near by lay a dog with an injured leg, who had been provided with a dinner each day by his benevolent friend."

The "St. Nicholas" tells us this pretty story of a pussy:

"One beautiful summer evening the avenues of a large city were thronged with people on their way to the different churches. At a certain corner, however, several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was completely blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged with people, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood. And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament near the top of a tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. 'How did it get there?' was the first question every one asked, and 'How will it get down?' was the next. The poor creature was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe. Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it, but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it. They had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder had reached the window. They had taken a board up with them, and they now pushed one end of it out of the window and lowered it till it was within reach of the cat. Then, by encouraging words and signs, they tried to persuade the creature to step on the plank. Puss seemed to understand, and put out one paw, but drew it back immediately, and at that instant one of the boys accidentally let go his hold, the board turned over, and the cat would certainly have been dashed to the ground had it trusted to that means of escape. The boys withdrew the board, and soon, reappearing at the window, were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple. Pussy, having now ceased to cry, watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, the cat carefully put out one paw and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then drew herself up and with a violent effort flung herself over the side and into the bottom of the basket. The next moment it was safely drawn up to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below."

A gentleman who watches closely the habits of animals tells us the following:

"I was reading near an old apple tree in which a pair of linnets had built their nest. The young birds were half-grown, and had flattered out of the nest, to the apparent distress of their parents. Finally the old birds got them all safely back except one, which, after a time becoming exhausted, dropped to the ground, when up waddled a large yellow duck and swallowed the little bird alive. This duck was raised with a brood of chickens, and one foot is like a chicken's foot, while one is webbed. It roosts in trees with the chickens, and has never been known to go into the water."

Pithy Sayings.—When I caution you against becoming a miser, I do not therefore advise you to become a prodigal or a spendthrift.—[Horace.

Some things, after all, come to the poor that can't get in at the doors of the rich, whose money somehow blocks up the entrance way.—[George Macdonald.

Time is the greatest of tyrants and extortioners. As we go toward age he taxes our health, our limbs, our faculties, our strength, and our features.—[John Foster.

They say that the truth is not to be spoken at all times; which is the equivalent of saying that truth is an invalid, who can only take the air in a close carriage with a gentleman in a black coat on the box.—[Holmes.

How cunningly Nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew!—[Emerson.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

TWO SOULS.

BY LULU WINTZER.

TWO souls arose from earth to heaven:
To them eternal life was given.
One was received with greetings fond,
His fairest, boldest dreams beyond;
The other barely passed the gate
And entered ere it was too late.

One lived a life not free from sin,
Amidst a city's roar and din.
The angels wept each time he fell,
The demons laughed from depths of hell;
Yet ever with fresh strength he rose
And struggled onward to life's close.

The other, in a quiet place,
Thought only of the Master's face;
He lived surrounded by his books,
And heard God's voice in rippling brooks,
In songs of birds whose tender lays
Resounded with the Maker's praise.

No angry word, no noise of strife,
Disturbed the tenor of his life;
But all was peace until grim death
Stiffened the form and hushed the breath;
And the soul, freed from earth at last,
Upward soared, and the portal passed.

Which one did best deserve the love
That welcomed him to heaven above?
The one who from the first believed,
And the glad news with joy received,
Who ever lived a life so pure
That joys of heaven were made secure?

Or he who fought with sin and death,
And struggled to preserve his faith;
Who, sorrowing, fainting, oft forsook
The teachings of God's holy Book,
But at the last stood firm and strong,
And entered to the heavenly throng?

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

IN the passage selected for our study this week Christ tells us what is the foundation of his church and in whom the authority in it is vested. His declaration respecting the foundation is involved in the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." This declaration respecting the authority in that church is involved in the statement, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." In a sermon preached in Plymouth pulpit November 6, and reported in The Christian Union of November 17, 1887, I gave an exposition of the first of these two declarations, explaining that the foundation of Christ's church is not Peter personally, nor Peter as the representative of a hierarchy, but Peter as a type representing all those whose characters have been transformed by a living faith in a living Saviour. Referring the readers of The Christian Union to that sermon for an exposition of Christ's teaching respecting the church's "one foundation," I devote this paper to a consideration of his enigmatical teaching respecting the repository of authority within the church. I must frankly notify my readers that this exposition is unlike that which they will find in either Roman Catholic or Protestant commentaries. It has whatever disadvantage attaches to novelty. It must be scrutinized with the suspicion to which all novel interpretations of Scripture are justly subjected. But in scrutinizing it I ask the reader to lay aside, as far as may be, all prejudices and predilections, to forget all that art, myth, and theological controversy have put into his mind respecting the "power of the keys," and endeavor to stand with the twelve to whom Christ first uttered the enigma, and read it, if not as they understood it, at least in a way that shall not be inconsistent with their understanding.

In order to do this we must first get the meaning of his words, phrase by phrase, noting the following unquestioned facts: (1) The key was in the East a symbol of authority, sometimes made with a long crook to hang around the neck; hence the phrase in Isaiah, "The government shall be upon his shoulder." So the keys are worn by the English housekeeper, dangling at her waist, not merely for convenient use, but also as a symbol of her office. Giving the keys, therefore, is giving the insignia of authority. (2) The phrase "kingdom of heaven" is rarely if ever used in the New Testament, and never, I think, by Matthew, to signify a state of future blessedness; it is the state of allegiance to God upon earth. Hence Christ's preaching that the kingdom of heaven is at hand; hence his declaration, The kingdom of heaven is within you; hence his parables, likening the kingdom of heaven to an estate left by an absent lord in charge of his steward. What Christ here, then, confers is authority in the life of allegiance to God, authority in the church of God on earth. (3) The accompanying promise is not *whosoever* thou shalt bind and loose, but *whatsoever* thou shalt bind and loose; it applies to *things*, not to *persons*. There is absolutely no hint whatever here to justify the hierarchical claim and legendary fiction that Peter has a key to the gate of the Celestial City and may admit or exclude whomsoever he will; the promise is a promise of authority in the church of God over actions, not over individuals. (4) To *bind* and to *loose* is not equivalent to retaining and forgiving sin; it is equivalent to prohibiting and permitting actions. The words are so used, not only in rabbinical literature, but in the New Testament. "The woman," says Paul, "is *bound* by the law to her husband so long as he liveth, but if the husband be dead she is *loosed* from the law of her husband." So again, "Art thou *bound* unto a wife, seek not to be *loosed*: art thou *loosed* from a wife, seek not a wife." Binding and loosing relate to the imposition of, or the deliverance from, obligation. What Christ says, then, is this: I give you power in the Christian life, so that whatsoever you hold to be obligatory, and whatsoever you lay aside as no longer obligatory, your action in so doing shall be ratified and confirmed. (5) Finally, this promise is made, not to Peter as an individual or as the head of a hierarchy, but to Peter as a type of a soul transformed by faith in a living Redeemer. The same promise is made to the twelve in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew (verse 18) and there under circumstances and in connections which make it clear that the promise was made to all Christ's disciples. This declaration, then, which has been so often regarded as the corner-stone of a great spiritual despotism, I believe to be the Magna Charta of individual liberty—the conferring of liberty, and of all the authority and all the responsibility which liberty involves, upon the individual child of God. I can best confirm and elucidate this interpretation by some illustrations and applications of it.

I. God has bestowed the keys of the kingdom of nature upon man. In the day in which he created him, he bade him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. To man, in his ignorance and his incompetence, he gives the key of a universal dominion, and bids him enter upon the earth and take possession of it. As one is put into a house with many doors, all locked against him, and is given a bunch of keys and bid to find his way to the scattered and secreted treasures, so God put humanity into the world, setting man housekeeping, and bidding him discover for himself the wealth which was stored up for his use. There were gold and silver and iron in the hills; there was the potent fertility of myriad infant seed-growths in the soil; there was lightning in the clouds to run his errands, and, tamed and domesticated, to do the work of illumination for him; there was a giant unchained in the water, whom the fire would at once set loose and yet harness to do his bidding. But all these treasures were under lock and key, and God fitted no key to any lock. Through the long ages of ignorance and barbarism he has kept an oppressive silence. He has left man to grope his way toward civilization and all that civilization brings with it. "Have dominion!" he cries to Adam in the garden. "I have dominion!" replies the child; "how shall I tame the lightning, master the sea, pierce the mountain, and compel the reluctant earth to yield up to me its treasure store?" "I cannot tell you how," is the reply. "I give you the keys; discover for yourself." It is an awful responsibility, but it is a magnificent trust; and though man has been long in finding his way to the secreted treasures, modern civilization bears its witness that the trust which the Father reposed in his child has not been reposed in vain. Long and slow and painful has been the process. But the process itself has been the making of a manhood to which all civilization is witness, and which is worth far more than all else which civilization has brought.

II. In like manner God has given to each community the keys of political dominion and authority; he has not given these to one race for another race, to one class for another class, to hereditary kings or aristocrats for the common people. He has given them to man as man. The doctrine of self-government does not rest on the notion that the many are wiser or better than the few; it does not rest on the false assumption of the infallibility of democracy. *Vox populi, vox dei*, is not true; it was the voice of the people that cried, "Crucify him, crucify him!" The doctrine of self-government rests on this divine basis which God has laid; namely, that God has given to man, as man, the keys of the kingdom; to man, as man, the responsibility of finding out what are the laws of social order, as what are the laws of nature; and this is a responsibility from which he cannot escape, which he cannot lay off upon another.

The reader may, indeed, ask, Did not God give moral laws to the race? Did he not reveal the laws of social order in the Ten Commandments, for example, as he did not reveal the laws of steam and electricity? God did, as chosen King of the Jews, act as their Law-giver, but he would not even take this office of terrestrial kingship till he had been elected to it by the suffrages of the people.[1] Nor was the theocracy a despotism—not even a divine despotism. There were representative assemblages elected by the people to make their laws, and judges chosen by them to execute their laws, and, with rare exceptions, the penalties were enforced; not by divine providence or miraculous interposition, but by the action of the people. The authority which God exercised as King he exercised at the people's request, and even this authority he passed over in successive fragments, and, so to speak, by successive abdications, until the whole political and civil power of the nation were vested in the people themselves. But he never enacted what can properly be called laws, or at least statutes, for the human race. The Ten Commandments are really ten great principles. No penalty is attached to any one of them. They are counsels rather than commandments, principles rather than edicts or statutes. They are proposed for guidance, not imposed for law. As in the beginning, so now, God does not interpose by definitely inflicted penalties to punish the thief for his stealing, the murderer for his killing, or the *roué* for his adultery. These laws of life are made clear, but men are left, either by their individual or their community action, to obey or disregard them at their will.

Thus God gives to the human race the keys of political administration. We do not want the burden of them; we try to rid ourselves thereof; but always with disastrous results. With what disastrous results let the histories of Rome, Venice, Italy, and France tell us. Ruskin and Carlyle would take these keys of political responsibility and give them to kings. We have tried the experiment, and the result has been a line of Cæsars, Bourbons, Tudors, and Stuarts. Sir Henry Maine would take the keys from the people and give them to aristocratic lords. We have tried the experiment; the result is written in the history of Venice in the sixteenth century, of France in the eighteenth, of Ireland in the nineteenth. The Pope, and some Protestant popes, would take the keys from the people and give them to a spiritual aristocracy. We have tried the experiment; for result see Italy, Spain, and the South American republics. There are not wanting Americans who would take the keys from the people and give them to the Anglo-Saxons. Ask the Chinaman, the Indian, and the negro how this violation of the divine law works. Mankind is not fit for self-government. That is true. But mankind are better fitted to govern themselves than any portion of mankind, however selected, are fitted to govern any other portion of mankind. Democracy rests on the fundamental truth that man as man, not royal man, nor aristocratic man, nor priestly man, nor Anglo-Saxon man, but man as man, was made in the image of God, and to man as man are given the keys of political, as of natural, dominion. Whenever, wherever, and howsoever this divine order is violated, the result is always disastrous, whether the imperial power which idleness, cowardice, or self-distrust substitutes for a brave acceptance of the responsibility of the keys be a Cæsar in Rome, a Bourbon in France, or a boss in America.

III. In a stricter sense the Church of Christ may be said to represent the kingdom of heaven on earth, and the keys of this kingdom, the keys of the Church of Christ, are given, not to Pope or priesthood, Protestant or Papal, but to the entire Christian discipleship. The church is a Christian republic; and whenever the great body of disciples attempts to rid itself of the responsibility of the keys which God has laid upon it, and passes that responsibility over to a hierarchy, whatever its description, disaster and death ensue. As the foundation of the Christian Church is the transforming power of God in transformed souls, or in souls transformed by the transforming power of God, in vacillating Simons made into rock-like Peters by God's indwelling, so the authority in Christ's Church is vested in the whole body of those thus transformed. To them belongs the responsibility, with them is intrusted the liberty, because in them dwells the life of Him who is alone Lord and Master. We are continually looking for some law of government, of worship, and of life

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for January 29, 1888.—Matt. xvi., 18-28.

[1] See Exodus xix., 1-8.

which shall rid us of responsibility. But God steadfastly refuses to give it to us, and as often as we toss the responsibility off on him he thrusts it back upon us. See how this is illustrated in the history of Christ's dealing with his disciples. They come to him for a constitution of the church, for the organization of a hierarchy. Who is greatest, they say to him, in the kingdom of God? We may easily imagine the contest: Peter claims precedence because he has first confessed Christ, and James because he is the Lord's brother, and John because he is a "son of thunder," and Judas Iscariot because he is lord high treasurer and carries the bag. But Christ puts all these claims aside and says in effect, In my kingdom there is no other law of rule than this: He who serves most is chief and highest. They come to him for a ritual. Teach us, they say, how to pray. But he will give them no ritual—thrusts back upon them the responsibility of framing their own petitions. What, he says to them in effect, do you desire? is it not food for body and mind and spirit? is it not guidance in perplexity and deliverance from the evil one? is it not forgiveness of sin when you fall into sin? Very well. After this manner pray ye; carry these, your universal wants, to God in the simplest language; this is the only liturgy, the only law of worship: Give us this day our daily bread; forgive us our trespasses; lead us not into temptation; deliver us from evil. They come to him for a theology, but he will bestow upon them no creed, not even so short and simple a creed as the Apostles': Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. Love is Christ's creed, frankness his liturgy, and service his hierarchy. Christ puts the keys of government, of worship, and of life into the hands of his disciples, requires them to assume the responsibility and to find their way to government, to liturgy, and to life for themselves.

IV. But the kingdom of God, which is in nature, in the State, and in the Church, is most of all in the individual conscience and life. To each soul personally God gives the keys of his own destiny and bids him unlock life's closed doors; puts in his hands the rudder and bids him steer his bark; gives him the tools and bids him model his own character. This is the solemnest fact of all, for this is an undivided and unshared responsibility. I may throw off upon others the blame for the failure of State and the sins of Church; but for my own decisions respecting my own life I am alone responsible. In vain the reluctant receiver protests against taking the key of his own life; in vain he endeavors to pass it to some other one; in vain he seeks to avoid the necessity of deciding life's problems and making life's choice. Sometimes he seeks a father confessor and asks him to take the key and bind and loose his life for him; the father confesser, nothing loth, accepts the trust. But it is in vain. Every one of us shall give account of himself to God. Whether the father confessor sits in a priest's chair, or in a Protestant minister's chair, or in a religious editor's chair, he can take no responsibility; he can give counsel, but that is all. To each soul God has given the keys; each soul must bind and loose for itself. Sometimes he tries to avoid this responsibility by asking the Bible to solve life's problems for him. The Bible becomes his father confessor; he even goes to it in superstitious fashion, opens it at random, and expects a chance text to tell him what he may or may not do; he treats the Bible as an oracle. But the Bible is no lazy man's book. It helps us to think, but is a sorry substitute for thinking. May I dance? The Bible is mute. May I go to the theater? Still mute. May I drink a glass of wine? Still mute. The great laws and principles of conduct it clearly expounds, but what each individual may do in each individual case it tells not. Sometimes the puzzled soul seeks, at last, escape from the responsibility of life in prayer, carries his problem direct to God, and asks God to solve it. Tell me, he cries, O Lord! what I may or may not do; what is wise, what is right? But God keeps silence. If we knew how to interpret his silence aright, we should hear him say, in and through it, "My child, I have given you the keys of your own life; you must work its problems out for yourself; you must study the book of destiny—I cannot translate for you; you must solve the problem—were I to show you the answer I should do you harm, not good, by the showing. It is better that you work out an answer for yourself and get it wrong, than that I give you the correct one. For the virtue of the problem is in the solving of it, not in the solution!"

V. But who is sufficient for these things? Shall we not make mistakes? frightful mistakes? fatal mistakes? Frightful mistakes, yes! Fatal mistakes, no! For God, who confers upon us liberty and imposes on us duty, a liberty which we cannot lay off, a duty which we cannot escape, accompanies this otherwise terrible gift with a promise which glorifies it: Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Go on, take the key, essay the duty, accept the responsibility, and be sure of this, that though you may make mistakes there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, that walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.

A father whose wealth is in ships and warehouses and railroads, but who has an acre garden attached to the country homestead, summons his boys one spring as he is going to Europe, and says to them, "I put this garden in your charge; spend what you will; cultivate according to your own best judgment; send the product to the market; and account to me for sales and expenditures when I get home." "But, father," say the boys, "what shall we sow?" "I cannot tell you; you must judge for yourself." "Where shall we sell?" "Find out for yourselves." "What prices ought we to get?" "Learn for yourselves." "But, father, we know nothing about gardening; we shall make dreadful mistakes." "No doubt you will," replies the father, "and you will learn by your mistakes; and it is your learning, not the gardening, I care for." "But, father, we are afraid we shall bankrupt you." The father laughs and replies, "You cannot bankrupt me, if you try, with a summer's gardening on an acre plot." "But, father," finally protest the boys, "we are afraid that when you come back and see how poorly we have done you will find fault with us and be sorry that you gave us such a trust." And the father catches up a piece of paper and writes upon it:

"Know all men by these presents that I hereby appoint my boys, James and John, my true and lawful attorneys, to do all things that may be necessary in the cultivation and charge of my acre garden, and I hereby ratify and confirm beforehand whatever they may do."

And he signs it, hands it to them, and goes his way.

So God gives to us, his children, in this summer day out of eternity which we call life, and on this little acre plot of ground out of the universe which we call the world, the responsibility and the liberty involved in the charge of our own destinies, and with this he gives power of attorney promising beforehand to ratify and confirm whatever we do in loyal service to him and in loyal allegiance to his name and honor.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

SIMON, the brother of Andrew, was in many things a big, impulsive boy. He was always jumping at conclusions; ready to believe himself capable of accomplishing whatever he saw another do, but constantly proving his own weakness and instability. It was Simon who called from the tossing boat, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water," only to sink because of his fear. It was Simon who declared with oaths when Christ was taken prisoner, that he knew not Christ though it was but a few hours before that he had taken his sword and cut off the ear of the high priest's servant because he came to take Jesus prisoner. He did not believe that the Master who had raised the dead, made the blind to see, the lame to walk, would suffer at the hands of this mob. He surely would strike them dead, thought Simon, judging the Divine Man by his human standards, and forgetting the teaching and rebuke of to-day's lesson. He declares Christ the Son of the living God, and almost at the same time protests against Christ's announcement of what he must endure before he can say, "It is finished." "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." Impulsive, warm-hearted Peter! We gain courage because Christ loved thee, and honored thee by giving thee a special name and work.

'Twas not for what Simon was, but what he tried to be, that the Master loved and honored him. Christ recognized Simon's nature when he first saw him. John says, "And when Jesus beheld him he said, 'Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation a stone.'"

Christ saw, then, in this wayward, impulsive man the future rock that should stand firmly in the day of temptation, in trial. So for us the name written in the Lamb's book of life will be the name that we earn by fidelity to the teaching that comes to us in our life work. Not till Simon knew and declared Jesus as the Son of the living God did he become Peter, whose declaration, "Thou art the Son of the living God," gave courage to his own soul, and opened the door for the deeper lessons that Christ must teach his followers to make them teachers of men; teaching that Jesus was the Christ—the anointed of God.

Simon declared the wonderful truth, "Thou art the Christ," received his new name, Peter, and yet, almost before the echo had died away, he forgets his declaration which acknowledged the divinity of Jesus, and brings upon himself the indignant rebuke, "Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savorest not of the things that be of God, but of the things that be of man," because he cannot bear that the Master should endure those things that were necessary to complete his work. Peter's recognition of Christ's sonship drew him closer to him he recognized, yet his selfish love would not bear the thought of the suffering, though the crown were won through the bearing of the cross. Human Peter! Even Peter must do more than declare that Christ is the Son of the living God. "If any *man* will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me"

Three be dones.

A man must deny himself. Of what? Those things that separate him from Christ's family. You remember Christ said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, my mother." If the reading of certain kinds of books prevents our reading the Book, we have turned away from this family circle. If certain companions make this family circle less desirable, we have wandered from this bond of love, drawn and indorsed by Christ, the Elder Brother. If we find pleasures where this loving but invisible Brother cannot go, we are locking the door to which he has given us the key—the door to the household of faith.

Take up his cross.

Not a wooden cross, that all the crowd may see our burden, but the invisible cross of giving up those pleasures that keep us from him. The cross of serving when we would be served. The giving up that our sacrifice may bring peace, joy, and pleasure. The giving of self as Christ gave himself, that the lonely, the sorrowing, the feeble, may see him in us.

Follow me. Where?

To Gethsemane? Yes; and into the mount of transfiguration. Follow him in deeds of love and mercy, and into the temple with the whip of cords to drive out evil from the house of God. Loving, comforting the little children, and condemning the hypocrites whose deceitfulness delays the coming of the salvation of the world. Love the truth, love righteousness, love mercy, but hate evil strong enough to declare and condemn it, if you would follow the Son of the living God.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? We can lose our soul in this life. We make a great mistake if we think that this means that we lose heaven by our sins after death. Christ said the kingdom of heaven is within you.

Tell a lie. What is the result? You never have a minute's peace, fearing that you will be discovered; to save yourself from discovery you may tell dozens, losing the peace that belongs to the kingdom within you.

A man wants to become wealthy. He does a dishonest thing to acquire that wealth. Can he enjoy it? If his dishonesty is not discovered he knows no rest, fearing it will be, and if he is discovered he knows men despise him, and he despises himself. Is not life lost?

The "boodle aldermen" of New York acquired money, but they lost everything else that made life attractive; lost not only for themselves but their families.

Life means more than food, clothes, and pleasures that gratify for the moment. It means the power of looking into the faces of men with the consciousness of one's own truth and honesty; it means the consciousness that we have not defiled the image of the Divine Creator, nor made hell of the heaven implanted in us. It means remembering that we are the temples of the Holy Ghost.

Simon became Peter when he began to perceive the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. He earned the change of name as he came to understand the lessons that Jesus sought to teach. No sudden change, but a growth into the knowledge of Christ. Are we Simons trying to deserve the change of name?

CORNELL UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

THE INCIDENTAL ADVANTAGES OF STUDY OF THE BIBLE.[1]

By the Rev. T. T. Munger, D D

"Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness."—2 Timothy iii, 16.

IT is common to urge upon men a study of the Bible as a matter of duty—a part of the "thou shalt" of God; and also as a matter of worship—the other part of prayer and praise. While it is fortunate that we have a Book which can lay the claim of duty upon us, and still more fortunate that we have a Book worthy to be incorporated into our worship, there are other aspects in which the Bible offers itself, which might be called its *advantages*. And so I will speak of some of the advantages of a study of the Bible, or some of the side-reasons why it should be studied by all men. I say *studied* rather than read, because the mere reading of such a book is of little value. We *read* a novel or a history or the newspaper, but we *study* a book of science, of social philosophy, of ethics, or a great poem or drama.

By studying the Bible I mean that investigation of it which is apart from reading it as a matter of duty and of worship. Let it be read, indeed, as a part of daily duty and worship; but when that is done, make it a subject of study in the same way as you do a work of science or political economy or literature. By *study* I mean a

[1] Preached in Sage Chapel, Cornell University, October 31 1887.

thorough mastery of the meaning of the text, and an examination of it under all side-lights that can be thrown upon it. I claim that such study has great advantages and is of highest use.

I premise by saying that the greater part of our American people do but little studying. Especially is this the case with men. Business is our great interest; the active and not the meditative side of life engages us—a most fortunate thing, for it is better to be a business man than a student; in the end the former knows more. It is better to act than to meditate. While one acts one is learning, and will always be feeling and finding one's way toward the truth; but the man who only thinks, wanders ever in a maze, finds no paths, reaches no ends. This is a real world, and action is its law; it is not a world that can be understood by thought or comprehended by a theory.

But a life of action does not render study needless; nor will any amount of experience do away with the necessity for reflection. The man who studies and acts will always surpass the man who does but one. But the trouble at present is that we do not balance action with study; we give all our time to business, rest, and recreation, and none to study. We read the newspaper chiefly; we read a few books, mostly of a light character, and turn the pages of the magazines until they grow serious and weighty; we do not often get at the literature or the scientific basis of our special business, but take it for granted, or leave it to others, or pass it by in indifference. What the American man of business needs is something to balance his intense action; something that will lead him to think in orderly ways; something that will take him into another world, and one larger than that about him. *An object of study*—that is the complement to the business life of the American people.

I sincerely believe that nothing offers so good a subject for study as the Bible. Set aside now the fact that it is a religious book, and all religious considerations, and regard it simply as a book to be studied; there is no other so at hand, none so easily studied, none in which such aids may be found, none that will introduce you to so large a company of fellow-students; and there is no book the study of which brings so many advantages as the Bible, because there is no other one book that embraces so many departments of truth and knowledge or treats them in so wise a way. It has been said that to know well some persons is equivalent to a liberal education. So a thorough knowledge of the Bible—I do not mean ability to quote it, but an intelligent knowledge of the Bible—is equivalent to an education; it is itself an education, and as broad and high as that gained in the schools. It does this because it is so universal.

1. Look at it as a book of history. Upon the whole, there is no study that so broadens the mind and feeds it so richly and sweetly as history. It brings the wisdom of the ages together; it teaches charity by showing us under what burdens and by what paths of suffering humanity has struggled on; it shows us that there is a plan and a power at work beyond that of man; and, above all, it reveals an upward progress, and so feeds hope and stimulates to good efforts. But to produce this effect, history must be studied in a large way and as covering broad reaches of time. The Bible presents itself to us first of all as a History; that is the form which it wears. It is first a history of creation; no matter now how it is told, it is yet in some real sense a history of the creation of the universe; a very important thing to know, for a man has no sure standing ground until he knows the main facts and features of the world in which he finds himself. De Foe, with a fine stroke of genius, makes Robinson Crusoe first of all *explore* the island on which he is cast away. One must feel *at home* before one can do any good work. Hence the Bible opens with a historical account—as good as could then be given, and, all things considered, none could be better—of the world from the beginning. It does not depart from this method, but is a history to the end. The early, unknown ages are depicted in the only light in which they were revealed until the true historic era began in Abraham. From that time on we follow, as we turn the pages of the Bible, a line of history till we reach the end. It is indeed the history of a small nation; but suppose you were to study it in true student fashion. You would find yourself face to face with those most ancient civilizations that flourished about the head waters of the Euphrates. They form the background of the history of the Hebrew nation, and are a part of it. You would study those nations in the light of the wonderful discoveries that are now being made, and by which their history is literally unrolled from buried cylinders. Then you would find yourself in contact with Egypt, whose history is parallel for 1,200 years with that of the Hebrews. The relation between the two nations was that of action and reaction; one cannot be understood without a knowledge of the other; hence the student of the Bible will learn all there is to be known of Egypt. The relation of Abraham to Mesopotamia, and the influences he brought from it and against which he protested, and the relations of Moses to Egypt, the ideas, customs, and forces carried thence by the Hebrews, form one of the most significant chapters in human history, and has not yet been fully written out. The effect of France and Germany upon England, the effect of the Crusades upon Europe through contact with the East, the effect of Arabic learning upon mediæval Europe, are great themes, but they are not more important than the bearing of the prehistoric nature-worship of the remote East upon the genesis of the Hebrew nation, and the influence of Egypt upon the tribe of Jacob, and, later, the interaction between the Israelites and the Canaanites, and, later still, the powerful influence of Babylon enslaving and teaching its Jewish captives.

Later still, a study of the Bible brings us face to face with Greece and its culture, and Rome and its institutions. One will not make a thorough study of Biblical history without also making a like study of Babylon and Greece and Rome. The history of the Jews after the captivity turns on the influences of Babylon, and a knowledge of the condition and character of the people in the time of Christ depends upon a knowledge of Greece and Rome. When the book of the Acts is reached, the whole world is open before us; and in order to understand the history of the church we must understand the history of all nations.

The Bible does not cease to be a historical book when it leaves St. Paul at Rome looking out toward Spain. In the same sense in which it is a history of the beginning of the world, so it is a history up to its close. The Apocalypse—no matter now about its authorship, canonicity, or any such question—is, in its main features, a most simple and lucid piece of literature. It is the counterpart to Genesis; it is a prophetic picture of the future of humanity; the fulfillment of the purpose outlined in Genesis. The Bible begins with creation out of chaos, and ends with humanity lifted into the heavens; and the whole mighty sweep is *history*. The first part is symbolic, and the latter part is symbolic; but the symbols bear a most surprising relation to each other, and carry in them the substance of history. Each is keyed to hope. We believe Genesis because it offers us a hope; we believe the Apocalypse because it shows us the same hope drawing humanity on toward God. One who passes by the Apocalypse should also pass by Prometheus and Dante, for they are of the same order.

My point is this: the Bible gives us history in its broadest stretch and in its largest meaning. Its affiliations lead us into all history, and with an impulse that carries us on through the Christian centuries; for one will not follow the church through the Acts and the Epistles of St. Paul without feeling required to trace it along the twofold current of East and West.

But the great advantage of studying history through the Bible is that we thus follow the main current of human progress in all the ages; we are tracing an idea, a principle, a force, and that the greatest the world has ever felt. The Jewish nation was small, and its history has no great features, but it impressed the world as no other nation has done. It protested against Mesopotamia, it discarded Egypt, it conquered heathen Palestine, it won from Babylon all it had worth knowing, and it finally imposed its conception of God upon Greece and Rome and created modern civilization. When we study its history we are studying the fundamental ideas of present society, and in their original, largest, and most unprejudiced forms. Indeed, it is only in the Bible that we find a large, free, and unprejudiced history, for the reason that it is taught incidentally. When we read Hume we read toryism; or Macaulay, whiggism; and thus nearly all history is shot through with human prejudice, and wears the limitations of a single mind. But the Bible simply reflects the ages; they shine through its pages by their own light. And, above all, it gives us the secret of history; it tells us why and for what end the nations have existed, and shows us whither they are tending. And this is what a true student of history desires to learn—not how the forces were marshaled at Waterloo, but by what force and toward what goal humanity is moving.

2. Look at the Bible as a book of political science.

One cannot be a good citizen in this country without some knowledge of the principles of government. The nature of our government presupposes such knowledge—a supposition that is met in a larger degree than is commonly thought. Upon the whole, the nature of our government is well understood by the people—perhaps because it is so true a mirror of what we find in our own bosoms. But, well as the average man knows his nation, it is still necessary to know it better, and to know it in that larger way which is found in history. There are two ways in which an American can deepen and enrich his patriotism: first, by comparing his own nation with others—and no man can make such comparision without tears of gratitude, and a satisfaction all too deep for pride or self-gratulation; and then by tracing the institutions of the nation to their source in the eternal principles of righteousness and humanity. In other words, a man should learn to know the nation as existing in God. Our political life, as well as our personal life, must have its roots in eternal truths and an Eternal Being. We do not in the Constitution use the name of God, but, for all that, the nation is immersed in the life of God; it is virtually a theocracy, and even to a greater degree than was the Hebrew nation, because it is more free and just and humane. A study of the Hebrew Commonwealth is valuable because it shows how close and real is the relation of the nation to God, and how vital is righteousness and fidelity to God. We have in the Bible the finest illustration of patriotism to be found in all history. It is a patriotism unflinching, fervent, indestructible; it sank the individual in the nation, and both in God; it made social life the main thing; religion, literature, education—all were national, and so the whole nation marched on together; personal and religious life was first and mainly a national life. There was no individualism, there was no communism, but a happy balance between man as an individual and as a member of the race, such as we find in nature. We are individuals; we are also members of the race, and both exist in God. A true nation is a true expression of this threefold fact. Nowhere is it so clearly set forth as in the Hebrew Commonwealth.

Its institutions, also, are well worth studying. The details of life are treated sacredly. A divine emphasis is laid upon trivial matters of well-being. Filth and contagious diseases are an abomination in the sight of God. Health is well pleasing to God. Family, property, personal rights, sex, are guarded by divine sanctions.

There is always danger lest political life fall into low estimate, and below the reach of conscience. The Bible teaches it as the highest and well-nigh the sum of all duties.

3. Look at the Bible as a book of biography.

We balance our study of history and of social institutions by a study of individuals. There is nothing more charming, nothing more instructive, than the lives of great or remarkable men. The most enduring book in the world after the Bible is "Plutarch's Lives." The proper study of mankind is man. In the lives of others we learn the possibilities of human nature—how great, how various, how good or bad it can be. We learn thus how to bear evil fortune, how to guide our course and shape our conduct. There is no stimulus like that which comes from the lives of great men; no influence so penetrating and molding. The Bible is permanently a book of biographies. It is a book of religious history, but the history is always turning on a man. It is a book of religion, but the religion is that of real life, and of separate men.

A biography gets its interest and value from the great qualities of the person, or from the nature of his experiences or achievements, and also from the influence and relations of his life. When men of great natures move through great scenes, and do great deeds, or when they unfold qualities and traits that are fine and rare and strong, then we have the materials for biography. By such a standard the Bible is most rich in this material for study. What a figure is Moses—dwarfing all other men in the magnitude of his achievements; what loftiness; what breadth of character; what vicissitudes in his history; how romantic—a waif on the waters of the Nile at the beginning, buried by angels at the end! Plutarch would have struck out a dozen of his Greeks or Romans to have made room for him.

Take such a character as Jacob—a man who so impressed his traits upon his race that it continues to wear them after four thousand years. Such a man is worth studying.

Take Saul, the first king. The romance of his early life is enough to entrance a child, the later portion subtle enough to perplex a sage, and the whole furnishing a tragedy as weird and terrible and significant as "Macbeth."

Take David—a man who covers a broader reach of qualities than any other found in all history; a continental character, embracing in himself whole zones of morality, mountains and plains, green pastures and stagnant fens, still waters and rushing torrents, but joining all into beauty as they spread under the light of heaven.

Take Solomon—the typical wise man of the East, wise and weak, a dreamer, a compiler of proverbs, the consummate flower of Orientalism. Look, on the other hand, at Elijah, another type of the East—a mighty spirit, the loftiest expression of Judaism on its prophetic side, and of religion untouched by grace.

Take all the greater prophets—a most peculiar race of men, unlike any other, and each one a separate, towering figure in greatness. They are the representatives of that class by whom society is ever being saved—the remnant that cannot be perverted, the minority that stands for the truth of the past and heralds the truth of the future; that is persecuted in one generation and canonized in the next. The prophets are the true protestants; they are the chief examples of those who put truth above its forms, God above the church, religion above the service of religion, the spirit above the creed. It is not amiss thoroughly to know such men.

Passing to the New Testament, we find ourselves in a group of most interesting characters: a woman, meek and devout, stainless in the womanhood that henceforth is to glorify and bless the world; John, the greatest of prophets; and then One who sums up humanity and furnishes in his acts and words the endless theme of study. Finally we have St. Paul—a man who illuminates his age by the light in which he stands out. When one knows St. Paul, there is not much contemporaneous history or philosophy or religion or social condition and custom that one will not also know.

Setting all religious considerations aside, I think there is not a character in all history so well worth studying. He unfolds so richly and variously; there is such an immense sweep of character in him, such contrasts and apparent contradictions, yet such unity and absolute singleness of purpose, such worldly wisdom along with such seraphic piety, such a grasp on both worlds, such practical pliancy to his varying conditions, and such rigidity in actual character—where will we find another like him?

4 I might also speak of the Bible as worthy of study simply as a book of literature. Men are now writing and talking about the best hundred books, and give us their names; but here are a hundred books in one. It would be a pleasant thing for many of us if we could take these hundred best books and give our days to them. To love and know good books is about the highest and purest of pleasures; it is the heaven of the intellect. It does not fade out like other passions, nor turn into vanity as age comes on, but proves more and more a solace and a joy.

But we busy American people have little time for this great world of letters. We know our Shakespeare and Scott, our Bacon and Tennyson, but few of us go further. Has it ever occurred to you that the Bible offers us more literature, of more variety, excellence, and power, than can be found elsewhere in the same space? Of its history, social science, and biography we have spoken, but there are portions that may be considered purely as literature. Dr. Johnson once read the Book of Ruth to a company of literary infidels. "What a charming idyl!" they said; "where did you find it?"

Take the story of Joseph sold into Egypt; of Saul seeking lost asses and finding a kingdom; of David's rise to the throne; of Elijah and Ahab; of the building of the Temple; of Nehemiah and Daniel—apart from their deeper religious significance, they have that quality which has always delighted mankind, and always will—namely, the romantic or wonderful based on good or ill desert. It is the unfailing theme of literature.

There are four fields of literature in which the Bible rises higher than all other books: ethics, religious poetry, religious visions, and the drama in its high sense as a discussion of human life. The Proverbs and the Book of Ecclesiastes are the wisest, aptest, most varied, and best expressed maxims of practical life ever made, and outweigh in value all others taken together.

The Psalms, considered simply as expressions of religious feeling, find no rival. They touch every mood, sink to all depths, rise to all heights; they are as free and natural as the winds, and cover human nature as it weeps and struggles and hopes and rejoices.

The prophetic utterances are not only unique, but are fuller of passion, sublimer in expression, bolder in imagery, loftier in conception, than anything to be found in profane literature. And they have this unique quality: they are the products of an actual experience, and not mere creations of the imagination. They have also this transcendent value—one that should make them dear to every thoughtful man: they are expressions of patriotism, and contain the philosophy of national life as existing in God. When will our colleges incorporate Isaiah into the curriculum along with the works of Mill, as something quite as scientific and very much larger?

The Book of Job, the opening chapters of Genesis, and the Apocalypse—I class them together because they discuss what may be called the eternal questions in a dramatic way—carry the discussion into a higher realm than any of the great masterpieces of profane literature. Until recently the Book of Job has not been well translated, and probably but few scholars have fully mastered it; but we are slowly finding out that simply as a piece of literature it leads all others. It is the subtlest, the profoundest, and the only satisfactory discussion of the mystery of human suffering—the chief problem of existence—ever made. The early Greek tragedies move on the same lines, but are full of fate, and end in bare endurance. Job is full of freedom, and ends in trust. Which best matches life? Or, compare the Apocalypse, with its triumph of righteousness, its assertion of God over all and in all, heaven and earth swept away and the order of the Spirit, toward which creation has struggled from the beginning, gained at last—compare it with the coarse materialism of Lucretius, or the half-truths of Milton, or the baffled utterances of Shakespeare, who grows dumb when he finds himself in the heights, and sinks back saying, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

5. The Bible is worthy of study as a book full of undeveloped forces and truths. I mean the opposite of the common assertion that it is an exhausted book. I mean it in a sense that excludes it from being classed with other books called sacred. I admit that there are a few books which seem to hold within themselves truths capable of infinite expansion, and to touch truths not yet realized. Such are some of the great philosophies and poems and essays; but after studying them awhile the sense of *finiteness* begins to gather about them; we come to limitations, to boundaries; there is a solid firmament above, and the truths run round the world and not into endless heavens; we detect faults; we feel the weakness of a human personality; we say, "Thou hast seen far, but not the end, nor the whole."

It is not so when we read the Bible. One reason why some men reject it or pass it by is that it so quickly carries them beyond their depth and outruns their conception. And one reason why other men delight in it, and write books upon books about it, is that it brings the infinite and the mysterious within reach, enkindling their imaginations and stirring their spirits by the outlooks thus gained. For example, the Bible is the only book which, from first to last, asserts a spiritual origin, basis, and destiny for the universe: it sprang from God; it exists in God; it is moving toward God. But ask almost any great man of science what is his theory of the universe, and he will tell you that this is either his conviction or his guess.

The Bible is also a book which from first to last—even in such characters as Jacob and Samson—treats man as a spiritual being: he is more than flesh and bones; more than mind and will; more even than conscience and moral sense; he is a spiritual being, akin to God; he belongs, in some way, to the Power out of which sprang the worlds; he reaches forward to the end of all things, and will find his destiny—there in God—when heaven and earth and his own body have passed away. In a thousand ways this is asserted, presupposed, interwoven, throughout the Bible. The philosophers are beginning to tell us the same things, but in far feebler ways. The Bible is not only impregnated with this conception of man, but it makes it the basis of history, the force in actual lives, and the secret of the world.

Now, if any man wishes to study these great subjects, he can study them nowhere so well as in the Bible. They are there unconsciously, as it were. They are taken for granted; they unfold in actual life and history; they emerge with more and more clearness until we behold them in all fullness and perfection in Jesus Christ. In him we find the true humanity, and we find it to be divine. In him life has its explanation and its destiny. In Christ we know God and creation and all the laws of existence. By him the worlds were made. Ah, there is something worth thinking of beyond the letter! In his light all things become plain and fall into order. In him we learn the secret of the world; its mystery is revealed, and we find it to be *redemption*, deliverance from evil—a universal and a personal thing.

I spoke of the Bible as a book of undeveloped spiritual forces. I mean that we find in it those facts and laws and truths which are working out the destiny of man. They are spread out in a life; they are uttered in words. The parables of Christ—if we but knew it—contain the history of the world and of mankind for all eternity. The Sermon on the Mount states the laws by which human society progresses and will reach its goal of perfection. The acts of Christ's life illustrate or reveal how this material world is immersed in the real world of the spirit, where the miraculous becomes natural.

The whole life of Christ is simply a *true* life—perfectly obedient to God, wholly sacrificed for man, duty itself, love itself, lost and so found, divine and human, and claiming a oneness for humanity with itself in God.

Serious minds do not dispute that here, at least, are great forces; here is a great fact at work, along the grooves of which history is now running.

You find them hinted at in recent science, and more than hinted at in social science, and plainly asserted in philosophy; but in the Bible we find them spread out in actual living. Men who believe them live and act and struggle and die before our eyes. We behold the truth along with its illustration and vindication.

I anticipate the day when the Bible will stand higher in the estimate of men than ever before. It will not be blindly worshiped as in the past, but it will be more intelligently read. It is not a book of the past, but of the future. As we move up toward it we shall find that it reflects the world on its pages, and that it contains the true order of human life.

Meanwhile it is not amiss for us to study the Decalogue for social guidance; the Beatitudes for guides in daily life; and Christ, in all the light and mystery of his being and character, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life—the way through this tangled world, the truth in this world of perplexity, the life in this world where all things else perish and pass away.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

If conscience smite thee once, it is admonition; if twice, it is condemnation.—[Cecil.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.—[Fuller.

The truth is not so much that a man has conscience as that conscience has him.—[Dorner.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take with us to the other world.—[W. Humboldt.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which make us stronger for the time, but leave us weaker forever after.—[Swift.

Conduct is the great profession; behavior is perpetually revealing us; what a man does tells what he is.—[F. D. Huntington.

Even the devil has one good quality—that if we resist him he will flee from us. Though cowardly in him, it is safety for us.—[Tryon Edwards.

The longer I live, the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel toward those who impress its importance on the community.—[Webster.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.—[La Bruyere.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops; one single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.—[Charles Buxton.

I have read in Plato and Cicero sayings that are very wise and beautiful; but I never read in either of them, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—[Augustine.

Conscience is the true vicar of Christ in the soul; a prophet in its information; a monarch in its peremptoriness; and a priest in its blessings or anathemas, according as we obey or disobey it.—[J. Newman.

The older I grow—and now I stand on the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me that sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes—"What is the chief end of man?—To glorify God and enjoy him forever."—[Carlyle.

My heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be merely a human production.—[Daniel Webster.

Before I commit a sin it seems to me so shallow that I may wade through it dry-shod from any guiltiness; but when I have committed it, it often seems so deep that I cannot escape without drowning.—[Fuller.

Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life.—[Prior.

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.—[Jane Porter.

The tender, humble, broken heart is the best thank-offering.—[Perowne.

Do the truth you know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know.—[George Macdonald.

You cannot repent too soon, because you do not know how soon it may be too late.—[T. Fuller.

I never heard yet of a committee asking for a preacher that is popular with God Almighty.—[Rev. S. Jones.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations.—[Goethe.

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—[Luther.

If the glory of virtue do not first enter into thee, thou shalt never enter into the virtue and triumph of glory.—[Adams.

Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Men may be too little for your great matters; God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—[Robert Hall.

Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask at the corner of the house, to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing.—[Talmage.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

ON last Friday evening Plymouth Church and Society finally acted on the proposition to elect the Rev. Lyman Abbott temporary pastor. Since November last he has been supplying the pulpit by the Sabbath. By this action he assumes pastoral relations to the church, but only for a temporary period, to facilitate and aid in the work of the church until a permanent pastor is selected. His relations to The Christian Union remain unaltered. The correspondence between him and the Joint Committee of the Church and Society, read at the meeting, was as follows:

BROOKLYN, January 11, 1888.

Reverend and Dear Sir:

The undersigned have been appointed by Plymouth Church and Society as a joint committee to invite you to become the temporary acting pastor of Plymouth Church, during the period which must elapse before a permanent pastor can be installed upon the terms stated in the resolutions copies of which are inclosed. In presenting this call the Church and Society do not expect from you, in case of your acceptance, the benefit of your whole time or of your undivided services. They are aware that you have other important engagements, and while they would gladly have the benefit of as much of your services, your earnest thought, and your affectionate interest as you may find practicable, they do not look for that exclusive and undivided concentration of all your powers upon the work of the church which might be reasonably expected from a permanent pastor.

We are not authorized by the Society to make any definite offer of compensation to you, but it is right to state that the fund available for this purpose is not and cannot be as large as it was during the life of our late beloved pastor. Not only will the regular receipts be smaller than they were, but the expense of the mission work, which was for some years largely provided for by Mr. Beecher individually, must now be borne by the Society. Under these circumstances it is not possible for us to pay, even to a permanent pastor, a salary at all comparable to that which has been paid in the past, while the salary of a temporary pastor must inevitably be still smaller.

We believe that the condition of the church and of its schools and missions is such as to open before you a work of the highest usefulness; that it is in your power to stimulate the church to greater activity and a higher spiritual life; that your labors among us up to this time have been attended with remarkable success, and that in the more extended work which we now ask you to assume you will find opportunities for the highest usefulness.

In hope that you will accept the field of labor to which we now invite you, and with the assurance of our most earnest co-operation with you in Christian work, we remain, on behalf of Plymouth Church and Society, your sincere friends,

THOMAS G SHEARMAN,
HENRY A RICHARDSON,
Committee of the Church.
GEORGE W. BRUSH,
A. D. WHEELOCK,
Committee of the Society.

To this letter the following reply was received from Dr. Abbott:

Gentlemen:

The invitation extended to me last fall to supply temporarily Plymouth pulpit I accepted with hesitation. In entering on this work I expect to lay aside all other engagements to the public except those involved in my editorial connection with The Christian Union, for that is a legacy left me by Mr. Beecher and an opportunity given me by God, and I could neither abandon the legacy nor relinquish the opportunity; but by relinquishing some administrative details, and by obtaining some additional facilities in work, I hope to secure no less time and strength for true editorial labor without conflict with the duties of the office to which you have called me. If at any time the two positions seem to clash, my resignation will be at your immediate disposal.

As to compensation, I have only to repeat what I have said to you in person, and I should be entirely unwilling that you should sacrifice your missionary work in the least regard in order to compensate me. I have no doubt that Plymouth Church will desire to pay all it can afford to pay for the services of its chosen spiritual leader, and I leave the question of what it can and what it ought to pay for such service wholly to its own spirit of liberality and its practical judgment.

It only remains to be added that both understand the arrangement to be a temporary one only; that it can be closed at any time by either of us whenever, for any reason, it seems best, and that you do not expect of me to inaugurate far-reaching plans of church work, or radical changes in either organization or methods, even if eventually any were desirable, but only to so conserve and strengthen present activities that, when the period of interregnum shall have passed, the permanent pastor, whoever he may be, shall find the church at least no weaker or less harmonious than it is at present.

May the God of peace make us perfect in every good work to do his will, working in us that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. LYMAN ABBOTT.

The Joint Committee, acting in connection with the Advisory Committee and the Trustees, recommended that the salary be fixed at $6 500 a year, which was adopted by the Society. At the prayer-meeting immediately preceding this meeting a letter was read from Queen Street Congregational Church of Wolverhampton, England, to Plymouth Church, expressing thanks for the reception Dr. Berry had received in America.

AFFAIRS IN TURKEY.

BY THE REV. HAGOP C. BULBULIAN,
Of Aintab, Turkey.

THE "Evening Post" not long since had a short paragraph (taken from "Times's" Constantinople correspondence) about the celebration of the birthday of Mohammed by the Sultan of Turkey. On this occasion his Majesty, in his public address, which was called a "new departure," had "pointedly alluded to the satisfactory condition of the empire." How many who read this statement really believed that the Sultan spoke the truth? Those who are thoroughly acquainted with the state of things in Turkey know well that the truth has been entirely concealed by his Highness. For the fact is that Turkey to-day is in a most lamentable condition, and year after year it grows more so. Soon after the late Russo-Turkish war, and the accession of the present Sultan to the throne, things took a turn for the worse. A few facts will explain what I mean.

First. There was a revival of the fanatical spirit of Mohammedanism, not in its past strength, freshness, and activity, and yet in a comparatively marked form. During the war, as we well remember, the proud and defiant Turk was humiliated before the rapid advance of the Russian bear, and, cursing the Christians, in a deep sigh was mourning over the fallen glory of Islam. But to-day he is again a *real Turk.* The strokes of the war have been somewhat healed, and the defiled hands of Christian powers in Europe have been withdrawn. Mohammed is again to the front. "*Curse to the Giaour*" is once more their watchword.

No one can deny that the revival of old hatred and fanaticism is chiefly due to Sultan Hamid; for he himself is a fanatical and most devout Mohammedan. In the early years of his accession to the throne, we were told, he used to read the Koran carefully every day, and it is no wonder that, while he was apparently the friend of the Christians, he inwardly hated them. No wonder he and his staff take every possible measure to preserve and increase the welfare of the "Hak Din," or True Religion, and of the beloved people of Mohammed.

Secondly. These later years of his reign have been marked by an increased ill treatment of Christians, and a denial of their rights.

The Treaty of Berlin contained clauses intended to secure to the Christians safety, honor, and freedom. But it seems now that those provisions were meant only for the day; for ever since Christians have again and again been ill treated, and their rights ignored. Hundreds of Armenian families (belonging to the Old Church) have gone over to the Catholic Church in order to secure the prestige and protection of Catholic influence. Some are proposing to unite with the Church of England so as to gain sympathy from that quarter. The Armenian Patriarch has resigned, because the Porte ignores the rights of the Patriarchate. The abuses and ill treatment of individuals I cannot stop to enumerate; but I will give just one instance among many. A Mohammedan judge, not long ago, in a well-known city of Turkey, assaulted an Armenian priest in open court and attempted to strike him, and on many other occasions has this same judge shown his bitter hatred for Christians, and the facts are known to many witnesses. Alas! the bright hope which had smiled upon us during the war has again been darkened, and we mourn that we are deceived.

Thirdly. I must speak of the present poverty of the country.

I need not say much, as already the ears of good and benevolent Christians have been filled with the accounts of the terrible famine which has caused so much suffering and distress in Cilicia. But the calamity has not been confined to that place only; all over the empire, more or less, people have been afflicted with drought and its result of famine. Government could not help the drought. But if the country had means of easy communication and transportation, and were not reduced to such desperate poverty by misgovernment, there would not be so much suffering. And why do we not have railroads? Because the poor are too poor to get shoes for themselves, and yet too self-conceited and jealous to let others make them for them. Besides, railroads would show the country to the enemy, and tempt them to invade and possess it. The more the country is left to its savage condition, the more safe is it. Famine, poverty, depression in business, and with all these the merciless demand to supply the extravagant expenses of the officers of the government of the Porte and of the Sultan, have taken from the hands of many poor men their last piece of bread, and many, destitute of any aspiration and ambition, beg for a living, that they may prolong a little more their fainting life in shattered bodies. Meanwhile the Government, with $10,000,000 deficit and the pressure of Russia for indemnity arrears, trying to conceal its vain struggle for help and relief. She walks proudly in her best suit, like a beggar whose stomach is hungry and her pocket empty.

People in Turkey are in a more deplorable condition than we think of. Money, money! is the cry of every man, woman, and child. And this is the one principal reason why our churches are struggling so hard with their duty in maintaining their own churches and spreading the Gospel.

Fourthly. There has been a great increase of banditti. Turkey has seldom been safe from lawless highwaymen, and in these later years they seem to have formed a special organization, which is a growing one. To-day certain parts of the empire are in the hands of such bloody and cruel gangs, who plunder villages, destroy homes, and raid upon caravans. The cruelties done by these lawless, merciless, and godless people are too heart-cutting to describe. They burn men in kerosene oil; they carry them over the mountains, and then demand a large sum for ransom, and, if the ransom is not paid, torture them or cut their throats. Not long since, several Christian young men returning home after years of absence were attacked and robbed by such a band of robbers, then tortured and mutilated, and left to die in agony.

Now, while the country is in such a deplorable and lamentable condition, how can we believe in that flattering statement of the Sultan!

It is hard to be under a yoke put upon us by a friendly hand; harder still was it for Young America to bow before the crown of England, her mother. But, ah! how much more hard it is for a Christian people to be under the yoke of a power whose first and last aim is to crush the Christian and support the interests of Mohammedanism! For the Turks are the enemies of humanity, civilization, and Christianity.

No wonder the Jews again and again revolted against the Romans. We are sometimes tempted to call them reckless and bigoted. So they were. Nevertheless, when one feels the same painful agony in his own heart, he is irresistibly drawn toward them with sympathy, and finds very little to blame in their outcry against Gentiles.

During the Middle Ages, when the hordes of the Turkish army were spreading over Asia and Europe, the whole Christian world trembled at the sound of their horses' feet, like leaves in a hurricane. And about the same time a comet was seen in the sky; and so in all the churches they were ordered to pray, "Lord, deliver us from the comet, the devil, and the Turk." Science and a more enlightened Christianity have taught us not to be afraid of comets, and we care not if hundreds of them appear. As to the devil, some say there is no such thing, some say there is; and those who believe in him say that if you stand on the Lord's side he can do you no harm. But as to the Turks, it is our duty still to pray, "Lord, deliver us from the Turks."

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

A DISCUSSION ON IMMORTALITY.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused during the last month in Neuchatel by the delivery there of a series of lectures on "Conditional Immortality," by Dr. Petavel-Olliffe, Professor of Theology, of Geneva. The course, which consisted of twelve lectures, was largely attended, the audience being composed of the professors and students of the two theological faculties, the ministers of the town, the heads of the numerous educational institutions, as well as of a large number of the general public. The learned doctor traversed the whole ground in an exhaustive manner, discussing the subject in its relation to Biblical exegesis, to science, to philosophy, to the doctrines and usages of the primitive Church, and to the patristic testimony. He argued that the traditional dogma rested on the Platonic notion of the necessary immortality of the soul, which was entirely unscriptural, was unknown to the early Christians, and had been imported into the Church by the Alexandrian school of Christian Fathers. He strongly urged that in placing the doctrine of a future life on a basis at once scientific and Scriptural, there would be found the means of reconquering the ground lost to Christianity in France and on the Continent generally. At the close of the course of lectures, an open service for general discussion was held, attended by a crowded auditory, in which the positions of the Professor were controverted successively by a Universalist, an adherent of the doctrine of eternal punishment, and finally by Professor G. Godet, the son of Professor F. Godet, the celebrated commentator. M. Godet contented himself with criticising certain details of the lectures, indicating his own position to be one of reserve on eschatological questions. Dr. Petavel-Olliffe in his rejoinder created much interest by recounting an interview he had recently held with M. François Coppée, the celebrated poet and Academician of France, who had declared to him that his grand objection to Christianity was in its usually accepted dogma of eternal punishment.—[London Christian World.

MR. SPURGEON'S RESIGNATION.

A CABLE dispatch says that a deputation of the Baptist Union had a conference last Friday with Mr. Spurgeon with reference to his withdrawal from the Union. Mr. Spurgeon declared that he must still maintain his resignation. He suggested that the Council should adopt a simple basis of Bible truths, such as are accepted evangelical doctrines. He considered that the constitution of the Union did not contain sufficient powers to enable it to deal with members who disclosed heretical tendencies. He declined to accuse anybody formally. He said that when he had spoken of that which looked like the beginning of a confederacy in evil he referred to no special association in connection with which deviations from the Gospel truth could be discerned. He would continue to support the departments of the Union in which he was specially interested. A plenary council of the Union has been convoked for Thursday of this week to consider Mr. Spurgeon's position.

A. M. A. NOTE.

THE executive officers of the American Missionary Association take pleasure in announcing that the Rev. Dr. Woodworth, so long and well known as the District Secretary of the Association for New England, has very kindly offered to meet the present emergency brought to us in the afflictive removal of the Rev. Dr. Powell, by remaining and directing the duties of the office until he shall welcome as his successor the Rev. Charles J. Ryder, who has been transferred from the Southern field to the Eastern District of its collecting field, as District Secretary.

Superintendent Ryder is now in the South, engaged in necessary supervisory work, but expects to return and to enter upon his new duties in about one month. We solicit for him the hearty welcome and co-operation of all the friends of the American Missionary Association.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

[The Editors will be glad to receive items of news for these columns.]

MIDDLE STATES.

—A meeting was held at the General Episcopal Theological Seminary in this city, last Friday, in response to a circular issued by the Missionary Society of the Seminary. The purpose was to form a Church Students' Missionary Association. Delegates were present from many of the theological schools, colleges, church schools, and Episcopal societies. Addresses were made by Dean Hoffman, by Dr. Thomas Richey, who spoke on "The Missionary Spirit," and by the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, who spoke on "Foreign Missions." He said that the missionary record of the church was disgraceful. "The missionary spirit," he added, "lies deeper than any creed or doctrine. Our work is woefully behind what the work of a church of the wealth and power of our church ought to be. We look for much both of hindrance and success from the great movement of the whole of Christendom on the whole of heathendom." It is intended to make these missionary conventions annual and to extend their scope.

—The list of preachers who will preach the second series of the Cornell University sermons has just been announced. Among the most eminent are the following: The Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D. (Episcopalian), New York City; the Rev. S. S. Harris, D.D., LL.D. (Episcopalian), Detroit, Mich.; the Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D. (Unitarian), Boston; the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. (Baptist), Boston; the Rev. Robert Collyer (Unitarian), New York City; the Rev. A. H. Tuttle, D.D. (Methodist), Wilkesbarre, Penn.; baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. (Congregational), Brooklyn.

—The Congregational clergymen of Brooklyn propose to form a society like that existing among their brethren in New York, which shall be mainly social in its character. A meeting has been called of prominent members of the Congregational churches for February 2, at the Johnston Building, to perfect an organization. A representation of from five to ten from each church is expected.

—The Rev. Robert E. Campbell has just been dismissed from the Presbytery of Hudson, N. Y., to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He assigns as a reason for the step that he had become convinced that the Presbyterian Church was antagonizing the modern movement toward the union of all Protestant bodies, that its creed was formal and schismatic, and that its communion was honeycombed by unbelief, in all which respects he claimed to have found the Episcopal Church more sound and righteous.

—At the meeting of the Brooklyn Baptist Extension Society last week the report of the Treasurer showed that since the Society had been established there had been an increase of 5,411 members, or 53 per cent. out of a population which had been increasing at the rate of 112 per cent. The grand total of receipts from the different churches represented in the Society during the last year was $7,643.54.

—At the meeting of the New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational churches, held with the East Church on Tuesday of last week, the most interesting feature in the afternoon exercises was the reading of a paper by F. W. Hinrichs, Esq., on the topic "So Called Protection Contrary to Christianity." Mr. Hinrichs said: "So-called protection is opposed to Christianity. First, it is opposed to freedom; secondly, it is a system which tends to organize deceit and falsehood; third, the poorer laboring men bear the burden of the tax; fourth, the avowed purpose of protection is to shut out the products of foreign labor—this is unchristian, as it violates the brotherhood of man; fifth, the appeal to avarice contained in the system makes men falsify in their statements to the laborers; sixth, the appeal to avarice as manifested in trusts, combinations, etc., is only possible by the reason of the lack of foreign competition; and, lastly, men are being drawn to the cities, farms are deserted and men are becoming machines." An animated discussion followed. In the evening Professor R. W. Raymond read a paper on "Some Aspects of the Labor Question." The greater part of this paper was printed in our issue of last week.

—There is a scheme of theological education carried on among the women of Philadelphia which deserves great extension. Dr. McConnell, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, has provided a weekly class and lecture, open to women, called the Church Woman's Institute. The best teachers available are provided, four of whom give a lecture once a month each on his special topic.

—Evangelist Mills is holding services in Philadelphia. Ten churches, representing seven denominations, unite in these services, which are held evenings in the Central Congregational Church and afternoons in the other churches in turn.

—The Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., has begun his labors in the chair of Sacred Literature in Union Seminary, as the successor of Dr. Schaff, who has succeeded the late President Hitchcock as Professor of Church History.

—The corner stone of the Presbyterian Church, Newtown, L. I., was laid in 1787. In commemoration of this event a centennial service was held on Friday evening, December 30, 1887. It was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. G. H. Payson, assisted by the Rev. J. D. Wells, D.D., of Brooklyn, and the Rev. W. W. Knox, of Bayonne, N. J. A peculiar interest was attached to this service from the fact that it was held in a building consecrated by a century of divine worship.

—Trinity Congregational Church of New York moved into the lecture-room of its new edifice, on 176th Street, January 1. The building is expected to be completed before Easter. A correspondence is published in the "Westchester Times" between this church, of which the Rev. James M. Whiton is pastor, and the Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham, Eng. (Dr. Dale's), which Mr. Whiton supplied last summer. The Carr's Lane Church committee speak in terms of the highest appreciation of the effect of Dr. Whiton's preaching there, and their esteem for him, and express sincere desire for the prosperity of Trinity Church.

NEW ENGLAND

—The Rev. Dr. George Leon Walker, pastor since 1879 of the Old Center Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn., surprised his congregation on Sunday by reading a letter of resignation. The reason for his action is his poor health. Dr. Walker is a member of the Corporation of Yale College, and is one of the most widely known Congregational clergymen in the country.

—The Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., who is holding a "protracted meeting" in Lawrence, Mass., is receiving a warm response from the Christian people of that city. All the churches are united in the work. The audience during the last week numbered five hundred in the afternoon Bible Reading Service, and from eight to eleven hundred in the evening preaching service. A congregation of thirteen hundred men listened to him on Sunday evening, January 8, in the Essex Rink.

—The Presbytery of St. John, N. B., have adopted the proposition of the General Assembly that this clause be struck out of the Confession of Faith: "The man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own, nor the woman of her husband's kindred nearer in blood than of her own."

—At the last meeting of the Universalist Club of Boston the Rev. R. H. White, of Newtonville, in an address on "Luther and the Reformation" noted the effect of the discovery of a complete Bible, which till then he had never seen, by Luther in the Urfurt Library, and then declared that the policy of keeping the Bible away from the people then was the same policy that is to-day driving the Bible from the public schools and establishing parochial schools. The speaker declared further that no good, thoroughgoing Catholic could be a good American citizen. The attitude of Mr. White gave rise to some discussion. Dr. Miner called attention to the danger to our schools and to Americanism from the policy of the Roman Catholic Church, which pursues its ends patiently through everything. S. H. Dudley did not think the danger was so great as had been intimated. He thought that the Americanism of American Catholics was generally stronger than their Catholicism.

—"Free Against Pewed Churches" was the subject discussed by the Southern Convocation of the Episcopal Church of Massachusetts in Boston last week. Dr. Phillips Brooks and others spoke in favor of renting pews, while several speakers advocated making all pews free.

—The twentieth anniversary of Park Street Congregational Church, Bridgeport, was celebrated last Sunday.

—The South Main Street Congregational Church of Manchester, N. H., has been remodeled at an expense of $7,000.

—The Rev. Newman Smyth will deliver an oration at the 250th anniversary of the founding of New Haven, Conn., to take place on April 25 next. Dr. Smyth, it will be remembered, is the successor of Dr. Leonard Bacon as pastor of the First or Center Church, the oldest in the city.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—Dr. Tolman Wheeler, of Chicago, who has given away a fortune for charity during his long lifetime, has added to his donations a four-story block at the southeast corner of South Water and Clark Streets, valued at $150,000, which he last week presented to the Western Episcopal Theological Seminary, on the sixtieth anniversary of his wedding. Dr. Wheeler is eighty-six years old and his wife eighty-four. They have no children.

—The First Congregational Church in Chicago, of which Dr. E. P. Goodwin is pastor, has a membership of 1,777 in the home church and its branches. Its annual report, just published, gives a total of $13,912 63 for benevolences. It does a large mission work, helping new churches into organization, and is just starting a new branch on West Harrison Street.

—The Third Presbyterian Church of Chicago on January 8 observed the first anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Withrow, formerly of Boston. The church debt of $30,000 has been paid or pledged through his efforts, as he has made it his personal work to clear the debt on one of the largest and most fashionable places of worship in this city. He has secured within the last few weeks more than $35 000, thus wiping out the debt and leaving a surplus. During the year 225 members have been added to the list of the church.

—The American Missionary Association has 246 teachers, 8 616 scholars in its six chartered, sixteen normal, and thirty-two common schools in the South. It has 127 churches, 108 missionaries, and 15,109 scholars in the Sunday-school. Among the Indians it sustains 5 churches with 370 members, and 61 missionaries and 18 schools with 608 scholars. Among the Chinese it supports 17 schools, 28 missionaries, 1,044 enrolled scholars. Receipts the past year were $306 761.31. Expenditures (including debt of $5,783), $304 567 51.

—The corner-stone of the new Starr King Memorial Church in San Francisco is the same that was laid in the foundation of the old church by Dr. King himself.

—There is a remarkable coincidence in the lives of the Protestant Episcopal Bishops Talbot and Leonard, lifelong friends. They were boys together in a little mission in Missouri, starting to school the same day, sitting at the same desk. They were confirmed together, together were ordained deacon and priest, each celebrated matrimony for the other, and now they are appointed bishops over neighboring jurisdictions.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—C. W. Huntington, of the Central Church of Providence, R. I., has received a call from the High Street Church of Lowell, Mass.

—Harlan Page, of Cohasset, Mass., accepts a call to the church at Ashburnham.

—L. P. Spelman, of Howard City, Mich., has resigned to accept a call to Le Roy.

—E. M. Frary accepts a call from the church in Coleraine.

—F. P. Tompkins, of Claremont, N. H., has received a call from the Second Church of Greenfield, Mass.

—C. S. Mills, of Springfield, Vt., has received a call to the church at North Brookfield, Mass.

—H. M. Herrick was ordained as pastor of the church at Winona, Minn.

—E. C. Moulton, of Ames, Ia., has resigned.

—W. B. Wright has accepted a call from the First Church of New Britain, Conn.

—S. H. Bray, lately of the Humphrey Street Church, New Haven, Conn., has received a call from the Bethany Church of this city.

—C. H. Cooke has received a call to Antioch, Cal.

—R. H. Thomas accepts a call to Galt, Cal.

—Luke Hall, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has accepted a call to Gladstone.

—Charles B. Strong has received a call to West Suffield, Conn.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—C. E. Herring has accepted a call to the church at East Harlem, N. Y.

—W. E. Moore, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio, has been appointed to succeed the late Dr. E. P. Humphrey in the Conference Committee of the Northern and Southern Presbyterians.

—James A. Reed, D.D., of the First Church of Springfield, Ill., has resigned.

—M. L. Hofford, D.D., of Beverly, Pa., a prominent divine and scholar, died last week at Easton.

—R. F. Lynd accepts a call to Mount Pleasant, Mich.

—Robert Irvine accepts a call to the Second Church, Los Angeles, Cal.

—Peter Parker, D.D., who died in Washington on January 9, was one of the founders of the Medical Missionary Society of China, and was for many years a missionary physician to China under the American Board.

—P. D. Oakey, of Springfield, L. I., has retired from active service after a ministry of nearly fifty years.

—T. H. Cleiland, of Keokuk, Ia., has received a call to the Calvary Church in Springfield, Mo.

—R. H. Van Pelt, of Trumansburg, accepts a call to the First Church, Lawrence, Kan.

—E. F. Walker accepts a call to Grace Church, Evansville, Ind.

EPISCOPAL.

—E. A. Nichols, formerly rector at Saugerties, N. Y., died in Brooklyn on January 13.

—J. P. Tustin, D.D., at one time a Baptist minister, died in Philadelphia on December 27.

—J. S. Johnston, D.D., was consecrated as missionary bishop of Western Texas at Mobile, Ala., on January 6.

—J. O. Dorsey has resigned his position as assistant at Grace Church, Washington, D. C. He has been succeeded by the Rev. J. H. Brown.

—R. F. Innis has resigned his position as assistant of St. Mary's Church, West Philadelphia, Pa.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Levi G. Beck, for many years missionary of the Pennsylvania Baptist Association, died in Philadelphia on January 7.

—J. J. Twist, of Cambridge, Mass., has received a call to the First Unitarian Church of Whitman.

—A. S. Patton, D.D., editor and owner of the "Baptist Weekly," died on January 12 in Brooklyn, N. Y. In addition to his editorial work he had written several books and pamphlets published by the American Tract Society and other agencies.

—Willard Smith, a Methodist minister, who had filled pulpits in many towns, died in Newtonville, Mass., on January 8.

—G. G. Craft, of Cleveland, Ohio, accepts a call to the First Baptist Church of Worcester, Mass.

Books and Authors.

MR. BEECHER'S PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES.[1]

Of this handsome volume of eight hundred and fifty-seven pages, the first one hundred and sixty-one are devoted to a sketch of Mr. Beecher by his lifelong and intimate friend, the publisher of most of his works, and the publisher of The Christian Union during that portion of its career in which Mr. Beecher was most actively engaged in its editorship. This is a sketch, not truly a biography, which indeed it does not purport to be. It hardly purports to be even a portrait; it is rather a collection of suggestive reminiscences written by one who loved and honored Mr. Beecher, but whose love and honor are too great and too sincere to allow him to fall into the common fault of biographers, that of adulation. What Mr. Howard says of other pictures is emphatically true of his own: "The pictures are mostly truthful, but always partial." This is not a case, however, in which the half-truth is a whole falsehood. The real life of Mr. Beecher can only be written by one who writes the history of American thought for half a century; the complete portrait of Mr. Beecher can be painted only by some one with sympathy so large, and with mind so sympathetic, that he can take the various characteristics which others have illustrated, and fuse them all in one great and noble personality. When such a portrait comes to be painted, the elements in Mr. Howard's sketch will be by the artist largely used; when this life comes to be written, if it is ever written, Mr. Howard's volume will have many demands made upon it.

Turning from the introduction to the patriotic addresses themselves, they are divided into three classes: first, "Freedom and Slavery," produced before the war; secondly, "Civil War," produced during the war; thirdly, "Civil Liberty," produced at the close of the war. In the first category is the now famous article from the "Independent" of February 21, 1850, "Shall We Compromise?" the reading of which to John C. Calhoun on his death-bed evoked from him the response: "That man understands things; he has gone to the bottom of it. He will be heard from again." In the second category are the five great English speeches reprinted from the reports published by the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, with the original preface by Mr. Beecher. We doubt whether any speeches, even those of Demosthenes, produced a profounder effect on the world's history, and certainly none were ever made under greater difficulties or against greater odds. The report, especially, of the speech in Liverpool indicates, as far as words can do it, the constant and uproarious interruption. The third category contains the two famous Cleveland letters written in 1866 to the Soldiers and Sailors' Convention held at Cleveland, Ohio. We regret that, for the sake of many readers who have come since 1866 into the knowledge of public affairs, the editor had not preceded these famous letters with a little fuller description than Mr. Beecher's postscript affords, of the state of the country and the political controversy excited by the course of President Johnson. We have mentioned these three papers, selecting them from the others, because they are typical each of its class, and because they represent the spirit of Mr. Beecher during the three great epochs—of anti-slavery controversy, of civil war, and of reconstruction.

We frankly admit that our estimate of Mr. Beecher is not an impartial one. It is the estimate of one who admired his genius and loved him personally; of one always glad to count Mr. Beecher chief among his teachers; the estimate, therefore, of a reverencing and loving pupil. It is our conviction, one which doubtless will be received by some of our readers with a kindly disdain, that he is much more likely to be underestimated than to be overestimated. That he was a great orator all the world knows, and as such he was by all the world admired; so was Wendell Phillips—a more finished, if not a greater, orator; so was George Whitefield—a more dramatic, if not a more powerful, orator. But Wendell Phillips was not a statesman, nor was George Whitefield a theologian; and, in our judgment, Mr. Beecher was both. It is true that he put his statesmanship in the current coin of popular speech and disseminated it among the people, and he did the same with his theology. It is true that his methods and influence were those of an orator, but he was far more than an orator. He is an orator who takes principles which others have wrought out, and makes them by his effective methods of presentation current in human life. Mr. Beecher wrought out himself the principles which he afterwards presented in popular form in the pulpit and on the platform. It has been said of him times without number that he was no theologian; but no man, not even Maurice in England nor Bushnell in America, did so much to revolutionize the habits and change the center of theological thought as did Mr. Beecher. He was often classed among the idealists and the impracticables; but no man, unless it was Abraham Lincoln, whose methods of speech were entirely different but whose cast of mind was quite analogous, did so much to shape public thought in the three great epochs of our national history in the midst of which he lived. No man saw more clearly or taught more vigorously than Mr. Beecher the truth of which Abraham Lincoln was an equally clear and courageous, but no clearer nor more courageous, expounder, that peace can never be secured by the compromise of conflicting principles; that compromise applies only to methods, never to fundamental results. No man interpreted more clearly than did he, in his English speeches, the essential issues involved in the Civil War. To the watchwords Liberty and Union he gives a new interpretation, showing their industrial, commercial, and moral significance. And when the war was over, and men who had taken small part in fighting slavery while it was alive were showing their courage by kicking it when it was dead, he was among the first to point out the fundamental principles which must underlie reconstruction and lasting peace. That his interpretation of duty in the first two epochs was identical with that of Abraham Lincoln's we all know; and there is good reason to believe that Abraham Lincoln's forecasting interpreted the principles of permanent reconstruction exactly as Mr. Beecher did, though he unhappily did not live to lend the aid of his great leadership in their practical incorporation in the restored Union.

We welcome this volume, then, not merely as a contribution to Mr. Beecher's biography, or as a new and valuable illustration of his power as an orator, the memory of which a grateful nation ought not willingly to lose; we welcome it as a contribution to the history of the nation in its most critical period, and as a testimony to the statecraft of one whom we esteem as one of America's great statesmen.

[1] *Patriotic Addresses, in America and England, from 1850 to 1885, on Slavery, the Civil War, and the Development of Civil Liberty in the United States.* By Henry Ward Beecher. Edited, with a Review of Mr. Beecher's Personality and Influence in Public Affairs, by John R. Howard. (New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

THE SPREAD OF HELLENISM.[1]

Professor Mahaffy is certainly one of the most versatile and productive of modern scholars. As with all brilliant men, one finds it necessary to dissent occasionally from his judgments, and he sometimes falls into errors which a more cautious man would avoid. On the other hand, no man of less intellectual fertility and accomplishment could have done Professor Mahaffy's work. He has given us an admirable history of Greek literature; exact, scholarly, and full of insight; a work which in the research and acquaintance with authorities which it reveals is more akin to the methods of German than English scholarship. He has given us a charming volume on "Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander," full of fine discrimination, thorough knowledge of Greek character and habits, and of a delightful literary quality which makes the volume eminently readable. To this earlier and less ambitious work he has now added a later and, in some respects, a much more important work in his "Greek Life and Thought from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest." No writer since Gibbon has imposed upon himself a greater task than that which Professor Mahaffy undertook when he set out to describe the diffusion of Hellenic civilization throughout the East. Alexander was the executive officer of the Greek race; standing in the direct line of its greatest teaching as the pupil of Aristotle, who was the pupil of Plato, who in turn was the pupil of Socrates, Alexander's sword broke down the barriers of the East and gave Greek thought free course throughout the world. There is no chapter in history more profoundly interesting, more varied, or more significant than that which began with the conquests of this marvelous Macedonian youth. The diffusion of the knowledge, the thought, and the speech of the Greeks was one of the greatest events in the life of the world.

Hellenism was the Greek spirit liberated from geographical limits and become a well-nigh universal quality in civilization. Its philosophical center remained at Athens; its literary, scientific center was transferred to Alexandria; its commerce was divided between many cities; its art and education were focused at Alexandria, at Tarsus, at Antioch, and at Byzantium. In a hundred subtle and complex forms Greek thought invaded and made the conquest of the Eastern world. It is this widespread movement which Professor Mahaffy has attempted to describe, and only those who are familiar with the immense accumulation of historic material which must have been mastered before this narrative could have been written will appreciate the magnitude of the task which has been very successfully performed in this volume. Professor Mahaffy shows himself thoroughly at home in all the vast literature of his subject, and while he has drawn largely upon the German scholars who have worked in the same field, his book in its conception and its elaboration shows that he has made that material his own, and that the volume in hand is an individual work of a thoroughly competent scholar. Generally speaking, the history of Greek literature is supposed to end before the time of Alexander, and Professor Mahaffy cannot deny himself the pleasure of an occasional sarcasm at the expense of the scholars who decline to take any interest in later Greek life because the classic touch and spirit had departed from Greek writing. He is not content with any such narrow and unscholarly view as this. It is true that, with the exception of Theocritus, no writer of the period which he describes in this volume is admitted by the consensus of Greek scholarship into the company of the masters of the Greek tongue. But even from a literary point of view the restriction is altogether too dogmatic and narrow. The diffusion of the Greek spirit was one of the great events of history from every point of view, and there is something radically wrong in the perspective of a system of education which makes a man thoroughly familiar with Greek writing and Greek thinking up to the time of the battle of Chæronea, and permits him to remain in absolute ignorance of Greek writing and Greek thinking in the subsequent age, when the Greek became the schoolmaster and the teacher of the whole civilized world. These gentlemen are too much in the position of Demosthenes, who, if his unquestioned patriotism had been crowned with success, would have preserved the autonomy of Athens and lost the intellectual supremacy of the world to his race. Every educated man ought to be familiar with the wonderful movement of thought which Professor Mahaffy presents in this fascinating volume. It is not often that the word fascinating can be used in connection with a historical work, but we use it advisedly in characterizing this history. Professor Mahaffy is not only full of his theme, but he is profoundly interested in the *personnel* of the movement which he describes, and he has filled his volume with anecdotes and characterizations of persons, glimpses of familiar life, which add immensely to the vital and personal interest of his work. The work covers such a vast field, and in such detail, that it is impossible to convey any general description of it within reasonable limits. It is sufficient here to indicate its scope by saying that it gives an account of Alexander and his time, and of the influence of his conquests on the Greece of his epoch; of the struggles of his immediate successors; of philosophy and literature as developed at Athens and Alexandria; of the great intellectual activity which characterised Alexandria, Pergamum, and other cities, of the later social life of the Hellenic peoples, and of Hellenism as received and modified by the Jewish mind. Specialists will not fail to find in a work of such compass defects of methods and errors of judgment; but, when all criticisms are made, Professor Mahaffy's work remains a very notable contribution to scholarship, a work of very great value to English-speaking peoples, and a work of special interest to students of literature.

[1] *Greek Life and Thought from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest.* By J. P. Mahaffy. (New York: Macmillan & Co. 8vo. $3.50.)

MINOR POEMS.

In glancing over a dozen or more of the little volumes of poems continually reaching our table we are struck by the number of such collections of minor poems continually put forth of which it may be said that they are neither very bad nor very good. There seems to be a never-failing supply of writers of verse whose productions are tolerably correct in form, and not offensive in sentiment, which are fairly worthy of the place they obtain in the newspaper and magazine literature of the day, but which are altogether wanting in real poetic fire, which have no strong trace either of imagination or of thought, and which the world soon forgets, if it ever pays serious attention to them at all. From such a category, however, one or two of the volumes before us should be excepted. Notably this is true of Mr. John James Piatt's *Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley*. Mr. Piatt is always distinctly original in style, and his verse has a racy flavor of its own. He is specially fitted to understand and interpret the poetry of home, of common life, and of the fresh spirit of the American country. This, his latest volume, contains not a few short poems which are thoroughly genuine in feeling and sweet in expression. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)——We hope that the publisher and not the author is responsible for the title of the volume called *Some Dainty Poems*, by Waldo Messaros. It is fair to say, however, that the poems themselves are somewhat better than a title in such execrable taste would lead one to fear. They are sometimes extravagant in expression and occasionally strike a false note, but are almost invariably correct in form, and often have a rhythmical music pleasing to the ear. They do not appeal to the intellect. Several very pretty etchings and monotone engravings give the book an attractive form externally. (Philadelphia: R. C. Hartranft.)——The term "dainty" might with greater justice be applied to May Kendall's *Dreams to Sell* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.). They strike the notes of humor, of reflection, of memory, and of love of nature, with a sure and delicate touch. Many of the verses here included have been first printed in "Punch," "St. James's Gazette," "Longman's Magazine," and other English journals of repute. As an example of the delicacy of fancy of the author, we may especially direct attention to the poem "To Beatrice,"

and, indeed, to all those little poems included under the general title "In Church."——In opening the volume of poems by Jessie F. O'Donnell, entitled *Heart Lyrics*, the first "heart lyric" that meets our eye is a touching ballad on "The Sale of the Pig." As to the poems in serious vein in this volume, we have already given their description accurately enough in our opening paragraph.——Mrs. Marietta Holley has deservedly obtained great popularity by her humorous prose sketches written under the name of Josiah Allen's Wife. She now tries a new field, and issues a volume of poems of which perhaps the best thing we can say is that they have received the honor of illustration by Mr. Hamilton Gibson. There is nothing essentially objectionable or ludicrous about the poems, but they are the weakest of weak, commonplace rhymes.——The late David A. Wasson has obtained an enviable reputation as among the best of writers of newspaper and magazine poems. His verses never rise to a notable height of imaginative or intellectual quality, but they are pleasing in form, out of the commonplace in their method of presenting old truths in a new way, and they are rarely at fault in matters of poetical expression. His collected *Poems* will be prized by many readers. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)——We are afraid that *Moly*, by Curtis May, must be consigned to the category mentioned at the outset. Yet some of the poems have genuine merit, and none deserve harsh censure. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) ——Two or three other volumes of poems have been received and are reserved for future notice.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Professor William C. Wilkinson has added to his series of Chautauqua text-books a volume entitled *Classic German Course in English*. It is carried out on the same general system as its predecessors, and, like them, is admirably adapted to give the student a broad idea of the great features of the literature of which it treats. It includes a rapid sketch of German literature as a whole, specimens of the best and most characteristic work of the great authors in translation, and a running comment on each author and his work, biographical, explanatory, and critical. A close examination of Mr. Wilkinson's work in this book shows a remarkable power of condensation, a style both concise and clear, a complete acquaintance with his subject, and in general a just critical appreciation of the writers he deals with. It is true that many will dissent from his judgment of Goethe as an author, and may find in particular his criticism of "Faust" harsh in some points. But Mr. Wilkinson invariably gives a clear reason for his critical opinion, and is essentially fair in his presentation of facts. We are inclined to think that this will be the most successful and valuable of the series of which it forms a part. (New York: Chautauqua Press. $1.)——Our readers will remember an article in our columns not long since by Charles E. Sprague on the subject of Volapük, the world-language invented by the German priest, Johann Schleyer, in 1879. Mr. Sprague has prepared a *Handbook of Volapük*, which gives a complete account of the language and everything needful to put a learner in the way of becoming an expert in the language. The author is an authority on the subject, being a member for this country of the International Academy of Volapük. The subject is constantly attracting more and more interest, and though as a speaking language Volapük is admittedly harsh, uncouth, and unrhythmical, yet there appears to be a reasonable probability that it will be adopted by great numbers in many countries as a medium of international correspondence. (New York: The Office Company.) ——*Introductory Steps in Science.* This is a translation from the French of Paul Bert, with a revision and enlargement to suit the needs of American schools. It includes primary instruction in the natural history of animals and of plants, of minerals and rock formation, in the physical sciences—heat, light, electricity, sound, etc.—in chemistry, and in animal and vegetable physiology. This is a large field to be covered by so small a work, and the outlines of the sciences as given are necessarily very broad and general. The volume is written in a familiar and colloquial style, and is splendidly illustrated by hundreds of cuts. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)——A work on science which will serve as an intermediate treatise between such a book as that just mentioned and the more elaborate treatises like Ganot's is Professor J. D. Everett's *Outlines of Natural Philosophy*. It aims to be simple enough in style for a class reading-book and yet precise enough for a general text-book. Mathematical formulæ are excluded, and it is a very good treatise for general readers as well as for schools. It is profusely illustrated. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—— Professor John Murray, of the University of California, has prepared a little treatise on *Elocution for Advanced Pupils*. Its method is novel, and appears to be eminently practical. Theories and fine classifications are avoided, and the author instructs invariably by example and illustration. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)——Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale, has compiled a volume called *Practical French*, which is in great part taken from the author's well-known French grammar, supplemented by many exercises, conversations, and lists of idiomatic phrases. Professor Whitney, of whose position as an authority in modern languages and comparative philology we need not speak, has had many years' experience in instruction in French, and this latest result of his practical work will be found an eminently useful and well-arranged text book. (New York: Henry Holt & Co.)——A primary book on French for very young students is J. D. Gaillard's *French for Young Folks*. It contains questions, short stories, illustrations, and all possible devices to make the study pleasant to children.—— *A Complete German Manual for High Schools and Colleges*, by Wesley C. Sawyer, Ph.D. (Chicago: J. C. Buckbee & Co.), is a judicious attempt to combine the so-called natural method with the older method of teaching by grammar. So far as we have been able to examine the work, the combination of various devices in language-teaching has been made with skill, and the author's instruction is perspicuous and sensible.

Russian Novelists. By E. M. de Vogüé. (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.) It is greatly to be regretted that the American publishers of this work have thought it necessary to materially cut down the original volume of M. de Vogüé. So great is the popular interest in the virile and distinctly national school of fiction of which Tourguéneff, Tolstoi, Gogol, and Dostoieffsky are the great leaders, that the public would gladly welcome the complete work of this careful analyst and critic. M. de Vogüé traces the growth of Russian literature and the great and sudden change from the romanticism of the time of Pushkin to the realism of the later and more brilliant novelists mentioned above. He leans strongly on the idea that none of these writers has aimed at literary fame alone, but that each was animated by love of mankind and sympathy with suffering and wrong. Thus, "Gogol with his bitter irony devoted himself to the study of suffering humanity; Turgénef pictured it from his own artistic standpoint rather than from that of an apostle; Tolstoi, his skeptical investigations being over, has become the most determined of the apostles of the unfortunates; and Dostoievsky, in his terrible arraignment of the social and political condition of things in Russia, has sowed the seeds of sweeping reforms." With the exception of chapters on the historical epochs of Russian literature, and upon the topics of realism and romanticism, the book is wholly devoted to sketches and critical estimates of these four writers. The main criticism to be made on the treatment of the general topic is that it is too subjective, too much a criticism from an inner study of the literary motive, rather than a presentation of facts which the reader could not elsewhere find. The translation is well done.

A handsomely and substantially bound volume reminds us that *Scribner's Magazine* has completed its first year. A glance at its table of contents and a rapid turning of its pages confirm the opinion we have more than once expressed, that in literary tone, in selection of topics, and in popular qualities, the young magazine has at a bound taken its place with our strongest and best periodicals. There is every evidence that its material success has been equal to its merits. We have commented in detail on the contents and interest of each of these six numbers (July to December) as it appeared, and need not here enumerate the many admirable and attractive features of this volume.

The Irish hero Robert Emmet has been made the central figure of *A Tragedy of Irish History*, by Joseph I. C. Clarke. The story of the Irish patriot's insurgent plots, his devotion to the cause of his country's independence, his attachment to Miss Curran (to bid farewell to whom he ventured to Dublin when he might probably have escaped, to there fall into the hands of his enemies), his trial, his famous address to the court, burning with eloquence and patriotism, and his execution, all make a tempting subject for dramatic presentation. The author has handled his materials fairly well. The strong point of the play is its crisp dialogue; its greatest fault, that it has too much conversation and too little action. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. Maurice Thompson is one of the most sympathetic and poetical describers of outdoor life. His papers on birds and their forest surroundings, originally published in various magazines, and now collected in book form under the title *Sylvan Secrets*, abound in pleasant descriptive passages, interesting ornithological lore, and pleasant personal experiences. They will be found agreeable reading by all lovers of natural history in one of its most delightful branches. (New York: John B. Alden.)

Mary and I. By Stephen R. Riggs, D.D. (Boston: Congregational Publishing House.) Dr. Riggs was a pioneer missionary among the Sioux of the Northwest, and was accompanied in his good work by his faithful wife, Mary. It was through his instrumentality that the Bible was given to the Dakotas in their own tongue. He tells in an earnest and direct style the many incidents of his forty years of faithful labor, his privations, dangers, discouragements, and final success. An interesting chapter is that which relates the history of the Minnesota Indian massacres through which Dr. Riggs passed, and of the remarkable awakening of religious interest among the Indians confined after the massacre in the Minnesota prisons.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

We have received from Harper & Brothers the second volume of Mr. Lea's very important work, *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages;* Thomas T. A. Trollope's *What I Remember* is a volume of personal reminiscences which will attract a great company of readers in this country; *Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time*, selected from the works of Sir Walter Scott, edited with notes by Mr. Rolfe, is the initial volume in a promising series of English classics for school reading, the aim of which is to present certain thoroughly edited selections from standard prose and poetry for supplementary reading or for elementary study in English literature; Samuel Smiles's *Life and Labor* falls along the general lines of his well-known books on "Self-Help" and "Character."——A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, have put their imprint on the *Life of Constans L. Goodell, D.D.*, by Professor A. H. Currier—the biography of a well-known and very influential preacher; Elwin Hodder's *Life of Samuel Morley* describes the career and character of one of the most influential of modern English Dissenters; the *Autobiography of William G. Schauffler* tells the story of a fruitful missionary work of forty-nine years; the *Autobiography of Maria Vernon Graham Havergal* is a memorial of an eminently Christian woman.——Mr. Appleton Morgan's book on *Shakespeare in Fact and Fiction*, which comes from the press of W. E. Benjamin, New York, will excite great interest among students of Shakespeare, and, we doubt not, no small amount of discussion.

LITERARY NOTES.

—The magazine "Outing" has been sold to J. H. Worman, proprietor of the "Saratogian."

—"Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Twenty American Authors" has just been added to the Riverside Literature Series.

—Alphonse Daudet has sent a new novel to press entitled "L'Immortal," which he has written to ridicule the Academy and its forty exclusives.

—Tolstoi's beautiful parable or tract, "Where Love is, There God is Also," has been printed in tasteful form by T. Y. Crowell & Co., of this city.

—The Empress of Austria is so great an admirer of Heine that she has contributed one-third of the sum required for his projected monument at Düsseldorf.

—The "Morning News," which made its first appearance on January 1 in Berlin, is said to be the first English daily paper that has been published in that city.

—The late Rev. Dr. Nathaniel J. Burton's Yale Lectures on Preaching are to be published, together with other of his writings, by Charles L. Webster & Co., of this city.

—The new edition of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," revised by Mrs. Green, is now among the announcements of Macmillan & Co., and the information is given that upward of 126,000 copies of the work have been sold since its first publication in 1874.

—In a private letter to a friend Miss Louisa M. Alcott says: "Father fails slowly. He no longer goes out, sleeps much of the time, and takes less interest in things about him. But he still likes his books at hand, and enjoys seeing a friend now and then. The twilight is closing gently in, and he may fall asleep at any moment."

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie's remarkable work, "Triumphant Democracy," has reached its eighth edition, and the Scribners are about to signalize this by bringing out the book in two new and cheaper editions, cloth and paper bindings. The cloth edition will be similar to that in which 40,000 copies of the work have been sold in England.

—In the course of the sermon preached in honor of his two thousandth sermon, Mr. Spurgeon said that his sermons had an enormous circulation in America, but that he had received no payment for them beyond an occasional newspaper containing a portion of the stolen property. He hoped authors would obtain a copyright law.

—Talleyrand's memoirs are ready for the printer, but the period of delay—twenty years—does not expire until May. The original manuscript is in England. The publication depends upon the Duc de Sagan, who represents the Talleyrand family, and whose leave must be granted before any decision can be taken by the executors respecting the publication.

—Among the very best aids prepared for the use of the Sunday-school teacher is the "Select Notes" of the Rev. Dr. F. N. Peloubet and M. A. Peloubet, published by W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. We are always glad to commend this publication as containing, in addition to very carefully selected information of all kinds bearing upon the lesson, very helpful and spiritual interpretations of Scriptual truth, history, and character. We know of no better work of the kind accessible to Sunday-school teachers.

—Dr. R. S. Rosenthal's "Meisterschaft System of Acquiring a Knowledge of the Latin Language" is announced for early publication. We have had occasion before to speak in high terms of the Meisterschaft System of Practical Linguistics, the text-books of which are published by the Meisterschaft Publishing Company, 257 Washington Street, Boston. The aim of this system is to secure practical fluency in speaking the modern languages, by the use of a simple and, as it is claimed, an entirely natural method; the essential principle of the system being to combine with the accurate knowledge of the grammar of the language constant exercise in the varied use of words.

—Mr. Yates gives in his "World" (London) a hitherto unpublished story of Rogers, the poet. "Many," he says, "will remember Henry F. Chorley, the musical critic of 'The Athenæum,' a man as repulsive in appearance, as insolent in bearing, as malevolent in speech, as Rogers himself. These were his characteristics in later life; but when young and obscure he was anxious to propitiate the risen, and to testify his mental and moral obsequiousness and desire for notice. One day in a crowded room he saw old Rogers hovering here and there among the company, and addressed him, offering his own chair. 'Were you looking for a chair, Mr. Rogers?' he inquired. 'No, sir,' replied the old man, staring him full in the face; 'I was trying to avoid you.'"

—Interesting Items About Literary People.—It is said that Dr. Holmes uses the "Pedantic Monthly" for a paper-weight. The editor of the "Century Magazine" can read three war papers in seven minutes with his eyes shut. The two jokes that Noah had with him in the ark will shortly appear, suitably illustrated, in the Editor's Drawer department of "Harper's Monthly." Some excitement was caused the other day in Boston by the announcement that Mr. Howells was in a critical condition, but when it was remembered that it is Mr. Howells's professional duty to be so, prayers of thanks were offered up because his state was not hyper-critical. Frank R. Stockton writes with a stub pen. Edgar Fawcett writes with a lead-pencil and an eraser. His best work is done with the eraser. Charles Egbert Craddock writes with the feather end of a quill. Robert Browning has a pet spider that does all his writing for him.—[Life.

A SLEEPY ENGLISH VILLAGE.

ONE of the pleasantest chapters in an agreeably written book about English town and country life, by the Rev. James S. Stone,[1] describes a typical village of old-time manners, traditions, and customs, which has retained in a remarkable degree the quaint, old-fashioned ways of a century or more ago. Some extracts will give, we hope, a readable pen-picture of the out-of-the-way and decidedly picturesque bit of almost forgotten English life curiously existing in the midst of nineteenth century stir and bustle.

SHIPSTON-ON-STOUR

In a secluded and detached part of Worcestershire, ten miles to the south of Stratford-on-Avon, and surrounded by the counties of Warwick, Oxford, and Gloucester, is the forgotten town of Shipston-on-Stour. The town is pre-Norman in origin, and was once famous for its sheep-markets. It fell asleep some two centuries since, and so far the tumult and turmoil of the present age have failed to awaken it. A single telegraph wire, a mail cart passing through early in the morning and late at night, and two carriers' vans connect it with the outside world, and weekly papers from Banbury, Evesham, and Stratford keep the inhabitants informed on the changes of the moon and the alternations of government. The people lament their isolation. Thirty years ago they decided that a railway was necessary for their welfare and progress; they have affirmed that decision several times since, but the railway has not come. Two or three times they have started a newspaper of their own, but the enterprise speedily came to grief. Its drapers and milliners furnish the latest styles in gowns and bonnets, cloths and collars—that is to say, the latest styles of which they know anything, though in London they are spoken of as "late" in another sense. The streets are old; the houses are old; the men and women, the boys and girls, are old; everything is musty with age and quaint with peculiarity. There are fences and barns, tumble-down, patched-up, worn-out, as they were twenty or thirty years since Some of the thatch has not been touched for half a century. The wooden pump in the middle of New Street was old when the paint on the rectory fence was new—apparently in the days of William IV. Inns and their signs, cottages and their windows, the lamp-posts and the trees, look as if they had never known anything but age and rest. It is hard to realize that the streets have been mended since the day when troopers rattled over them on their way to Edgehill. In 1780, Nash, the historian of Worcestershire, wrote: "Here was a considerable manufacture of shaggs, carried on by one Mr. Hart, but, that declining, the town was left in great peverty. Many of the houses are still thatched, but, as the unemployed manufacturers die, migrate to other places, or take to other businesses, the town is not so burthened with poor, and subsequently improves much in appearance." Seventy years later another visitor wrote: "The place leads one's thoughts irresistibly to the past, and to the conclusion that this is by no means a 'go-ahead' town." In 1851 the population numbered 1,757 persons; in 1881, 1,600

THE PARISH REGISTER

In 1723 the register records the giving of sixpence to "three slaves which was abused by the Turks" For their souls' certain evil people were "cited" to appear before the vicar-general and do penance; offenders at Shipston had to go to the rector of Tredington. The relief of beggars fell largely upon the church-wardens. We read of alms given "to a poor sailor," "to a lame seaman," "to a man that was drownded out," "to a man who was burnt out" "to a poor man that was robbed," "to two men and their wives and six children that were robbed a going to New England," and "to sum seamen that ye ship was destroyed by a tempest at sea last December, of thunder and lightning." The registers also speak of the visitations and record the expenses connected therewith; thus, in 1708, at Tredington, "our dinners" cost two shillings, and "extra ordinaries" two shillings and fourpence. What these "extraordinaries" were can easily be surmised. In the register at Solihull are these curious items, under date of 1658: "Paid for making a cucking-stoole, and for beere at the drawing it up to the Crosse, 10s. 4d.;" "A penniworth of paper for ye parishners;" "To W. Stretch to stop his mouth, 2s.;" and "To agoing before justice St. Nicholas with the young people which would not go to service, 1s. 2d."

THE VILLAGE FAIR

One of the events of the year is the October fair. The picture of the old life is worthy of study. Early in the morning the streets are thronged with people from the neighboring villages, with farm and domestic servants and itinerant showmen Everything assumes a holiday appearance; shopkeepers have their windows, and toy-stalls are set about the streets; the inns are busier than usually; hawkers cry their wares; bands play, and everybody is awake to the importance of the occasion. Down in the Shambles, in front of a blacksmith's shop and the Crown Inn, a huge fireplace is built, before which an ox is roasted whole Possibly this was originally a gift from the lords of the manor, the priors of Worcester, but it is now subscribed for by the people. Everybody tastes the ox, the slices of which are sold at a shilling apiece. In the high street—that undefinable place already mentioned—are the shows, the ub'quitous and ever genuine Tom Thumb, the original fat woman, and the real red man from the wilds of America. Here are the shooting galleries, where the possibility of a shilling prize is offered at the low price of one penny; also the traveling portrait taker, who will perpetuate any physiognomy for a mere trifle; also the Cheap John, ever stout and sturdy, whose disinterestedness for the good of the purchasing public is proverbial; also the dog fancier, with his best specimens of thoroughbreds. For twopence you can get your fortune told by the old woman sitting on yonder doorstep, and, considering the outlay, you will be satisfied. This broad-faced, round-shouldered youth will live with you as plowman, shepherd, groom, or anything else you wish, at fair wages and plenty to eat and drink. You can take your choice; the street is full of such, all wearing whipcord in their hats, and all well recommended. This hiring feature of the fair gives it the name of the "mop," or, as it was called a century and a half since, the "mapp," and till the middle of the afternoon farmers and laborers, mistresses and maids, are making, sometimes driving, bargains. The mop was a great attraction in by-gone days; an old advertisement of 1743 invites the public to come to the hiring of servants, "where all gentlemen, dealers, and chapmen may depend upon good entertainment and encouragement." By sunset everybody is merry, and not a few are drunk. The taverns do a good business all day, and there are dinners at the "George," the "Bell," the "White Horse," and the smaller hostelries. Here are lads and lassies arm in arm, light and gay; here, boys on the lookout for mischief; there, men trying to walk steadily, and to sing or whistle, but the goodly potions have disabled them from doing either. Yonder is the police sergeant wheeling home one of his constables in a barrow, and followed by an admiring throng of rag-tag and bob-tail. Across the way are two young men indulging in the supreme pleasure of a prize fight, and surrounded by a cheering crowd. And the showmen shout, and the drums and gongs rattle, and the blazing paraffin lights hiss and splutter, and children blow their penny trumpets, tin whistles, and horns, and the people laugh and talk, till one forgets that this is sleepy and old-fashioned Shipston.

RURAL HUMOR

Oftentimes in this district of which we are writing the people have real humor—not the wit of the Irish, but the rarer and higher gift of a merry, lightsome disposition. Here and there a delightful stupidity is shown. The story is told of two men disputing over the purchase of pigs. One believed in buying large ones, the other in buying small ones. The question turned upon the quantity which the latter would eat. It seemed that the one who opposed their purchase had once bought one, intending to fatten it, but, though it ate a bucketful of meal at a time, it would not grow. One morning the man carried out a bucketful of food, and after the little pig had swallowed it all he picked it up and put it into the same bucket, and the little wretch did not fill it half full!

Some years ago a man and his wife belonging to a village close by Shipston resolved to go to America; but when at Liverpool they saw the great sea, the good fellow exclaimed, "Let's go back, Betty, till the flood's gone down." This was the contrary of the impression made upon another man when he took his sweetheart to spend a day at the seaside, and arrived just in time for the ebb tide: "Why, Ann, danged if they bain't a-lettin t' watter off!" One of the sayings in the country is, "If you only wait you may carry water in a sieve." "How long?" you ask. "Till it freezes," is the triumphant reply. Some one told us of a woman who had six children, the eldest only seven years old. She was very careful about the Saturday night scrub, in accordance with the custom of this neighborhood, and we asked if she put them all in a big tub together. "Oh, no," was the reply; "she washes them as she can catch them." The picture of a mother running after her little ones in that fashion struck us as highly amusing.

A talkative old fellow was speaking of his wife in terms of lavish praise. She was the best this and the best that the world had ever known. She had a conscience, was industrious, thrifty, and tidy, and, in short, to use his expression, was an uncommonly good woman. Above all, she was ever ready to help her neighbors. As he paused for breath, another garrulous individual abruptly interjected the observation, probably to confirm the story of her many virtues, "Yes; and if there is any sore throat around, she is bound to take it."

[1] *The Heart of Merrie England.* By the Rev. James S. Stone, D.D. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.)

FACT AND RUMOR.

The Berlin beer-drinkers are the fastest in Europe. In a certain saloon there, a mechanical lion roars when a new cask is tapped, and that incites every one to finish his glass and order a new one.

The oldest arm-chair in the world is the throne of Queen Hatafu, who flourished in Eygpt 1,600 years B.C. It is made of ebony, and is beautifully carved. It is now one of the most recent treasures of the British Museum.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is to be washed. Firemen are to set to work on it with hose and brushes to see how they can brighten the blackened old walls. An expert says that it is not dirt, but a kind of lichen, that makes it black.

The Empress of Russia has been presented with a sewing-machine of solid silver, studded with sapphires, and inclosed in a case made in the form of an imperial crown. The fittings are of gold. It is the gift of a society for promoting the use of Russian materials, which her Majesty has recently brought into fashion.

No less than 58,000 wells have been drilled in Pennsylvania and New York since the discovery of petroleum, at a cost of $200,000 000 These wells have produced 310 000 000 barrels of oil, which was sold at the wells for $500 000 000. This represented a profit to the producer of $300 000 000 The amount of oil exported is placed at 6,231,102,923 gallons.

In Paris there are numerous little trunk shops to which you can go to hire a trunk packer at two francs, or forty cents, an hour to pack your trunks scientifically. These packers are artists. They fold up expensive dresses neatly in tissue paper, and pack away the most delicate bric à-brac with the utmost care.

Curious typographical errors and verbal combinations often occur even in church papers. The New York "Churchman" of last week reports that "at St. Thomas's church, Homestead, Maryland, the Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, rector, is at once to be reshingled and otherwise repaired, and bids are now in hand; the cost will be some $600."—[Southern Churchman.

If, says the Boston "Courier," twenty per cent. of the newspaper paragraphs concerning people over a century old are true, it would certainly seem as if the average length of life were increasing. Every day there is a record of some new centenarian, until it has ceased to be a particular distinction to be fivescore, and nobody is regarded as really old who was not born before the Declaration of Independence was signed.

It was lately said of a self-sufficient reformer, in words that many persons might well lay to heart—

> And so every day he gave the Almighty
> Advice which he deemed of great worth;
> And his wife took in sewing
> To keep things a-going
> While he superintended the earth.
>
> —[The Churchman.

A maple sugar exchange is talked of in Vermont, to guard against adulteration. It is said that the abuse of the genuine article is resulting seriously to this important factor in the income of farmers in the Green Mountain State. The average annual product is about 12 000 000 pounds; it sold very low last spring, and the net income was $750 000 It is urged that the amount would be increased twenty-five per cent. by the organization of an exchange.

There was a strange scene a few days ago at a sale in Edinburgh. An old and ordinary copy of the Bible was put up, and the bidding went on between two ladies until the incredible price of £160 was reached, when the hammer fell amid loud cheering. It transpired that the Bible (the intrinsic value of which was perhaps half a crown) had belonged to a deceased relative of the ladies, each of whom was determined to obtain it, and as they could afford to indulge the fancy, their relative's estate benefited greatly by their obstinacy.

A large number of ornithologists assembled in a London auction room recently to witness the sale of an egg of the great auk. Before offering the lot the auctioneer remarked that in 1880 two eggs of this bird, both of which had been broken, were sold by him, and that they brought 100 and 102 guineas respectively. Of the recorded eggs, twenty-five were in eighteen museums, and forty-one in nineteen private collections—forty-three out of sixty-six being in Great Britain. The first bid of fifty guineas was made by a well-known ornithologist, and this was followed by sixty guineas from Mr. L Field, to whom the egg was eventually knocked down at $800

The following are *bona fide* replies to questions of a written examination in geography in the secondary grade of a public school in Pennsylvania. Question: Tell how many oceans there are in the world, and name them? Answer: There are six oceans—the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic, Indian, and adjacent oceans. Q Give in your own words the difference between a cave and a mountain? A. One is a bump in and the other is a bump out. Q Tell in your own words how a river is represented on the map, and then give the definition of one? A. When you see a black thing on the map like a lot of angel-worms all together, that's a river; but a real river, of course, is water instead of angel-worms.

A writer in "Murray's Magazine" relates an incident which happened to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who, when preaching at St. Paul's, had his half-sheet of notes carried away during the hymn by a gust of wind. It was wafted into the face of a citizen, who, instead of bringing it back, as the Archbishop expected, scanned it over, and, a look of bright intelligence suddenly stealing into his face, hurriedly left the church with it, doubtless congratulating himself on having secured so undoubted an autograph under such exceptional circumstances. The preacher's keen sense of humor came to his relief, and he was able to deliver his sermon as if nothing had happened.

A MOSQUE AT STAMBOUL.

You enter this mosque through a closed door, having of course previously shod your profane feet with protecting babouches; and then you are free to examine and admire. The first feature that strikes you is four enormous pillars, which might be compared to four fluted towers, and which support the weight of the principal cupola. The capitals of these pillars are carved into the form of a mass of stalactites, a style of ornament which may be observed in many fine Persian monuments; and half way up they are encircled by a band covered with inscriptions in Turkish characters. The strength and simplicity of these four pillars, which at once explain to the eye the constructive system of the building, give a striking impression of robust majesty and imperishable stability. "Sourates," or verses from the Koran, form bands of running ornament around the great cupola and the minor domes and the cornices. From the roof are suspended, to within eight or ten feet of the ground, innumerable lusters, composed of glass cups full of tallow, set in a circular iron frame, and decorated with balls of crystal, ostrich eggs, and silk tassels, as in Saint Sophia and all the other mosques. The mihrab, which designates the direction of Mecca—the niche where rests the sacred book, the Koran, the "noble book taken from a prototype kept in heaven"—is inlaid with lapis-lazuli, agate, and jasper. Then there is the usual member, surmounted by a conical sound-board; the "mastaches," or platforms supported by colonettes, where the muezzins and other clergy sit. As in all mosques, the side aisles are encumbered with trunks and bales of merchandise, deposited by pious Mussulmans under divine safeguard; and finally the floor is covered with fine matting in summer and carpets in winter.

While I was lost in wonderment at the splendor of this mosque, several Moslems came in to pray, with the usual prostrations and beard-stroking and yawning. Two or three women also came to pray, clad in feridjis of brilliantly striped silks—rose and white, azure and white, yellow and red—and they, too, kneeled on the matting, and bowed and touched the ground with their brows; and the little baby girls, with their fine eyes and white veils wrapped round their heads, stood motionless beside them, not being yet old enough to pray, or perhaps not strong enough on their legs to prostrate themselves without irremediably losing their balance. Some of these little baby girls seemed as beautiful as fresh flowers, and reminded one of the fair dreams of rosy childhood which we find in the pictures of the French painter Diaz. Then, in odd corners of the mosque, were boys learning the Koran under the direction of old turbaned priests, and others learning all alone, squatting cross legged, with the sacred book open before them on a reading stand in the shape of an X. These queer little boys produced the monotonous and melancholy sounds which alone re-echoed in the vast silence of the mosque; and in the immensity of the place, dotted as they were here and there, near the mihrab and the "mastaches," they looked like big black fungi that had sprung up through the pale straw-covered matting. Huddled up into a sort of sphere with a flat base, these boys, each one acting independently, would rock themselves rapidly backwards and forwards, while they read aloud, in a sharp, nasal voice, a verse from the Koran. Then they would stop, look round, and remain silent for a minute or two, and then begin rocking and reading again. Sometimes a single voice would be heard, to which another voice would seem to respond. Another time two or three voices would be heard together, and the immense vaults would receive and reverberate the the sounds, which composed a kind of monotonous and shrill music; for the Koran is full of rhythmic prose, similar to that of which we find specimens in the Pentateuch and the Psalms.—[Atlantic.

AMERICANISMS

Writing in the London "Leisure Hour" Dr. Aubrey says: "It is not affectation or mere pedantry to speak of the American language, for it is becoming more and more distinct, not only in matters of pronunciation and in colloquial phrases, but in the novel meanings attached to many old words, and in the fertile invention of new words." And further on he remarks that "It must also be cheerfully admitted that average people in the United States speak with much greater ease and appropriateness than persons of a corresponding position and education in England. This is to be accounted for partly by the system of recitations pursued in the schools, and partly by the social freedom which permits ready talk on almost every subject."

Dr. Aubrey proceeds to give illustrations of what he calls the employment of words in a novel or an exaggerated sense:

A jug or a mug, however small, is a "pitcher;" wood, sawn into planks, is "lumber;" when a man states, "I feel bad," he refers, not to moral depravity, but to the state of his health; just as "I feel good" means that he is well and happy. "Big" is used not only for size, but as descriptive of quality, and, in a vulgar sense, of persons of supposed consequence, as "big bugs." "Biscuit" is synonymous with hot rolls, in which most Americans indulge twice a day, and then wonder that they suffer from indigestion; whereas "crackers" are what English people usually understand as biscuits. "Real, or clear, or true grit," refers to a person of superior worth or genuineness, as distinguished from one inferior, who is only "chaff." These words evidently come from the miller, as "doughface" may be traced to the baker; meaning a man easily moved to change his opinion, and who can be molded, like dough, to any shape. "Back" is often used instead of "ago," as "That was a long time back." "Beautiful" and "elegant" are much misused terms, being often applied indiscriminately to anything good, pleasing, or even tasty. "Convenient" has assumed a new meaning, and refers to what is near at hand or within easy reach; thus, a farm is advertised as "having wood and water convenient to the house." "Cute," instead of "acute," has become almost a distinct word, being stronger in its peculiar meaning than the original, and is one of the most expressive Americanisms of the day. "Dirt" is generally used for earth or soil, and "rag" for any piece of linen or cotton cloth. "Dress" has almost superseded the word "gown," as part of a lady's costume, and the upper portion, or "body," as it is termed in England, is the "waist" in America. Instead of "leading article" in a newspaper, "editorial" is always used. "Hoarding" is never applied to a wooden inclosure—which is always "fence"—but only to accumulating money. "Housekeep," as a verb, has firmly established itself in American speech.

Surpassing others in ability is often expressed by the word "whip;" and the phrase, "That whips all creation," is well known. "Few" is used in the sense of "little," as, "I was astonished a few;" and in a like manner a man will say that he has "heard considerable" of a person. Prepositions are employed in what at first seem odd meanings, and yet in many cases they are strictly appropriate, such as "on the street;" or a letter written "over his signature." In the South, members are elected to sit "on the legislature." A common phrase is that "he arrived on time." But it sounds strange to hear of a field "planted to corn;" or the phrase "at the north;" or "to be sold at auction." "In" is used for "into" very generally. "Nor" is frequently substituted for "than;" and "outside" for "beside" or "except," as, "Outside the Secretary of War, no one knew of the transaction."

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A DEFEAT IN TORONTO.

By the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A.

THERE has been a good deal said and written of late respecting this city. Doubtless outsiders would think that there was considerable boasting respecting the moral status of the Queen City of Canada. Winnipeg, in Manitoba, can now boast of being as good a Sabbath-observing city as even Toronto.

For the past two years W. H. Howland, Esq., has occupied the Mayor's chair. During his incumbency a vigorous effort was made to enforce the laws relating to the liquor traffic. The police force consists of a number of efficient men, who have been vigilant in the discharge of their duties. The number of drinking-places has been greatly diminished, and several houses of vice have been closed.

It was not to be supposed that those interested in the liquor traffic would allow their craft to be curtailed without making some effort to uphold the system by which they have made wealth. The municipal election was anticipated to be one of unusual excitement. Mr. Howland could not, for business reasons, remain any longer at the head of the Council; could he have done so, no doubt he would have held the position against all opponents. It was well known that a further reduction of the drinking-places was contemplated by several members of the Council of 1887.

For several weeks past meetings have been held almost every night on behalf of the candidates for the office of Mayor. There were three candidates—Messrs. Rogers, Clarke, and Dafoe. The first and the last have long been useful members in the Council; Mr. Clarke represents the city in the Provincial Legislature; so that it might have been supposed that he would have sufficient duties to perform. All entered the contest and fought most bravely, and it soon became evident that one of the two first-named gentlemen would be the successful candidate.

Mr. Rogers was deemed a suitable successor to Mr. Howland. He is a respectable citizen and a worthy member of the Society of Friends. The Ministerial Association, the temperance people, and most, if not all, the women electors were in his favor. Mr. Clarke is a leading member of the Orange fraternity. He claimed to be a temperance man and a friend of all classes of working men. It was, however, soon evident that he was supported by the rowdy element, and those who are interested in the liquor traffic. On Monday, January 2, the question was decided, and I regret to say that Mr. Clarke was elected by a majority of nine hundred. This was astounding, seeing that the liquor candidate was defeated last year by more than two thousand votes. The by-law which was submitted for the further reduction of the number of saloons was also defeated by a large majority.

There can be no doubt as to the cause of Mr. Rogers's defeat. On the day of election, during the afternoon, when certain electors went to cast their votes, they were surprised to find that they had been personated already, and they could not, therefore, be allowed to cast their votes; so that bogus votes helped to swell Mr. Clarke's majority.

HIGH LICENSE IN MINNESOTA.

The strongest word which has recently been said in favor of high license comes from Governor McGill, of Minnesota. In a letter addressed to A. P. Miller, of the "Mail and Express," he says:

"Owing to the fact that at the time when licenses were issued the law did not go into effect in St. Paul, and in consequence of delay in preparing for the law here, saloon-keepers were granted until February 1 in which to comply with its requirements, so that it will be impossible at this time to state the results in St. Paul. With a very few exceptions, the law throughout the State is in effect, and it is generally stated that there has been a reduction in the number of the saloons under the new law of over 1,600. There are many facts which fairly warrant an inference that there is much less drunkenness than before the law went into operation. As evidence of this I quote you the opinion of Bishop Ireland, with some of his personal observations in the southern half of the State known as the Parish of St. Paul."

The Governor then quotes Bishop Ireland as to the improved condition of Winona and Caledonia, Houston County, Hokah, Houston County, and other points, concluding with these remarks of the Bishop:

"All classes of people are pleased—Germans, Polanders, and French—all through the country. If there was a popular vote to-day as to high license in Minnesota the majority would be overwhelming in its favor. There is scarcely any poverty among the French in Minnesota, simply because there are no saloons among them. I could relate instances of this sort all over the State, and could multiply them by the twenties. The high license law is the solution of the temperance question. Its benefits are already appreciated by the people, and it would be impossible to change this law in Minnesota to-day."

The Governor adds: "It is doubtful if any one in the State is better able to judge of the general effect of this law with respect to drunkenness than Bishop Ireland. What the operation of this law may be in St. Paul it is, of course, difficult to say; but the number of applications already made is misleading as to the number of licenses which will be taken out, from the fact that time yet remains to the saloon-keepers to determine whether or not they will continue to sell liquor under the new law. It is not probable that there will be more than 350 licenses taken out in this city, where heretofore there have been 750 saloons."

In case Governor McGill's estimate is correct, the reduction in the number of saloons amounts to forty per cent. In Minneapolis, it may be said, the restriction of the saloons to the business streets has given eleven-twelfths of the city local prohibition. This feature of the license now receives the unanimous support of the temperance people.

The "Voice" prints in capital letters on its editorial page the following extract from the "Western Brewer:" "The prospect of the partial application of High License in Michigan accounts for the subsidence of the Prohibition agitation in that State. Without High License Illinois, Nebraska, and Minnesota, and perhaps Missouri and Wisconsin, would be as likely to favor Prohibition as Iowa. . . . Now there is no danger of Prohibition being adopted in any of the States named as long as a license law is maintained and fairly enforced."

The St Louis "Globe Democrat" of January 12 reports that of the elections held in sixteen cities and sixty-two counties in Missiouri, fifty have resulted in majorities against the licensing of the liquor traffic, and twenty-seven have given majorities the other way. The whole number of votes polled in these elections was 153 180, or 54 177 less than were polled in the same cities and counties at the general election of 1886; and of this aggregate of 153 180 votes, 78 317 were against the sale of liquor and 72 807 in favor of it, showing a majority of 5,510 on the anti-saloon side of the question.

The Local Option League of Ohio reports the results of the Dow law as follows:

(1) Two thousand and eighty-eight saloons have been closed by the saloon-tax provision.

(2) Five hundred and seventeen saloons have been closed by Town Councils, most of them by vote of the people.

(3) Two hundred towns in the State have adopted local option and suppressed the liquor traffic to a greater or less extent, and the number of towns taking this stand is increasing.

(4) Nearly $2 000,000 has been collected of the saloon men and put into city and county treasuries.

Editor Christian Union:

A "Temperance Note" in the issue of January 5 says: "Take the country over, saloon-keepers are not nearly so numerous as grocers."

In this village of Cornwall, for many years the residence of the senior editor of the Union, the comparison stands thus: Saloons, 9; groceries, 5; saloon and grocery combined, 1. Is Cornwall peculiar? If not, what a blessing prohibition must be in the places where it does not prohibit! G. P. N.

The census of 1880 places the number of grocers at 101,000, and the number of saloon-keepers and bartenders at 68 000. There are, however, innumerable towns as badly off as Cornwall.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union Notes—Fall Brook, Cal., is a Prohibition town, and all deeds to town lots forever forbid the sale of liquors. A company is now building a hotel that is to cost about $20,000, to be named the "Frances E. Willard." This will be a prohibition house, and no wines will be allowed in it.——The W. C. T. U. of Massachusetts will ask the Legislature of that State to pass a bill giving women the legal right to vote on all town and municipal elections, and on the license question.——W. S. Caine, a Member of the British Parliament, concludes, from a study of statistics, that the total abstainers have an average duration of life exceedingby six years that of moderate users of even the lighter alcoholic beverages, such as wine and beer.——The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Hartford, Conn., has collected the statistics of the saloons of that city, and published a map presenting their location. He finds that eighty-three per cent. of the drinking places are massed in not more than one-tenth the area of the city.

MUSIC AND ART.

The Grand Conservatory of Music of this city, which is now in its twelfth year of successful work, has made a special feature for many years of musical scholarships, and we believe that it is almost the only institution in the country to carry out this excellent idea. The object of the scholarships, of which about fifteen already exist, is to provide an opportunity for pupils gifted with natural musical talent to pursue without cost an extended course of instruction. A special effort is now being made by an appeal to the musical and art-loving people of the city to obtain funds to increase the number o free scholarships as well as to secure the erection of a more commodious building for the Conservatory. Full information as to what is intended and desired may be had by addressing the President, Dr. Ernst Eberhard, at the Conservatory, 44 West Twenty-third Street.

The death of François Bonvin, says the "Tribune," has impelled French journalists to a recognition of his talent considerably more cordial, as usual, than that accorded the artist while alive. "Le Temps" predicts for Bonvin "a place greater and more enduring in the history of French art than that of many artists who have had more contemporary consideration and 'raised more dust,' as the saying is." François Bonvin, not to be confounded with Leon Bonvin, the delightful painter of flowers, small fruits, and landscapes, whose work is admirably illustrated in Mr. W. T. Walter's collection, made his *début* about the time of the Revolution of 1848, when the so-called realistic movement was well under way. Courbet was then an active force, and Millet, in his "Vanneur," was beginning to show his perfect sympathy with peasant life. Bonvin was neither classicist nor romanticist, nor, on the other hand, did he try to "propagate humanitarian conceptions with his brush, nor to translate plans of reform like Courbet. His first Salon picture, shown in 1849, was a study of men drinking at a cabaret, and he also exhibited a kitchen scene, attracting attention by the striking naturalism of his figures, and his conscientious detail in the rendering of accessories. His pictures were almost always homely interiors and sometimes simple still life. He found occasion to show that he was an intense colorist without seeking noisy effects. However, he was not embarrassed in rendering forcible notes; all amateurs have preserved an enchanting memory of his *Fontaine en cuivre* of 1863. Bonvin was in a way a painter's painter, a phrase suggesting Vollon, whose manner, however, differed greatly. It has been customary to compare Bonvin with some of the Flemish masters, according to "Le Temps," but it would seem that he was more in sympathy with the Dutch school of *genre*. Again, he is often classified with Le Nain and Chardin. He painted the homely life about him, the workmen and their surroundings, and he painted with a keen sensitiveness to rich low tones and depth of color. His coloring was usually characterized by subdued richness and harmony, and his execution conscientious and workmanlike. Few of his pictures have been seen in this country. The Morgan collection contained "A Pinch of Snuff," a good example, admirable in color.

An endeavor is being made by the artists of New York, Boston, and other cities to obtain an amendment to the national copyright law so far as it relates to works of art, and a petition to Congress has been signed by many artists to this effect. The existing law is satisfactory in its purport, but it has been found that it is so loosely drawn that virtual infractions of it may be made by unscrupulous parties without actually violating its letter. The proposed amendment simply makes the law more effective in its provisions relating to the reproduction of paintings, drawings, sculptures, etc.

A story is told of a rich American amateur who was taken to Bonvin's modest studio, where "the absence of comfort disconcerted the stranger." However, he asked the price of a picture, and was told "It is three thousand francs"—$600—a price, comparatively speaking, absurdly low. A bargain was made, but even when the purchaser was ready to sail the picture did not come. A friend went to hasten Bonvin, who replied, "Now I have felt remorse. The price was too dear. And then, why do you wish that I sell it to this foreigner? He is very amiable, I dare say. But my picture is at the house of an actor of the Comédie Français; I can go to see it whenever I desire. I have sold it to him for 1 800 francs. I swear to you that is all the picture is worth." Naturally Bonvin remained poor. The *hausse* of the price of pictures seemed to him ridiculous, and he made it a point of honor to maintain "the price of his time." It would be interesting to know what the artist received for "A Pinch of Snuff," which at the Morgan sale brought $2,550.

The etchings of Mrs. Mary Cassatt, recently added to the exhibition of American women's etchings at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, excited much interest.

J. H. Caliga has sent to Boston a group of four pictures painted since he has been in Munich. He has found some congenial subjects at a convent on an island not far from the Bavarian capital, and his friends here will be gratified, when these paintings are shown in public, to perceive that there is no falling off in his remarkable talent. The works mentioned comprise two heads of venerable nuns, an interior with the figure of an old lady knitting, and an outdoor scene in summer, where a peasant couple are seated on a bench in the foreground.

TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMEN.—Nothing in the United States struck me more than the fact that the remarkable intellectual progress of that country is very largely due to the efforts of American women, who edit many of the most powerful magazines and newspapers, take in the discussion of every question of public interest, and exercise an important influence upon the growth and tendencies of literature and art. Indeed, the women of America are the one class in the community that enjoys that leisure that is so necessary for culture. The men are, as a rule, so absorbed in business that the task of bringing some element of form into the chaos of daily life is left almost entirely to the opposite sex, and an eminent Bostonian once assured me that in the twentieth century the whole culture of his country would be in petticoats. By that time, however, it is probable that the dress of the two sexes will be assimilated, as similarity of costume always follows similarity of pursuits. In a recent article in "La France," M. Sarcy puts this point very well. The further we advance, he says, the more apparent does it become that women are to take their share as breadwinners in the world. The task is no longer monopolized by men, and will, perhaps, be equally shared by the sexes in another hundred years. It will be necessary, however, for women to invent a suitable costume, as their present style of dress is quite inappropriate to any kind of mechanical labor, and must be radically changed before they can complete with men on their own ground.—[Woman's World.

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Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1888.

Paid-up Cash Capital, $600,000

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$818,114.93
Cash on hand and in Bank,	802,319.56
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	3,622,506.20
Interest on loans, accrued but not due,	81,113.41
Loans on collateral security,	257,311.00
Deferred Life Premiums,	127,374.78
Premiums due and unreported on Life policies,	85,709.34
United States government bonds,	162,000.00
State, province, county, and municipal bonds,	1,095,504.15
Railroad stocks and bonds,	1,748,165.00
Bank stocks,	793,637.00
Miscellaneous stocks and bonds,	260,494.00
Total Assets,	$9,584,249.31

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent. Life Dep't.,	$6,717,784.00
Reserve for re-insurance, Accident Dep't	730,787.95
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities,	226,356.00
Total Liabilities,	$7,674,827.95
Surplus as regards policy-holders,	$1,909,421.36

STATISTICS FOR THE YEAR 1887.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

No. Life Policies written to date,	51,734
New Life Insurance written in 1887,	$7,401,750.00
Paid Life Policy-Holders to date,	4,274,100.77
" " " in 1887,	448,350.93

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

No. of Accident Policies written to date	1,403,836
No. of Accident Policies written in 1887,	110,262
No. of Accident Claims paid in 1887,	16,831
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	171,096
Am't Accident Claims paid in 1887,	$943,760.18
Whole am't Accident Claims paid,	9,977,627.44

Total Losses paid, both Dept's., $14,250,728.21

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SIXTY-NINTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,
JANUARY, 1888.

CASH CAPITAL,	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	3,274 761 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses, Claims and Taxes,	400 118 80
Reserve for Sinking Fund,	10 612 06
Net Surplus,	1 375 690 75
CASH ASSETS,	$8,061,182 61

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks	$189,913 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	621,300 00
United States Stocks (market value)	2,651,900 00
Bank and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	2,086,567 50
State and City Bonds (market value)	226,000 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	605,750 00
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1888	88 251 57
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	341,532 89
Real Estate	1,349,367 59
Total,	$8,061, 182

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AN OPEN LETTER.

Rev. N. A Hyde, D D :

DEAR BROTHER,—In your kind letter received a few days since you say : "There is some anxiety in these parts to know whether Connecticut Congregational churches are going to follow the lead of Newman Smyth," and ask, "Is New Haven and the college with him in his denunciatory sermon?" "What is the theological drift of New England? That is the conundrum." As others have made similar inquiries, it becomes convenient, in answering all, to address to you this open letter.

As to your conundrum, dear brother, did you ever know the time when the "theological drift" of New England was not a conundrum? Have you forgotten Hopkinsianism, Emmonsism, Parkism, Taylerism, and Bushnellism? And yet the Congregational church still lives, and was never doing a grander work for the Master than to-day. Congregationalism allows freedom of thought and speculation, while it holds to the cardinal truths of our holy religion. It cultivates scholarship and encourages the spirit of research. It submits to no bonds of bigotry, but with a reverent spirit and a clear and devout glance it searches after the deep things of God. Its search has not been in vain. The "New England conundrum" has permeated the system of divinity of every branch of the Christian Church, and because of its influence they work all the more effectively and secure more glorious results for the kingdom of God.

As to the lead of Dr. Newman Smyth, have you forgotten the motto, *Nullius addictus in verba magistri?* New Haven and Yale University are bound by no man's leadership. They sympathize with the truth, and reverently search for it. As I understand, they do not accept of Dr. Smyth's speculation respecting a future probation, nor see the danger which is so persistently charged to it. They do not consider it any more hazardous than others. While they do not accept the speculations which are held of a future probation, they are not positive where the Bible is silent, but before the mysteries of God's economy of redemption of a lost world they stand in awe, and leave the untold millions of those who have never heard of Christ to the infinite mercy and justice of Him who will do all things right. At the same time I think there is a feeling that a great mistake has been made in giving this subject so much prominence by its opponents.

In their reasoning they have been most illogical. They have taken their own surmises and suspicions for facts, and have reasoned from them, when the facts have been the opposite of their suspicions and prophecies, and consequently their prophecies are untrue to what has actually taken place. We are told, for example, that this speculation "cuts the nerves of missionary enterprise." But the very men whom the Board rejected are consuming with a fire of missionary zeal, and, with Paul, are ready to say, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

Take Brother Hume; can you point to a missionary more enthusiastic, more zealous, more inspired with the love of Jesus, or more devoted to his work? The truth is, when you come to argue from the facts in the case in place of from mere surmises, the legitimate conclusions are just the opposite of those the opponents of this speculation give.

As to Dr. Smyth's sermon to which you refer, many regret the sermon because it confounds two things which should be kept separate. Everything connected with his name is of course associated with future probation. But future probation is one thing, the relation of the Board to our Congregational churches is quite another. The great majority of those who are opposed to the present attitude of the Board are so, not because of their sympathy with the hypothesis of future probation, but they are dissatisfied with its present relation to our Congregational churches. The American Board is an abnormal growth upon our ecclesiastical organization. It is not germane to our system of church government, nor in harmony with our republican institutions. It exists on the very principle that the fathers of Congregationalism repudiated. It is virtually taxation without representation. I know it is said that the churches are voluntary in their contributions; but there is a moral influence that compels the churches to sustain the Board. They know what an awful collapse would come to Christian faith from the destruction of its missions, and for this reason they feel compelled to sustain it. If the missions of the Board would not suffer by the withholding of funds, who does not know that thousands of dollars would never reach its treasury that now do?

Virtually, then, the relation of the Board to the churches is that of taxation without representation. While the Congregational churches furnish the funds, they have no representation in its management. The American Board is a self-perpetuating oligarchy governed by a few corporate members who have the absolute power of the organization vested in them. They fill all vacancies in their number. The Congregational churches have no voice in the election of its officers or the choice of its missionaries. A state of things more entirely at variance with the boasted genius of our Congregational polity can hardly be conceived. An existence so abnormal to the polity of our churches it is felt should be remedied.

The Board should be brought into a representative relation to the denomination; its officers appointed by the churches, and the policy which it adopts be the policy which the churches direct; who shall be its missionaries be decided by the churches, just as it is decided by them who shall preach on the home fields. The same power which gives authority to preach in Dakota gives authority to preach in China or Japan. It is not so now. Our churches through their councils say who shall preach in the home fields, but they have no voice in saying who shall be sent out to the foreign fields. The Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association look to the churches and are directed by them. They accept of the authority of councils, and recognize their obligation to follow their advice. But the American Board sets itself above the churches, and virtually says their councils are not to be trusted. It thus places itself in direct opposition to the polity of the very churches which sustain it—a polity which has been its glory, and through which it has exerted an influence so grand for the establishment of the institutions of learning and for the triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world.

My brother, though your eye has not become dim, and the crown of your head has not attained to the glory of old age, yet I have heard you called the father of Congregationalism in the metropolitan city and influential State of the West of your adoption. Your zeal and labor of love for the polity of the church in whose bosom you and I were nurtured in this goodly New England is known in all the churches. I am sure that, with all your love for the Board, and your responsibility as one of its Corporate Members, you must regret its attitude to the polity of the church which is so dear to you, and must sympathize with all proper efforts for its correction.

However it may be with you, I must utter my protest; if it has come to this, that the Congregational churches are not to be trusted with their own missionary work; if they have not the wisdom to select the missionaries which they would send into the field; if they are not sufficiently sound in the faith once delivered to the saints to be trusted with the orthodoxy of their candidates, but must submit this to an oligarchy that sits over them; if a council of the vicinage is not sufficiently representative of our churches, but we must defer to two or three men who sit in the missionary rooms at Boston, who have *no representative* relation to our churches—let us go into some denomination where we may find in the organization the wisdom and safety which are needed. Let us go to the Presbyterians or Methodists or Episcopalians or Baptists. In each of these denominations their missionary movements, grand and far reaching, are carried on within their organizations, and are not under a censorship above them.

But no, my brother, it is not true that the church of our fathers is not wide enough, and is not sufficiently pervaded with the spirit of Christ, and sound enough in the faith, to determine who of its precious sons and daughters may go forth as heralds of the cross, to preach the Gospel to the heathen and tell the story of Christ's love.

I am hopeful for the future. The anomalous relation of the American Board will not last. I think no one can read between the lines of Dr. Storrs's acceptance of the office of its President and not feel that at heart he stands with Drs. Porter and Harris and Fisher and Abbott and McKenzie and Leon Walker and Gordon and a host of others. What a galaxy of names! what a weight of influence they carry with them! Dr. Storrs, in his admirable letter of acceptance, voices the sentiments of these men, eminent in the churches and distinguished for learning, when he speaks of the important question of bringing the Board into more intimate organic relations with the churches. In these sentiments and expressions of the new President I seem to see the dawn of a new era in which the Board shall become an organic unity with our denomination. It shall become a normal growth within our ecclesiastical system and not an abnormal existence above it. Borne on the broad sympathy and Christian love of the churches like the child in the bosom of its mother, it shall rise to grander aims and the accomplishment of more blessed results than ever before in fulfilling the command of our Lord to disciple all nations.

With sentiments of Christian regard and in the bonds of a Puritan ancestry, I am fraternally yours,

S. P. MARVIN.

WOODBRIDGE, Conn.

A FUND FOR DISABLED MINISTERS.

NEXT May, as we have already announced, the Presbyterian churches, North and South, will celebrate the centennial of their first General Assembly, and they intend to commemorate the occasion by raising a fund of $1,000,000, the income of which shall be devoted to the aid of aged and decrepit ministers. Already the church has a fund of upwards of $300 000 for this purpose, which has been obtained largely from legacies. In addition to this an annual collection of $150 000 is taken for the support of the superannuated clergymen, but the endowment fund is intended to make this relief more secure and greatly increase its amount.

On Wednesday evening of last week the Presbyterian churches of this city held a meeting in the Brick Church, which was addressed by the Rev. Drs. Booth, Howard Crosby, John Hall, and John R. Paxton, and by William E. Dodge and Warner Van Norden. The house, upstairs and down, was filled, and the addresses were listened to with the utmost interest. Dr. John Hall said, among other things, that the amount of the fund ought not to stagger their faith in its being raised, since on the occasion of the union of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church, when a proposal was made to raise $1,000 000 some enthusiastic member had suggested $5,000,000, and this suggestion was carried, and the Church had raised $9 000 000 He believed that the Presbyterians of this country, with their 6,000 churches in the General Assembly and 2,000 in the Southern branch, were able to carry out vastly greater projects than the one suggested. In his appeal for the need of such a fund he stated that the poverty of the ministers in the United States was the principal argument against disestablishment in England. As patriotic republicans, therefore, the people should give liberally to this fund. He considered it a disgrace that right here in the city of New York, where ministers are better paid than anywhere else, he had last week been partially instrumental in securing a pulpit for a minister at a salary of $1,200, and a place on the police force for an uneducated laborer at the same salary.

Dr. Paxton made a characteristically pointed speech. Among other things, he said: "What can a poor minister do? He can't steal, being a minister; he can't beg; and you can't hire him as a clerk because you can't swear at him. God ought to take poor ministers to heaven; he leaves them here to cultivate justice and humanity and charity among you laymen."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The question, "What shall be done with the Union Pacific?" is not altogether easy of solution. Shall the Government wreck it now in order to put itself in position to punish the sharpers who so nearly ruined it for their own benefit a good many years ago? This gratifies our feeling as to what retributive justice demands, but should not blind us to the possible force of considerations on the other side. Does not the case stand pretty nearly as follows? G., being very rich, has loaned the sum of $100,000 to a business concern, to be repaid gradually out of the business in a given number of years. The officers of the firm, being sharpers, use the business to their personal advantage, load down the concern with unprofitable securities, which they palm off upon them at exorbitant prices, and finally succeed in selling out their interest in the depreciated property at a high figure. Meanwhile G. knows what is going on, and can put a stop to it if he will, but his agents are in collusion with the sharpers; he is rich, moreover, and is not much troubled by fears of loss, and does nothing effectively.

The property finally falls into the hands of men who go to work honestly to set things to rights. They succeed in staving off the ruin that threatened, and at the end of a term of years of wise and economical management, during which no dividends have been declared, they are able to say to G., "We are in condition now to pay in full what we owe you, if you will grant us a reasonable rate of interest, and an extension of time." But G. suddenly wakes up, and says, "How about those sharpers? They ought to be punished, and this plan affords a poor prospect of doing it. There will be a better chance of this if I now wreck the prospects and take things into my own hands. You will suffer, and you deserve well; the public will suffer, for the business is in better condition, as regards their interests, than it would be if I took it from you. *I* shall suffer, for I shall never get my money back. But then consider the interests of justice! I must make amends for my complicity in these rascalities during all these years. Those knaves have an awful lot of money. I must set my agents at them again, and I humbly hope that this time there will be no such unfortunate collusion between the two parties as before."

I simply ask, Mr. Editor, whether this is, or is not, a fair statement of the case, and if it is, what are we to think of G.'s reasoning?

INQUIRER.

FINANCIAL.

The new year opens without any marked change in the ruling features on Wall Street, and with a continuance of the general feeling in behalf of prospective good times.

The accumulation of funds in the banks is going on from the 1st inst. to the present time, and a consequent raising of money rates in both the London and New York markets. Sterling exchange maintains about the same rates, relatively, as it did a week ago. On Thursday the Bank of England discount rate was lowered ½ per cent. with an open market rate of 1½ per cent.

There has been a large drifting of funds from abroad to our markets for some time, as an offset to the decrease in our merchandise exports to which we have referred before. The settlement of interest and dividends with foreign account has had the effect to stiffen exchanges, but, with lower English bank rates, and lower general rates in the London market, we may look for a subsidence of this temporary tendency, though probably we shall hardly draw gold from abroad again for some time, especially as the period of large merchandise imports will return soon, indeed has already commenced.

A heavy investment demand for our bonds has exhibited itself since the first of the year, and a positive scarcity of first-rate bonds has developed. The disposition is to take hold of good second class bonds, and that disposition would certainly be more pronounced if such bonds as the Mo., Kansas & Texas issues were not so weak, occasioned by vague apprehensions of a possible default, though why no one can say. Mr. Jay Gould's stocks are the dark spots in the market. There is such an absolute lack of the slightest particle of confidence in any prospectus with which his name is connected, that investors keep at a safe distance from all of the securities representing them. These Southwestern bonds of the roads in his systems, owing to the competition of late resulting from new roads that are building, are under special disfavor because of the fear that they cannot maintain their present status. It is true that there are good grounds for this sharp discrimination against Jay Gould's properties. His Wabash and his Texas & Pacific are near and signal instances of either unfortunate management or mismanagement on his part. And for one who has filled such a large place in railway history of late, and who has accumulated for himself so vast a fortune, there is an unmistakable element of uncertainty in everything with which he is connected. It would seem as if a man of such ability and resources would have some ambition to win the confidence of men. But that seems not to be the aspiration of Mr. Gould; he serves himself very bountifully, but it is perilous for investors to put their faith in his enterprises. Such men are not likely to change; their methods are matters of ethics and of habit, and become more and more fixed with years.

The Wabash Company seems to be making definite progress in getting out of the woods, and it now looks as if the present plan of reorganization would receive the indorsement of most of the bondholders; there are some discontented ones, but there always are, and the present plan is on the whole a very fair one. The Bondholders' Committee through its chairman has advertised that bonds have gone in so rapidly the plan may be considered as assured. Congress is now in form to go to work, if ever we are to expect it to. Several bills have been introduced to refund the bonded debt, to provide for the purchase of bonds by the Secretary of the Treasury, and in other ways to distribute the surplus. The outcome of this zeal will probably be the empowering of the Secretary to buy bonds; indeed, the Senate takes the ground that the law is unmistakable in its provision already, and that no legislation is necessary. The bank depositories have already lodged with the Government over $52,000 000 Government bonds as security for funds deposited by the Government treasury with them. The sum is large that is thus on deposit—nearly $48,000 000—but the attempt to alarm the public with the idea that the Secretary of the Treasury may call this large sum in at any time is rather gratuitous, since the Government has more funds in its vaults than are necessary to satisfy any possible demand on it, or any demand that can come.

The Reading Railway strike is a failure, since the company can fill the places of striking railway employees as rapidly as they can go out of the employ of the company. The mining employees, however, have more power, but as they have no grievances they are reported as becoming discontented with suffering on account of the strike of the railway men, whose case is already hopeless. It is plain that they will settle if an opportunity is afforded to do so, even if they have to deal with the company individually or as employees, and not as Knights of Labor. The power of the Knights' organization all over the country is rapidly waning. The society is losing in membership two thirds and over of its following during the year. The methods of its proceeding have failed to command sympathy, as a rule, with the great tribunal of the public. The despotism and ignorance of its leaders are wholly unrepublican, which latter principle requires both freedom and intelligence, so that a radical reform of methods or a disintegration of the order is inevitable, probably the latter.

The earnings of railways continue in the new year. Reports of thirty-four roads for the first week in January indicate a clear gain of over thirteen per cent.

The bank statement is both extraordinary and important, as follows:

Loans, decrease	$3,696,600
Specie, increase	1,808 600
Legal tenders, increase	3,687,800
Deposits, increase	1,926,600
Reserve, increase	4 964,550

Which raises the surplus reserve of the banks to $15,788,550 This accumulation is indicative of very heavy investments by a wide range of investors, and it also reflects a heavy return of funds from the interior. Money is very easy at three and one-half per cent. to four per cent. on call. Speculation halts, and still waits on the legislation of Congress.

WALL STREET.

A PRACTICAL MAN.—There is a great difference between nations on the score of practicality. Even a race of thinkers may not possess a grasp of affairs. The story is told that an Englishman, traveling in Germany, kept constantly putting his head out of the window of the railway carriage.

He did it once too often, however, and a gust of wind blew away his hat. Quick as thought, he took down his hat-box and hurled it also out of the window.

His German fellow travelers roared with laughter, and one of them said: "You don't expect your hat-box to bring back your hat, do you?"

"I do," said the Englishman. "No name on the hat—full name and address on the box! They'll be found together, and I shall get both."

Then those Germans subsided, and said they had always considered the English a great and practical nation.—[Youth's Companion.

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CAPITAL PAID IN (CASH) - 1,000,000

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THE WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE CO.,
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Paid-up Capital - - - $500,000 00
Add'l Stockholders' liability 500,000 00
Total Guaranty - - - $1,000,000 00

First Mortgage Loans.

7% THIS COMPANY is prepared to offer the most Conservative First Mortgage Seven Per Cent Loans, and its own Six Per Cent. GOLD DEBENTURES based thereon.

$105,000 of Real Estate First Mortgages on property worth three times amount of loans, deposited with, and assigned to American Loan & Trust Company, New York, as special security for each $100, 000 Debentures issued and so certified to by the President of the American Loan & Trust Company. 6%

Gold Debentures.

These Debentures are the direct obligation of the Company, backed by its Half Million Capital and all its assets. Interest semi-annual. Principal and Interest payable at the Third Nat. Bank of New York. Over 2,300 investors can testify to their entire satisfaction with these securities.

S. O. THACHER, Pres. Nat. Bank, Lawrence, Pres. G. W. E. GRIFFITH, Pres. Merchants' National Bank, Lawrence, V. P. and Gen. Manager. P. E. EMERY, 2d Vice-Pres. and Auditor. L. H. PERKINS, Sec. B. A. AMBLER, Treas.

OFFICES: New York, 187 Broadway, C. C. Hine & Son, Agts. Albany, N. Y., Tweddle Building, M. V. B. Bull & Co., Agts. Boston, 24 School St., E. D. Brooks, Agt. Phila., 102 So. 4th St., Frank Skinner, Agt.

Full information, with list of directors, references, etc., furnished on application.

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Capital Paid up.....$1,000,000.00
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Offers its 6 Per Cent. Debenture Bonds of $500 $1,000, and $5,000, running ten years, to Trustees, Guardians, and Individual Investors. Secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate worth three times the amount of the loan, and held by the Mercantile Trust Company of New York, Trustee. Secured also by the entire paid-up capital of $1,000,000.

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THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888

The "Congregationalist" appeared in new type last week, presenting the most attractive appearance. The Christian Union sends its greeting and best wishes for a prosperous new year to its New England contemporary.

The Publisher has commenced a fund for sending The Christian Union to missionaries in the field at home and abroad. A friend of the foreign missionary service enabled us to send last year to a number of missionaries in the foreign field. We have constant applications from missionaries in the home field, or on their behalf. A fund has been started by the stockholders of The Christian Union to send the paper at reduced rates in such cases. If any of our subscribers would like to aid in extending the message of The Christian Union in this way, the Publisher will be glad of their co-operation.

SIFTINGS FROM THE PUBLISHER'S MAIL.

The regular postage on The Christian Union, single copy, is ONE CENT. The following letter tells you forcibly and plainly of the opportunity to extend our usefulness, and we have no doubt you will find pleasure in so doing. If each one of our subscribers will send their paper after reading it, to some worthy person who can't afford to pay for it, our circulation would be doubled in effect, if not in profit.

January 10, 1888.

To the Publishers of the Christian Union:

GENTLEMEN,—I have read your paper for the past two years with a great deal of *profit* and *pleasure*, and shall regret very much to be deprived of the privilege for the present year.

By the kindness of a friend it has been sent to me free, and, after reading it myself, I have passed it on for others to read, and would be glad to do the same another year.

I am in no business to earn money, and, being past seventy years of age, see no prospect ahead for any. I have spent considerable time among my neighbors, hoping to get some subscribers for your paper, but don't succeed as yet. I may later on.

We are in the midst of a farming population, and don't get much money. Wishing you much success, I am

Yours truly, ——.

MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, January 7, 1888.

Publishers of the Christian Union:

Inclosed find three dollars, etc. Can't afford to take it, but more can't live without it. I glory in an independent paper; that The Christian Union is, and, as I believe, honest, though I cannot always agree with it.

MERIDEN, Cayuga Co., N. Y., January 10, '88.

Inclosed find, etc. There is more useful homiletical matter in your paper than in any other that comes to my study. ——.

HARTFORD, Conn., January 11.

. . . We find it indispensable; so much so that we want every one who can appreciate it to have a copy.

INTERESTING TO BUSINESS MEN.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE A PAYING INVESTMENT.

Mayor Hewitt's annual message is full of interesting facts. The debt of New York City is $132,000,000, or about $450 for every family in it. The city is still paying seven per cent. interest on some of its bonds, but these will soon mature, and the city's credit is so high that it can now borrow money at three per cent. The wealth of the city is even greater than is generally imagined. The real estate alone is assessed for taxation at $1,200,000,000, or an average of $4,000 to each family. As this is probably but one-third of the real wealth of the city, the average family in New York which owes $450 owns about $12,000. The sums seems almost incredible.

The remarkable credit of the city is due in part to its wealth, but still more to its honesty. The fact that its creditors have always been paid on the day is what makes the interest charge so extremely light. This is a fact with a moral.

There is still another encouraging fact in the Mayor's report. His account of the Brooklyn Bridge shows that even this misgoverned city is learning how to manage its industrial enterprises. The report is as follows:

"The earnings of the bridge for the year ending December 1, 1887, amounted to $938,281.21. The expenditures, exclusive of the purchase of real estate and additional equipment, amounted to $442,961.64, showing an actual profit on the operation of $495,319.57, one-third of which might have been paid to the city of New York, if the additional expenditures for real estate and new equipment, amounting to $546,489.58, had been provided for from the capital account. It has been suggested by the Mayor of Brooklyn that the net earnings of the bridge should be annually divided between the two cities in proportion to their respective interests, and that the money required for new improvements should be raised either by annual taxation or by the issue of obligations on the part of the bridge trustees, redeemable by a sinking fund, thus spreading the expenditure over a series of years, and in that way relieving current taxation. There is certainly no objection to this proposition, and so far as the city of New York is concerned it should be assented to, if the city of Brooklyn shall deem it for its interest to change the present system. The amount of bridge bonds outstanding is $5,085,566.66, upon which the annual interest amounts to $265,761.67. The net earnings of the bridge, therefore, if annually divided, are already sufficient to pay two-thirds of the interest thus accruing, and, with the improvements in contemplation and the rapid growth of business, this interest charge would soon cease, therefore, to be a burth en u e taxpayer."

TRADE AND VOLAPUK.

Most of our readers noticed Mr. Charles E. Sprague's recent article on Volapük, the new "universal language." Probably none of them dreamed that the language would ever be put to a commercial use. Yet, according to the "Pall Mall Gazette," "several firms in Bradford (England) which deal with large houses in Germany and other Continental countries have received notice that after a certain date Volapük will be systematically used by their Continental customers for the purpose of international correspondence. The attention of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce has been drawn to the matter, but that body has not yet come to any determination. In the meantime the new universal language is being studied by individuals who foresee either its advantages or its necessity."

However, the business boy who learns German will probably always be able to converse with a thousand times as many business men as the one who learns Volapük.

THE ENGLISH CORNER ON TIN.

English business men are apparently free from any deep rooted prejudice against even the worst of American business methods. The present corner on tin is a case in point. An English typefounder describes it as follows:

"There are, at the present time, certain men of ample means who have arranged together to buy up all the tin that comes into the market, knowing perfectly well that it must be had by manufacturers of all kinds of metal work, the result being that within the space of two months the price of tin has been run up from £90 to £165 per ton, for no proper commercial reason, but solely as the inevitable result of the scheming machinations of greedy speculators—idle non-producers—or, as they are correctly termed, 'parasites on industry.' The high price cannot, of course, be maintained; nor, indeed, do the schemers intend that it shall be. Attracted by the high price, larger supplies will be imported, and the price of the metal will revert to its natural value. In the meantime the industrious classes suffer—from the factory proprietor down to the humblest toiler in his pay the disturbance is felt—the industrious are impoverished to enrich the idle! If laws exist to put down betting on turf events, how much more should not this iniquitous gambling with the necessary raw material of manufacturers be suppressed by legislation!"

So says the Publisher!

WINTER TRIPS TO CALIFORNIA.

We have frequently called the attention of our subscribers to the tours announced by Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb in our columns from time to time. Any man who makes a trip to California or Mexico a pleasant as well as a profitable expenditure of the time, we consider a public benefactor. People who have taken these excursions to different portions of our country and Mexico, under the management of these gentlemen, tell us that they are the perfection of traveling, that the comfort of the guests is looked out for with the greatest care, and stops are made at all places of special interest *en route*. Any one who thinks of taking such a trip, or who wishes to get information about them, should send for a descriptive pamphlet to their agent, J. M. Jenkins, 257 Broadway, New York.

LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. It softens the Cough, relieves the windpipe and bronchial tubes of mucus, tones the lungs and the membranes of the throat, and restores to the organs of respiration their natural strength and vigor. 75c., 50c., and $1

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c.
German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24th, 1887

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of Company, submit the following Statement of affairs on the 31st of December, 1886

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1886, to 31st December, 1886	$3,809,350
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1886	1,426,049 44
Total Marine Premiums	$5,235,299 96
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1886, to 31st December, 1886,	$3,817,899 36
Losses paid during the same period	$2,206,583 63
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$341,373 15

The Company has the following assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$9,332,375 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	707,100
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	501,647 81
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,568,134 30
Cash in Bank	335,054 69
Amount	$12,444,511 80

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1882 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1886, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday the Third of May next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary

TRUSTEES:

J. D. JONES,	WILLIAM D. MORGAN,
W. H. H. MOORE,	CHARLES H. MARSHALL,
A. A. RAVEN,	FREDERICK H. COSSITT,
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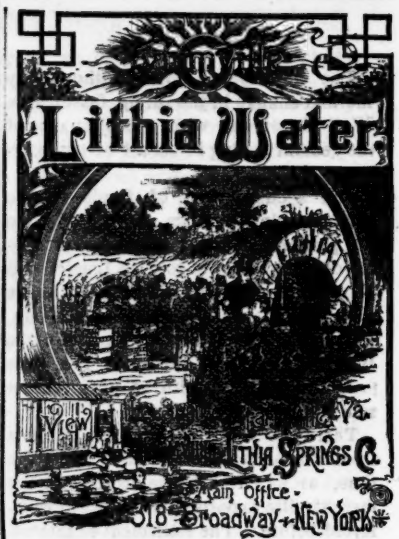

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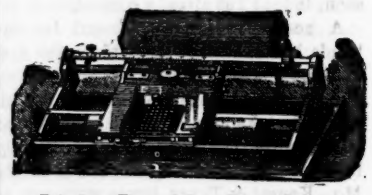

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Extends West and Southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to NELSON, HORTON,, BELLEVILLE, TOPEKA, HERINGTON, WICHITA, HUTCHINSON, CALDWELL, and all points in

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and beyond. Entire passenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman manufacture. All safety appliances and modern improvements.

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of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Central Dakota to Watertown, Spirit Lake, Sioux Falls and many other towns and cities.

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E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO, ILL.

FUGITIVE POEMS.[1]

THE SECRET.

By George Parsons Lathrop.

The white stars shine;
The poplar tree
And pointed pine
Look solemnly!

Hush! The earth is dead
And the stars are lit
For funeral light. How shiveringly
The wind o'erhead
Doth mutter of it!

Yet, it seems to me,
From its lifeless eyes,
A secret has fled
To the trusted skies.

To-morrow the earth will live again,
And our hearts will throb with joy or pain.
But what is the secret?—life, or death?
It comes and goes with a single breath!

—[Exchange.

THE ÆSTHETIC OWL.

The owl sits perched on the hemlock tree
As wide awake as an owl can be.
The sky is clear and the air is still,
And he hoots to the night as long as he will.
Oh! the light of the sun is no light for him.
Give him the moon and the starlight dim;
For all the hours of the garish day
Deep in the thicket he blinks away.

To-wit! to-whoo! there's another shout,
From the midst of the forest the cry breaks out;
It comes from the heart of the doddered oak,
And he knows full well the voice that spoke.
'Tis the signal shout that his mate has made.
Away! it is time for their nightly raid.

Softly and slow through the gloom they go,
Winging their way over field and wood,
While their eyeballs stare with a fiendish glare
At the thought of blood.

Woe to the mouse that is out of his hole!
One squeak and the victim is swallowed whole,
And struggling and raw in that ravenous maw
He lies by the side of the delving mole.

The little songsters are all at rest
In leafy covert or cozy nest.
Not a thought or care or a dream of fear,
Though their deadly foe is hovering near.
One blow, and the sharp beak drips with gore,
And the hapless minstrel sings no more.

Savage of heart with a show of sense,
Made up of feathers and sheer pretense,
Light-hating creature, moping and dull,
Mere glimmerings of thought in his muddy skull;
What title has he to wisdom's crest?
Out on the owl! he's a fraud at best.

But when at last he has met his fate,
Like many a spoiler men call great,
Aloft and mounted his praise is heard,
And æsthetes say, "What a lovely bird!"

—[Hartford Courant.

HOW A BIBLIOMANIAC BINDS HIS BOOKS.

By Irving Browne.

I'd like my favorite books to bind
So that their outward dress
To every bibliomaniac's mind
Their contents should express.

Napoleon's Life should glare in red;
John Calvin's Life in blue:
Thus they would typify bloodshed,
And sour religion's hue.

The prize-ring record of the past
Must be in blue and black;
While any color that is fast
Would do for Derby track.

The Popes in scarlet well may go;
In jealous green, "Othello;"
In gray, "Old Age" of Cicero;
And "London Cries" in yellow.

My Walton should his gentle art
In salmon best express.
And Penn and Fox the friendly heart
In quiet drab confess.

Statistics of the lumber trade
Should be embraced in boards;
While muslin for the inspired Maid
A fitting garb affords.

Intestine wars I'd clothe in vellum,
While pig skin Bacon grasps;
And flat romances, such as "Pelham,"
Should stand in calf, with clasps.

Blind-tooled should be blank verse and rhyme
And prose of epic Milton,
But "Newgate Calendar of Crime"
I'd lavishly dab gilt on.

The edges of a sculptor's life
May fitly marbled be;
But sprinkle not, for fear of strife,
A Baptist history.

Crimea's warlike facts and dates
Of fragrant Russia smell;
The subjugated Barbary States
In crushed Morocco dwell.

But, oh! that one I hold so dear
Should be arrayed so cheap
Gives me a qualm: I sadly fear
My Lamb must be half-sheep!

—[The Critic.

CARMEN MYSTICUM.

Dear Lord, since thou didst make the earth,
Thou mad'st it not for grief, but mirth;
Therefore will I be glad,
And let who will be sad.

For if I load my life with care,
What profits me the buxom air,
And what the sweet birds' choir
Or Heaven's azure fire?

But if I cannot choose but weep,
Weeping I'll think I do but sleep,
Till thou shalt bid me wake
And triumph for thy sake.

Lord, as 'tis thine eternal state
With joy undimmed to contemplate
The world that thou hast wrought
As mirror for thy thought,

So every morning I would rise,
And offer thee for sacrifice
A spirit bright and clear
As the wide atmosphere.

For, Lord, since all is well with thee,
It cannot well be ill with me.

—[The Spectator.

[1] The poem printed in this column last week under the title "God Knoweth Best," at the request of a subscriber who wished to learn its authorship, is, we are informed, by May Riley Smith, and was entitled by her "Sometime."

THE VESTIBULE TRAIN.

The accident on the Pennsylvania Central last week, which showed the comparative safety of the vestibuled train even in the case of a collision at high speed, will still further commend this latest and most comfortable method of traveling. Indeed, it is likely to result in the end in the very extensive use of the vestibuled car, not only as a matter of comfort, but primarily as a matter of safety. The superiority of these cars, so far as elegance and every possible physical comfort are concerned, is already established. A train of vestibuled cars is practically a continuous car inclosed from end to end, so that one may pass from one car to another without exposure, danger, or inconvenience, as if going from room to room. The vestibules which unite the separate cars on the Wagner Vestibuled Limited, which runs daily from New York to Chicago by the New York Central and Lake Shore route, are paneled in glass, handsomely decorated, and are really a continuation of the cars themselves, only made flexible. These limited trains are made up of a buffet, smoking and library car, two parlor cars, two sleeping cars, and one dining car, all forming one continuous car with vestibule connections. The library cars are supplied with movable chairs, luxuriously upholstered, with secretaries and stationery, and with well selected collections of books, current newspapers and magazines; a barber's shop and a bath-room are also features of this car. The superiority of such an arrangement is evident at a glance. To this must be added the easy motion of a continuous train and the almost absolute safety which has now been obtained.

A Rook Lawsuit.—This bird is not very well known in America, because he is an English bird. But he is very much like the crow, which our farmer boys know so well. Rooks live in colonies, many thousands going off together and building their nests in the tops of neighboring trees. In these bird towns or rookeries there seem to be certain laws which all the birds understand and obey. One of these laws is that no rook shall build a nest within the limits of the town except those born there, and another forbids the young rooks going out of the town to build. If any bird disobeys these laws the other birds promptly tear down his nest and drive him back to his native town. They are also said to hold courts for trial of offenders. The birds assemble upon a few trees, the guilty one sitting by himself with drooping head; and after much croaking and flying hither and thither, which we may imagine is their way of examining the witnesses and hearing the pleas of advocates, the charge of the judge, and the verdict of the jury, the birds fall upon the culprit and execute the sentence of death, or whatever the penalty may be.—[Selected.

COUNTLESS AS THE STARS.

The number of people who are suffering from catarrh, consumption, or some form of bronchial affection almost exceeds belief. The steps by which a simple affection of the nasal passages or of the throat leads to consumption and death are known to every observing man and woman. Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1,529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., arrest all diseases of this character by a prompt application of their Compound Oxygen. Chronic cases yield to its persistent use, and the vigorous restoration which promptly sets in astonishes the most skeptical. They make no charge for consultation, and will frankly tell any patient whether they believe his or her case can be benefited. They send free to all applicants an interesting pamphlet on the subject.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.
Headache, Neuralgia,
Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
Nervous Prostration,
All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.
It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it
CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.
$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars.
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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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COUGH BALSAM
PLEASANT,
RELIABLE,
EFFECTUAL
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TRY IT.

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Reversible Rubens, Angelo, Raphael, Murillo

FOR MEN AND BOYS.
These goods are perfect fitting and unexcelled for beauty of finish and elegance of style.
Unrivaled for cheapness, as the reversible principle makes one collar equal to two.
Both standing and turn-down collars in all desirable sizes and styles.
Sample collar and pair of cuffs sent on receipt of six cents. (Name size.) Illustrated catalogue free.
Ten Collars, or five pairs of Cuffs, sold at stores for 25 cents.
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HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases and hair falling
50c. at Druggists.
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Most Fragrant and Lasting of Perfumes. 25c. Druggists.

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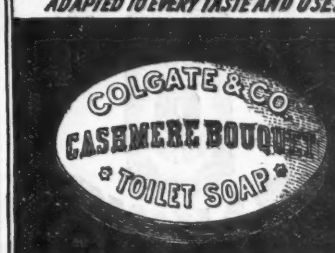

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STATEMENT of THE CONDITION of THE

ÆTNA

INSURANCE COMPANY,

HARTFORD, CONN.,

On the Thirty-First Day of December, 1887.

Cash Capital,	$4,000,000.00
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Fire),	1,856,196.74
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland),	9 630 08
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire),	184,081.74
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland),	66,500 00
Other Claims,	66 922 37
Net Surplus,	3,345,058.04
Total Assets,	$9,523,388.97

LOSSES PAID IN SIXTY-NINE YEARS,

Sixty-one Million Six Hundred and Thirty Thousand Dollars.

L. J. HENDEE, *President.*

J. GOODNOW, *Secretary.* WM. B. CLARK, *Ass't Sec'y.*

J. A. ALEXANDER, Agent, 68 Wall St., New York.

1888.

67th Semi-Annual Financial Statement OF THE

PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO.,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

At Close of Business, December 31st, 1887.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - $2,000,000.00

ASSETS AVAILABLE FOR FIRE LOSSES,

$4,778,469.13

AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on Hand, in Bank, and with Agents,	$382 573 68
United States and State Stocks and Bonds,	147 800 00
Hartford Bank Stocks,	592 176 00
Miscellaneous Bank Stocks,	348 410 00
Corporation and Railroad Stocks and Bonds,	2,104 795 00
County, City, and Water Bonds,	107 350 00
Real Estate,	230 974 24
Loans on Collateral,	33 570 00
Real Estate Loans,	810 350 00
Accumulated Interests and Rents,	21 470 21
TOTAL CASH ASSETS	$4,778,469.13

LIABILITIES

Cash Capital,	$2 000 000 00
Reserve for Outstanding Losses,	196 052 39
Reserve for Re Insurance,	1 570 726 37
NET SURPLUS,	1 011 690 37
TOTAL ASSETS	$4,778,469.13

Total Losses Paid since Organization of Company,

$22,784,003.57

H. KELLOGG, PRESIDENT — A W JILLSON VICE PRESIDENT

D. W. C. SKILTON, SECRETARY — GEO H BURDICK, ASST SECRETARY

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THEO. F. SPEAR, Assistant General Agent Western Department, Cincinnati, Ohio.
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